

# RAZZORCAKE

#49



SHARK  
PANTS

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY  
VITAMIN X  
IN DEFENCE

LOUIS  
JACINTO

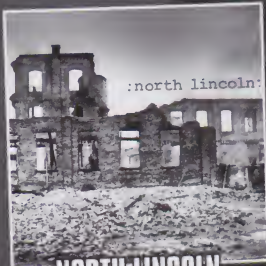
\$4us.



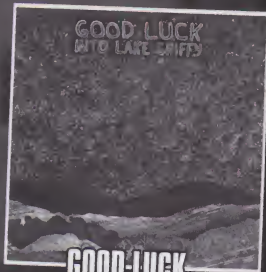
MITCH CLEM

JAPANESE  
MONSTERS





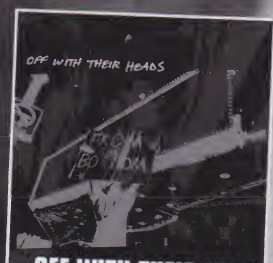
**NORTH LINCOLN**  
"Midwestern Blood" LP/CD



**GOOD-LUCK**  
"Into Lake Griffy" LP



**LIFETIME**  
"Jerseys Best Dancers" LP  
"Hello Bastards" LP



**OFF-WITH-THEIR-HEADS**  
"From the Bottom" LP/CD

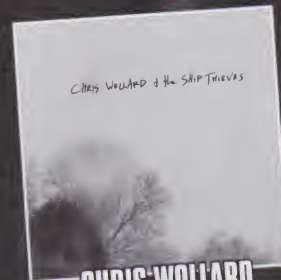


(THE SHAKING HANDS, NO MORE, CUTMAN, ANCHOR ARMS, THE JAMMY DODGERS, THE DAMN WRIGHTS, HOME TEAM, DEAD FRIENDS, NERVOUS DOGS, LASERHEAD, AVERKIU)

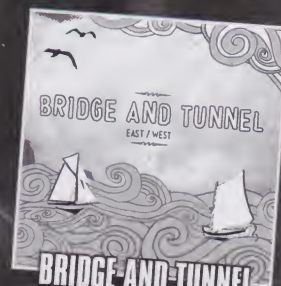
Defiance,  
Ohio.

**DEFIANCE, OHIO**  
4 NEW SONGS 7"

# NO IDEA iMALORDER!



**CHRIS WOLLARD & THE SHIP THIEVES** LP/CD  
(Chris from HOT WATER MUSIC)



**BRIDGE-AND-TUNNEL**  
"East / West" LP/CD



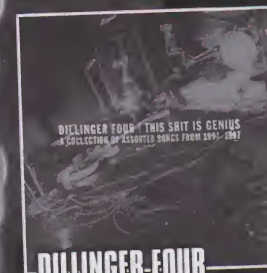
**THE HOLY MOUNTAIN & BLACK TUSK 7"**



**HAWKS-AND-DOVES 7"**  
(Cared from PLANES MF STARS)



**WHISKEY-&Co.**  
NOW ON LP !! CD too.



**DILLINGER-FOUR**  
"...Genius" LP

COMING IN 2009:

WHISKEY & Co., OWTH, THE BOMB, HAWKS AND DOVES, DEAR LANDLORD, AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER / R.A.F. split, C.W.V. and P.M.F.S. re-issues!!

[noidearecords.com](http://noidearecords.com)

• THOUSANDS OF UNDERGROUND PUNK RECORDS, CDS, SHIRTS, AND OTHER FUN STUFF ONLINE •



# RIP THIS PAGE OUT

PLEASE

*Razorcake* is a bonafide non-profit music magazine dedicated to supporting independent music culture. All donations, subscriptions, and orders directly from us—regardless of amount—have been large components to our continued survival.

A shadowy element for any DIY project, especially print media, has been distribution. It seems like a simple thing. How do we get the zine from us to you? We deal directly with many excellent regional newsstand distributors, mail-order distributors, and stores. We have also invested in a database that keeps our over 1,200 (and growing) subscriptions humming along. This system is completely different than "how a magazine should be run." Ninety-nine percent of periodicals depend on a single national distributor. National chain stores (Barnes and Noble, Borders, etc.) will not deal directly with publishers, only these larger distributors. Unless they fundamentally change their policies, *Razorcake* will not be on their shelves any time soon. Coming from a dude who grew up in a tiny town in Nevada, I can honestly say that I'm sorry if you don't have a cool store to go to pick up records and zines. But you can help close the gap. If you really like *Razorcake* and no store around you is carrying it, subscribe. If there's a non-chain store we should really be in, please fill out the "Help Spread the Word" form on our website, and we'll send you a complimentary copy of a future issue and start a dialogue with that store.

If you would like to give *Razorcake* some longer-term, hands-on assistance, we're looking for volunteers in the following areas: non-profit grant writer, non-profit fundraiser, non-douchey publicist, FileMaker Pro wizard, PC network specialist, graphic designer (deep knowledge of InDesign required), and website coder (PHP-Nuke and Zen Cart). If you live in the L.A. area, we could always use a helping hand. Our door is open.

Contact us via [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) if you'd like to help out.

Thank you.

—Todd Taylor

If you wish to donate through the mail, please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.

Attn: Nonprofit Manager

PO Box 42129

Los Angeles, CA 90042

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Company name if giving a corporate donation \_\_\_\_\_

Name if giving on behalf of someone \_\_\_\_\_

Donation amount \_\_\_\_\_

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc., a California not-for-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. Our tax ID number is 05-0599768. Your gift is tax deductible to the full extent provided by law.

# RAZORCAKE

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:  
U.S. — bulk: \$16.00 • U.S. — 1st class, in envelope: \$22.00  
Prisoners: \$22.00 • Canada: \$25.00 • Mexico: \$33.00  
Anywhere else: \$50.00

(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

We Do Our Part

[www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Used if we have any questions. We won't bother you needlessly.

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

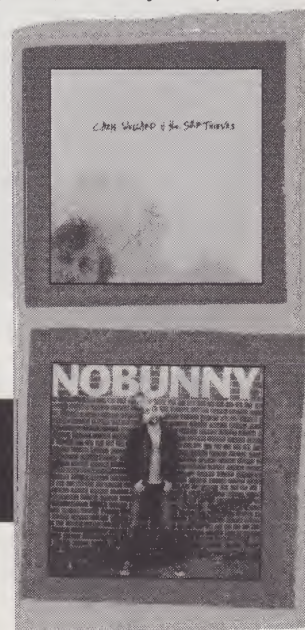
The next 50 U.S. subscribers (sorry world, int'l postage sucks) will receive either Chris Wollard + the Ship Thieves (No Idea) or Nobunny Love Visions (1-2-3-4 Go!).

(Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.)

☐ Yes! I have a turntable.

☐ Yes! I'd like to be on the Razorcake Website Army list.

Return this with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042  
If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #50 please indicate what number.





GORDON GANO'S ARMY



TRANSITIONS, TAMPA, FL

RAZORCAKE.ORG  
HAS A BUNCH  
OF NEAT  
STUFF. LIKE  
RECORDS.





## Deli Trays and Doe-Eyed Fawns

I'll be the first to admit that *Razorcake*'s a bit odd. In many senses, we don't operate very much like most music zines or magazines. Take, for instance, in this issue, the interview with Shark Pants. When the interview was rolling, Isaac blurted out, "We stole someone's deli tray once." Vanessa and Dick quickly shushed him, not wanting to risk retribution. We live in a world of instant gratification, where dirt is juicy. We live in a media world that convinces the listeners, readers, and watchers that they're entitled to intimate, unfettered access; the grimmer, the better. Because talking shit sells. It gets heat. It gets hits. It gets more readership. Or so goes the conventional wisdom. With bands that I trust and consider friends, after I transcribe an interview, I'll send them the transcript to look over. See if I spelled names correctly, that facts are correct, to add something if there's anything they wish they'd said, to remove anything that may cause them future grief. It may sound corny, but as captain of the good ship *Razorcake*, I'm interested in long-term bonds not short-term burns. I'd rather respect the wishes of Shark Pants and be able to feel comfortable around them the next time our paths cross than press them into telling me whose deli tray they ganked.

Several years back, *Razorcake* was at a crossroads. We had joined, what appeared on the surface, to be a progressively minded distribution company, Big Top. After awhile, things weren't going gangbusters, so I had a chat with our representative. He read some pages out of the "conventional wisdom handbook" to me.

"So, Todd, your covers aren't very cohesive. If you're going to brand yourself, your covers should have a consistent feel. Honestly, no one over here has heard of the bands you're featuring. We were thinking, for you, along the lines of Taking Back Sunday. *Punk Planet* just..."

"Along with bands we like and think are relevant, regardless of their popularity," I replied, "we try to showcase talented graphic designers and illustrators."

"Have you ever thought of putting a woman on your cover?"

"Sure. We've done it several times. This Is My Fist. Gorilla Angreb, The Brat..." I replied.

### AD DEADLINES

ISSUE #50  
March 1st, 2009  
ISSUE #51  
May 1st, 2009

Visit [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)

Click "Ads" for rates and details.  
Our ad rates are super duper.

Cover artwork by Mitch Clem  
[www.mitchclem.com](http://www.mitchclem.com)

Contact *Razorcake* via  
[www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)  
or PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

"With or without religion, you would  
have good people doing good things  
and evil people doing evil things.  
But for good people to do evil  
things, that takes religion."

—Steven Weinberg Nobel laureate in physics

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Lux Interior.

"No, a picture of a woman *not necessarily* in a band."  
"Emma Goldman. I don't think she was in a band."  
"No, a picture of a not dead woman. Perhaps a younger woman."  
"Who's not in a band?" I asked.  
"Don't you guys cover fashion?"  
"No. I've been wearing the same four pairs of pants for ten years."  
"Well what we were thinking is something more, and don't be afraid of the term, seductive."  
"Like what?" I just wanted to hear him say it.  
"Like, perhaps, attractive. More alluring to a potential reader standing at the newsstand."  
"So, like a younger woman who has nothing to do with music in a seductive pose?"

"Yes. That's what we're thinking."

Who hires these yahoos? Our conversation degenerated from there. I believe I told him that our "target audience" was "Empty Gainesville parking lots." He remarked that I was being defensive. Finally, something we both agreed on.

Weeks later, as was my habit, after a successful pickup of the issue from the printers, I celebrated with a Slurpee. As I waited my turn in line, I zoned out at the magazines near the register. Staring back, all doe-eyed and lip-pulling, were seductive young women on the covers. The dickwad advice that works for glossy, national men's magazines would have been the same advice that put us out of business.


Our "selling point" isn't much of one. There's no hook. We actively try to be as honest and as open as possible with both ourselves and our readers within the loose framework of a very real DIY music world. Because if we don't keep our integrity, if we sell ourselves for promised short-term gain, we become, in all senses of the word, worthless.

Big Top has since filed for bankruptcy and is out of business.

Welcome to issue #49.

—Todd Taylor

**THANK YOU:** Mitch Clem for the minty fresh, in-a-whirlpool cover; A starry halo of thanks to Claire Cronin for her St. Mick illo. in Liz's column; Single All Star from above thanks to Jason Armadillo for his illo. in Nerb's column; Name the band patch on the dude's jeans in the original photo and win a brownie thanks to Ryan Gelatin for his illo. in Gary's column; We can now all learn to count to four thanks to Tony Tower for his photo in the Chicken's column; The parade scene in Animal House was filmed in my hometown thanks to Danny Martin for his illo. in Dale's column; Honestly, I have no idea who Kate Nash is, but she sure looks like she's having fun on the swings thanks to Mitch Clem for his illo. in Nardwuar's column; Clam of calamity thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Sean's column; Homoerotic gunplay and a trailer losing a wheel at 70 MPH thanks to Ernst Schoen-René and Steve Larder for the "Racking the Slide" story and illo.; Due to irreconcilable differences of being a member of the Burrito Armada, In Defence is walking a thin line with their pizza-positive ways in our pages thanks to MP Johnson and Adam DeGross for their interview and photos; Pretty songs don't have to put you sleep thanks to Jennifer Whiteford, J.B. Staniforth, and Amy Adoyzie for the interview, photos, and layout of Holly Golightly; Los Angeles in the late '70s was a different planet, not just a different time thanks to Ryan Leach for his interview with Louis Jacinto; Dude, stoked to see Al Quint, the long-term badass from Suburban Voice, in our pages. Thanks, Al and his wife Ellen for the Vitamin X interview, along with Amy Toxic, Michael Marlovics, Donofthedisco, Daigo Oliva, and Albert Lam for the photos and graphic design; Go ahead, name another Santana song besides "Black Magic Woman," thanks to Lauren Measure for the graphic design karate chop in the Shark Pants interview; Grammer und spilling help-outs rad thanks to the following prüfers and editors: Kari Hamanaka, Jeremy Jones, Jeff Proctor, Vince B., Lisa Weiss, Nick Dewart, Juan Espinosa, and Megan Pants; Reviewing is a little different than an unsolicited, unformed opinion... well, most of the time, thanks to the following folks for their record, book, zine, and DVD reviews: Billups Allen, Marcus Solomon, Ryan Leach, Speedway Randy, Evan Katz, Bryan Static, CT Terry, Jeff Proctor, Adrian Salas, Donttouchmybikini, Matt Average, Sean Koeppenick, Art Ettinger, Craven Rock, MP Johnson, Vince B., Andrew Flanagan, Joe Evans III, Mike Faloan, Kurt Morris, Jennifer Federico, Rene Navarro, NL Dewart, Sean Stewart, Jimmy Alvarado, and Aphid Peewit; Internet beltflight thanks to Ian Silber for his website help; Photoshop behavioral studies provided by Chris "anti-washing machine" Baxter; These folks came in for once-a-week play dates at HQ and that's super-nice of 'em: Jeremy Jones, Juan Espinosa, Jeff Proctor, Nick Dewart, and Vince B.



**Who has two thumbs and likes burritos?**

**This guy.**

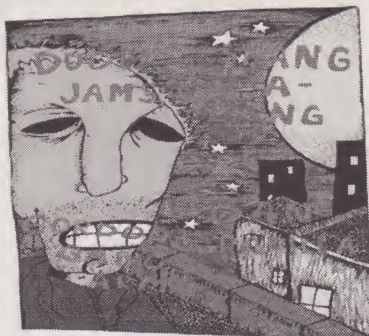
**Davey Tiltwheel.**

**And Jack Doyle of Underground Railroad To Candyland agrees!**

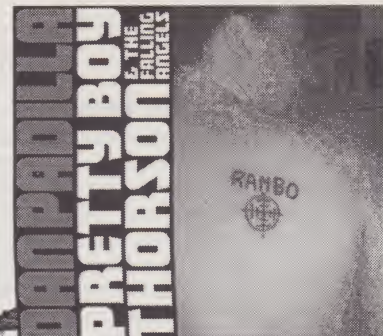


# FAST CROWD RECORDS

COMING SOON!!!  
SHANG-A-LANG  
FULL LENGTH LP



DUDE JAMS/SHANG-A-LANG/  
GORDON GANO'S ARMY/  
DAN PADILLA 7"



DAN PADILLA/PRETTY BOY  
THORSON AND THE FALLIN  
ANGELS SPLIT 7"



HOT NEW MEXICANS  
WELL...UM...ER...UH...7"

GET READY LABORDAY  
WEEKEND SEPT. 4-7TH 2009

THE  
**NORTH PARK**

AWESOME FAST

7" \$5PP  
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO  
J.J. ELMORE

2721 WIGHTMAN ST.  
SAN DIEGO CA. 92104

FASTCROWDRECORDS@HOTMAIL.COM

ONLINE ORDERS  
NOIDEARECORDS.COM

## I HATE POSUERS!

**PINHEAD GUNPOWDER**

S/T 7"

*thee Makeout Party*

PLAY PRETEND LP

**SCREECHING WEASEL**

BOOGADABOOGADABOOGADA LP

**THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD**

**TO CANDYLAND**

BIRD ROUGHS LP/CD

**ARRIVALS**

MARVELS OF INDUSTRY LP/CD

**THE QUEERS**

MUNKI BRAIN LP

LOVE SONGS FOR THE RETARDED LP

*off with their heads*

HOSPITALS CD Now on LP!

**Bananas**

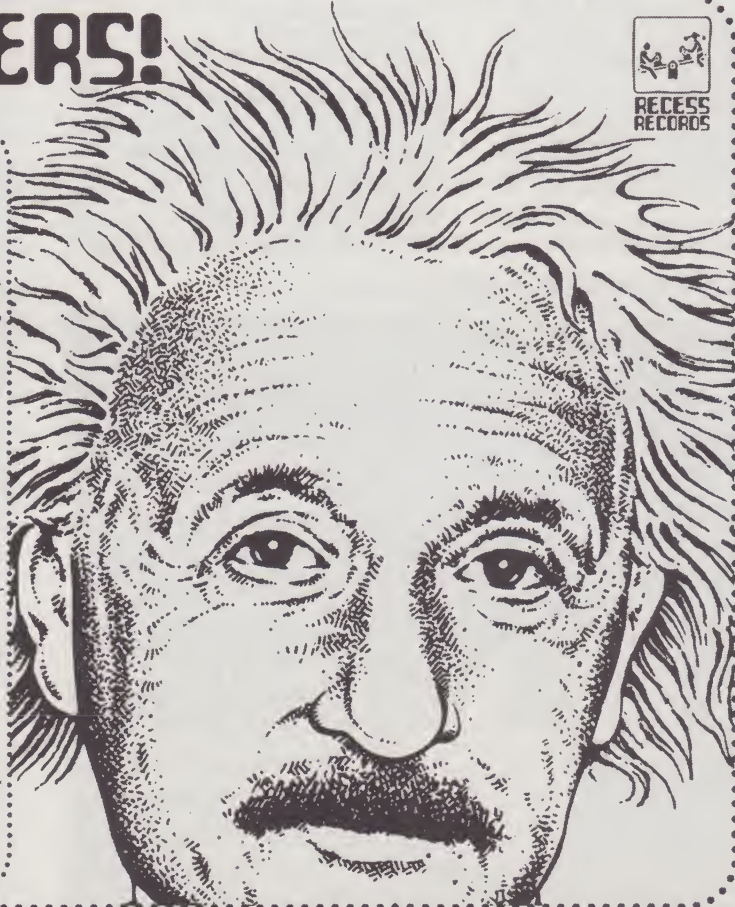
FORBIDDEN FRUIT LP

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT LP

NEW ANIMALS LP/CD OUT SOON

RECESS P.O.B 1666 SAN PEDRO, CA 90733

WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM





# RAZORCAKE

Issue #49 April / May 2009

PO Box 42129  
Los Angeles, CA 90042  
www.razorcake.org

## WE DO OUR PART COLUMNS

- 6 Liz O. *Guerrilla My Dreams*
- 9 Dan Monick *Photo Page*
- 10 Maddy Tight Pants *Shiftless When Idle*
- 12 Amy Adoyzie *Monster of Fun*
- 15 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *Power Pop Police*
- 18 Gary Hornberger *Squeeze My Horn*
- 20 Rhythm Chicken *Dinghole Reports*
- 22 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 24 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 26 Nardwuar The Human Serviette *Who Are You?*
- 30 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 32 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*

## FEATURES

- 34 *Racking the Slide*, fiction by Ernst Schoen-René
- 38 *Holly Glightly* by Jennifer Whiteford
- 44 *Louis Jacinto* by Ryan Leach
- 50 *In Defence* by MP Johnson
- 56 *Shark Pants* by Todd Taylor
- 66 *Vitamin X* by Al Quint

## FAVORITES AND REVIEWS

- 76 **Top 5s** *Top 5 bands I would hire to play my birthday party, using the reward money I get for saving Brooke Shields from drowning...*
- 78 **Record** *This is so good that not even my traditional overuse of exclamation marks can do it justice!...*
- 104 **Zine** *Personally, I would've thought a dick would be less reticent during an interview, but I guess they each have their own personalities....*
- 109 **Book** *Oh, the struggles of fame and its corresponding easy acquisition of expensive items!...*
- 111 **DVD** *Expecting beer punks to actually go through the bother of brewing their own beer is a bit like expecting straight edgers to milk their own cows...*

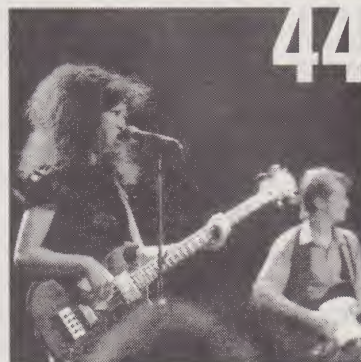
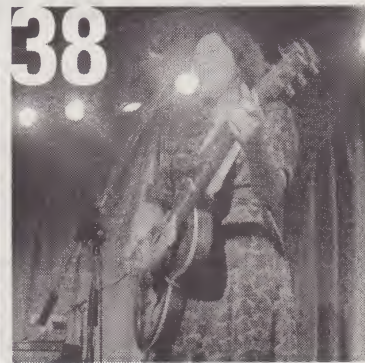
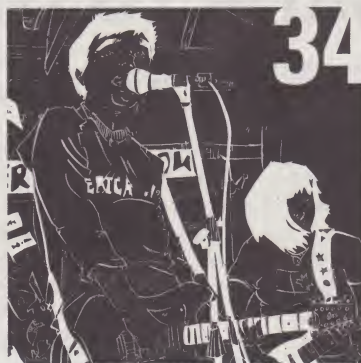
Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors are: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III

This issue of Razorcake and www.razorcake.org were put together by: Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Megan Pants, Skinny Dan, James Hernandez, Jenny Moncayo, Chris Baxter, Lauren Measure, Amy Adoyzie, Albert Lam, Joe Evans III, Jeremy Jones, Adrian Salas, Vincent Battilana, Juan Espinosa, Ian Silber, Dontstopbelivin', Nick Dewart, Jeff Proctor, Lisa Weiss, Matt Average, and Kari Hamanaka.

**Moving?** Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us before you move. Bulk mail doesn't forward.

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Issues are \$4.00 ppd. in the U.S. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$16.00 bulk rate or \$22.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit the [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117 or Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 (who don't ship to CA prisons). Want to distribute *Razorcake*? Email us via the "distro" link on the website. "Their moment would stretch, as if it were awakening after a long snooze someplace. 'We about to do something stupid here?' one of them would ask after a while. 'Sure hope so,' the other would reply." —Thomas Pynchon, *Against the Day*







**"The first rule in L.A. is to play it cool. It's what makes us different from tourists."**

# *S*tanding to the Side of Giants Or, How I Didn't Meet Mick Jagger

I really didn't know what I was doing. Sure, I had my assignment (to check out a *hip new club*), an address, and a contact name, but that was about it.

A few years ago, it seemed as though Hip New Clubs were opening on a weekly basis. Now, with that pesky economic crisis at hand, the launch parties are less frequent, but still there. I have ventured to a few of these venues when the buzz was still persistent, and the scene was always the same. A score of disheveled paparazzi, weighted down by an assortment of cameras, stand to the side of the door. Limos filled with unrecognizable big spenders park curbside. The line outside the entrance is littered with guys in garish, high-end street wear and girls wearing things they call clothes, but the rest of us might call overpriced undergarments.

More often than not, these aren't the clubs I would attend for fun, nor are they the sort of places that would necessarily allow me through the door if the date hadn't been pre-arranged. And when I go, it's generally not to report on the scene, comment on fashion, or snap photos of celebrities. Over the past year, I've become a bit of a go-to nerd. If you need someone to trainspot a DJ's set or check out the latest in gear, then I'm your girl.

On this particular night, I was going out to take notes on a new, innovative speaker system installed at this club. That may not sound like the premise of a must-read article, but, in actuality, it's a fascinating tale that merges compact product design with the eternal quest for the perfect level of dance floor boom. Okay, maybe its appeal is limited to audiophiles, but it's something I find oddly exciting.

I walked up and down an unusually empty Hollywood street looking for something that might be the venue. There were no lines, no bass seeping through the walls and out onto the sidewalk, and few visible street numbers. I pulled out my phone and checked the map. I should be standing right in front of the place. Instead, I was in front of a mega-club I had attended many times before, a club whose sign boasted a number that was clearly not the one on my e-mail confirmation. I glanced

to the side and noticed a well-dressed security guard standing behind a red rope that blocked a corridor.

"Hi," I said before asking him if he might know where this club was.

"This is it," he answered.

I gave him my name, told him who I was there to see, and he unfastened the rope. After climbing up a few winding flights of stairs, I met someone dressed like a *maitre d'*.

"Are you Liz?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come this way."

He whisked me across the room, the scene flying past my eyes like the ubiquitous montage from a film where the fish-out-of-water lead is accepted into an exclusive world. Then he sat me down on a fluffy sofa, the table in front of it lined with empty carafes in varying sizes and various accessories for pouring the perfect drink. In the middle of the table setting was a sign that read "reserved."

At 10 p.m., the club was barely open. Two DJs, one of whom was the star of a monstrously successful film I never saw, were playing soul cuts that no longer get aired on the radio. On the patio, where I had been seated, the Monday night resident band soundchecked.

I recognized the venue from days not too long ago when it went under a different name, a small indoor-outdoor venue that resided on top of a much larger club. I recalled the spot being uncomfortably crammed with ravers and the guys who go to those sorts of parties with the sole intention of hitting on all ten girls in sight. Back then, it could have been any other club in Los Angeles. Now, there was something different. The decor looked more like a living room than a nightclub, a very chic, black-and-white living room. The staff was cordial—an anomaly at Hip New Clubs—and the sound was excellent.

As the club filled, my contact and I walked around the venue as I scribbled a few notes in a small leather journal. I stopped in various corners simply to note the sound and looked up towards the ceiling to notice the speakers. As we walked back to our seats, I asked if I could take a few

pictures. She politely explained that there was a "strict" no photo policy, mostly on account of the clientele.

"Oh, I understand," I said, not really understanding what she meant. Weren't all club crowds the same with a bunch of party people standing around and shooting cell phone cameras at each other?

I glanced across the room quickly. There was a tall girl in black sequins whom I recognized from a few indie films and one blockbuster. Behind the bar was a young man with a chiseled face who may or may not have been a teen heartthrob. And scattered throughout the room were thin, attractive people who might have appeared more familiar if I watched more TV or read *Us Weekly*.

It was all too weird to comprehend, so I ignored the crowd around me, started up a conversation with the people at my table, and waited for the band.

After deciding that it was time to make my exit, I walked to the bathroom, decided that the line was too long, and proceeded towards the door. As the corridor emptied into the bar, my eyes shared a fleeting lock with someone whose shaggy hair and full mouth I had seen on television, albums, and magazine covers since I was a baby.

I couldn't say the name aloud, not even in a whisper under my breath. I turned my head again. He was entranced in a conversation with a man whom I could only see from the back. I ducked back into the corridor, pulled out my phone, and composed a brief text message to my boyfriend.

"I'm staring at Mick Jagger."

Celebrity is a word so overused, that it has been rendered meaningless into a simple tag that means a person has a publicist who can get them into all the right parties and ensure that their name is listed in all the right gossip columns. Most of the time, when someone mentions a celebrity sighting, the name is neither one I recognize, nor one I care to know. Most of the time, those celebrities are from that MTV reality show that I tried to watch for five minutes before feeling inexplicably nauseated.



This, however, was not a celebrity sighting. This was Mick Jagger, Sir Michael Jagger if you want to be proper about it, a man whose songs I have had stuck in my head for over thirty years, the singer from the band my parents taught me always trumped The Beatles. Mick Jagger is in a category all of his own.

For one brief moment, my mind was flooded with potential conversation starters.

"Wow, I grew up listening to you."

"'Paint It Black' is one of my favorite songs ever."

"So, what do you think of this club?"  
Lame. Lame. Lame.

The first rule in Los Angeles is to play it cool. It's what makes us different from tourists. We don't freak out when we see the famous. We don't even care. Therefore, my best course of action was to simply ignore my inner fangirl, look the other way, and walk out of the club.

I straightened out my usual slouch as I walked down the stairs. Something about knowing that I was in the same club, standing just a few feet away from someone

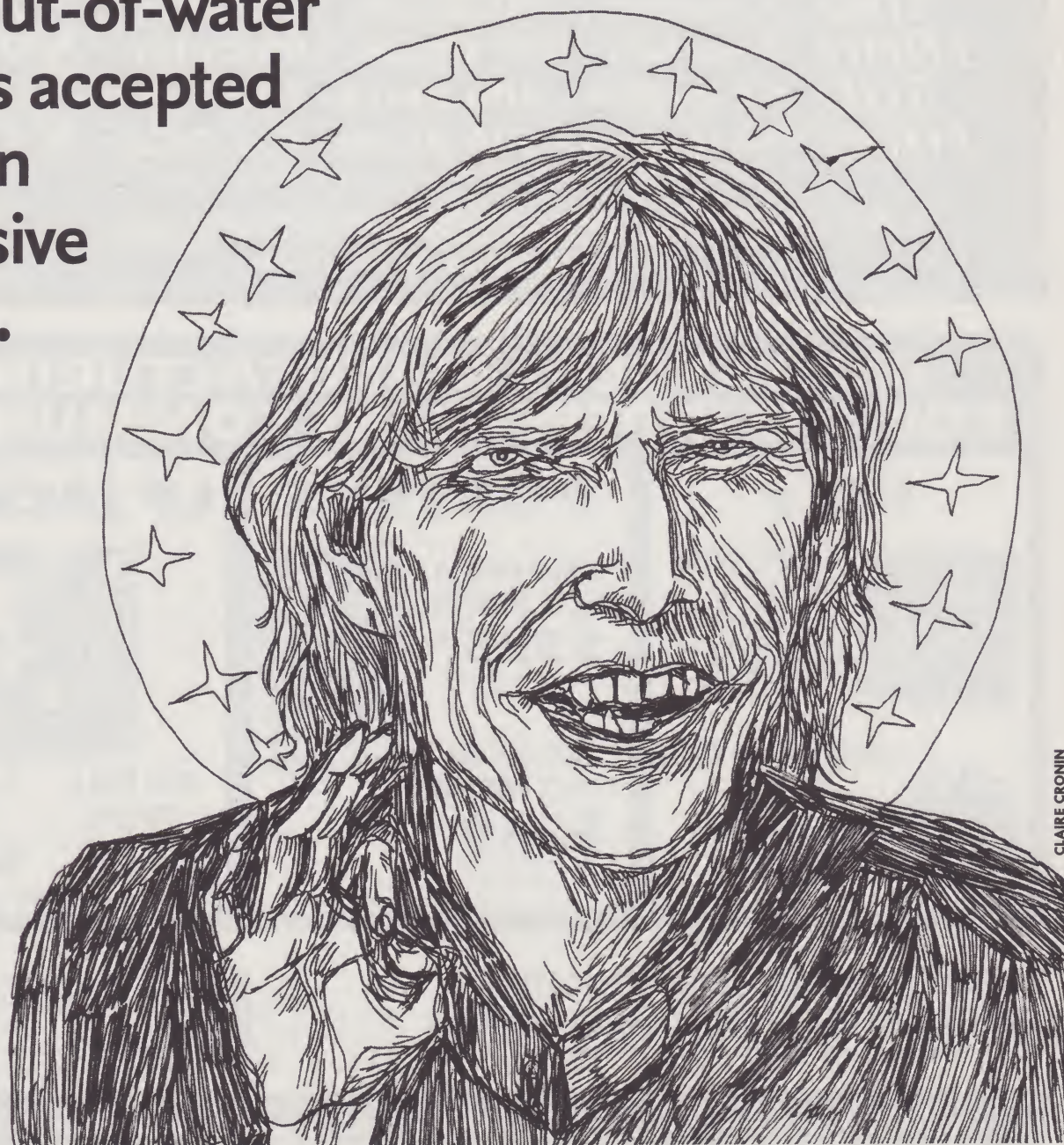
whose work has affected so many, instilled a bit of confidence. I might have been there for completely unrelated reasons, but that didn't matter.

The doorman lifted the rope as I hit the exit. I thanked him, stepped outside, and noticed a row of paparazzi prepared to shoot the prey. They dropped their cameras at the same time.

—Liz Ohanesian



**The scene was flying past my eyes like the ubiquitous montage from a film where the fish-out-of-water lead is accepted into an exclusive world.**



CLAIRE CRONIN





Save some doe, without sacrificing quality...Small runs? We can do 100 records for you. Splatter or two-color vinyl? We can do that too and at dirt cheap prices along with a free reference disc (or "dub plate"), so that you know if your vinyl was cut right, before you pay for masters, plating and test presses! Digital Mastering is only \$25/hour, Full Length CD = \$125. Roster Includes: The Spits, Screaching Weasel, Exploding Hearts, Mourne, Warprayer, No Mercy (Suicidal Tendencies), The Dwarves, The Supersuckers, Recess Records, Dirtnap Records, Zodiac Killer Records, Down In the Ground, Underground Communique, Solidarity, Dirt Cult, Punk Records, Hjernesvind (Denmark), Don't Stop Believin Records, Asian Man.

## VINYL PRESSING

<b>500</b>	<b>7 Inches - 400 Black, 100 Color</b>	<b>\$750</b>
<b>1000</b>	<b>7 Inches - 900 Black, 100 Color</b>	<b>\$975</b>
<b>500</b>	<b>12 Inches - 400 Black, 100 Color</b>	<b>\$950</b>
<b>1000</b>	<b>12 Inches - 900 Black, 100 Color</b>	<b>\$1350</b>

Call (206) 271-3006 or email [orders@luckylacquers.com](mailto:orders@luckylacquers.com)

[www.luckylacquers.com](http://www.luckylacquers.com)

## INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

### CD's



**1,000 CD's**  
complete with 4/1 4 panel  
folder & inlay  
up to 3 colors on disc face  
packaged and shrink wrapped

**\$925\***  
plus overs and shipping



**1,000 BULK CD's**

price includes:  
up to 3 colors on disc face,  
glass mastering and shipping

**\$495\***  
no extra charges

### POSTERS

**1,000 COLOR  
11X17 POSTERS**

**\$325\***

includes plates & shipping  
no extra charges



**500 COLOR  
11X17 POSTERS**

**\$250\***

includes plates & shipping  
no extra charges

### LP JACKETS



**500 FULL  
COLOR  
\$575\***

**1,000 FULL  
COLOR  
\$750\***

price includes shipping to one location.

**CD REPLICATION • DVD REPLICATION  
7 INCH COVERS • 12 INCH COVERS • POSTERS**

\* CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES & MONTHLY SPECIALS!

**imprint**  
indie printing

3449 Technology Drive, Suite. 212  
North Venice, Florida 34275  
Phone: 941-484-5151  
Internet: [www.iloveimprint.com](http://www.iloveimprint.com)  
Email: [info@iloveimprint.com](mailto:info@iloveimprint.com)

PRINTING AND REPLICATION FOR INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS AND BANDS SINCE 1994



“WHAT THE MIND  
CAN CONCEIVE...  
...THE BODY CAN  
ACHIEVE.”

EXIT

REMINDER

FOR 10 MONTHS YOUR MONTHLY  
DUES  
PLEASE PICK UP YOUR TRAINING  
AND  
LEAVE IT AWAY FROM THE  
GYM DUES

Thank you,  
Broadway Gym

BROADWAY BOXING GYM

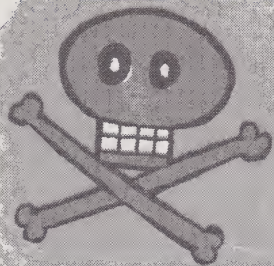
RULES

1. Participant/Member will pay monthly dues on the first of each month. Membership is subject to revocation if dues are not paid by the seventh day of each month.
2. Room and Locker fees are also due on the first of each month.
3. Each trainer is responsible for the person he trains.



Dan Monick's Photo Page  
Broadway Gym, Watts, CA





SHIFTLESS WHEN IDLE

MADDY TIGHT PANTS

“Moral  
geometry!”

## Twelve Pretty Strange Things about Freemasonry!

Twelve Pretty Strange Things about Freemasonry! Greetings Razorcakars big and small, short and shorter, punk and punker! Time to pick up a red Tootsie Roll Pop, drop the needle on the new Marked Men LP, and have your most pressing questions answered! In the last six months, I have become increasingly aware of a demand for information about Freemasonry! How have I determined this? Primarily from the fact that zero readers have requested this information. Yes, my readers are so afraid of this semi-secret organization that they fear any query could lead to an untimely visit from an elderly white gentleman wearing a hat lined with gold bearing a large red cross, babbling on about medieval crafts! And yes, I understand your fears! In fact, I've come to assuage them!

So, without further ado, I bring you: Twelve Pretty Strange Things about Freemasonry! Note: Please file the following information in the “somewhat accurate” category. I do the best I can, but with a limited budget (read: none) and more pressing concerns (dancing to The Rezillos), this is the best I can do!

1. Freemasonry doesn't make any sense! This is the most important point to keep in mind when reading the other eleven sections.



(Exhibit A)

If you find yourself saying, “Huh? I don't get it,” then that actually is an indication that you *do* get it. It's like the Trinity! God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit together and yet separate? Of course!

2. Freemasons claim that their organization started as early as 1390, but this is a matter of great dispute. The organization didn't really take shape until some members of lodges got together for dinner (sadly, the dinner menu has been lost to the historical record) and formed, yes, you guessed it, the Grand Lodge! With the purpose of serving as an example to the American Left under Stalinism several centuries later, the Masons quickly began squabbling amongst themselves, creating rival organizations. The cause of these disputes? Why, the answer is obvious! Impassioned Masons differed on the creation of “the Third degree.” (See section one.)

3. The Freemasons have a cool logo! (See exhibit A). A square and a compass! In keeping with their long tradition of not making any sense, the square indicates a need to “square” one's action “by the square of virtue” and the compass emphasizes the importance of learning to “circumscribe their desires and keep their passions within due bounds toward all mankind.” Moral geometry!

4. Freemasons have secret handshakes and passwords! They even have secret gestures! In response to the leaking of some of these secrets, lodges frequently change them to avoid infiltrators. This raises the obvious question: Do punks need to develop secret gestures? I mean it's pretty easy to put on a Hüsker Dü shirt and hang out at a coffee shop, but imagine if that wardrobe was part of a clandestine effort to discover the location of a basement show. Think of the inherent dangers of our lack of security!

5. The Masons provide a variety of inexplicably random charitable services! For example, they created the Child Identification Program, known as CHIP,

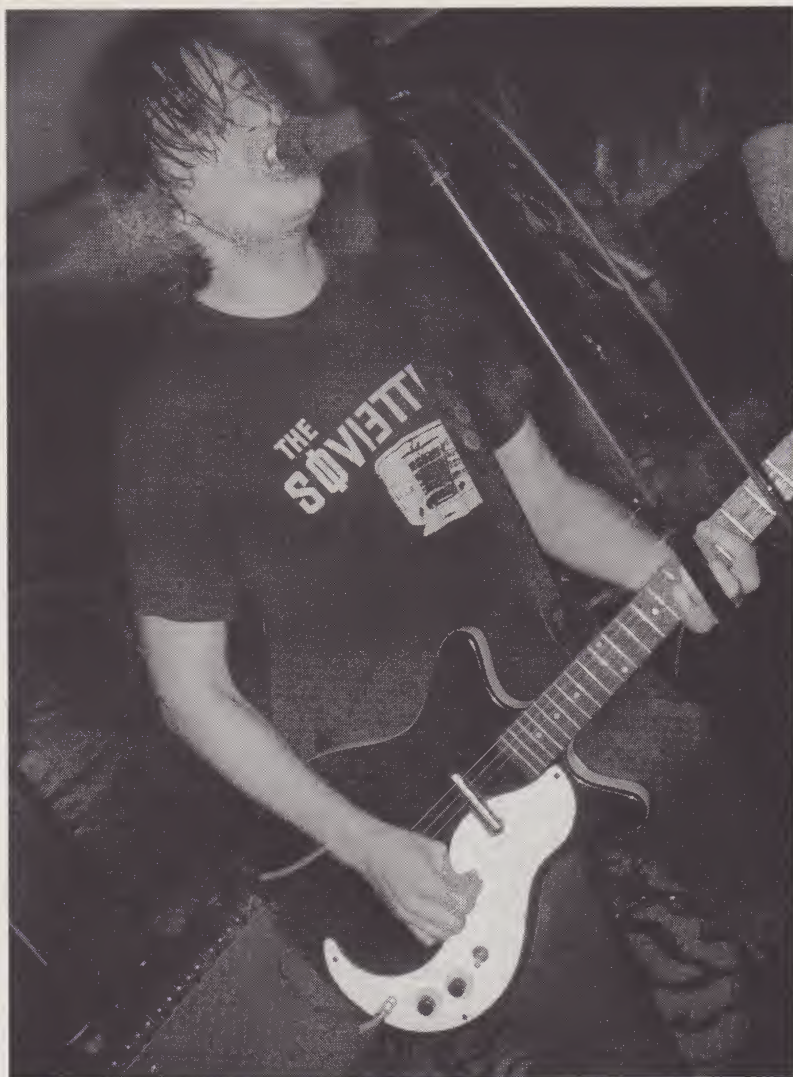
which helps parents compile identifying information on their children (fingerprints, dental records, etc.) in case of abduction. The Scottish Rite, a Mason sub-organization, also funds millions of dollars of research into schizophrenia.

6. To become a Freemason, you have to believe in a Supreme Being, but you don't have to specify *which* Supreme Being. So, in theory, you could believe in the Flying Spaghetti Monster with no objection. I personally would like to place my faith in the collected works of Mark Twain.

7. Now, you may have heard that we went to war with Iraq to get their oil, or to dominate the Middle East, or due to watching too much *G.I. Joe* in our youth, but another equally valid theory presents itself! Masonic lodges used to flourish in Iraq, but, sadly, Saddam Hussein not only banned them, but also imposed the death penalty on exposed Masons. Thankfully, the U.S. army quickly legalized Freemasonry, leading to the creation of the Land Air and Sea Lodge in 2007. And you thought that the death of tens of thousands of Iraqis wasn't worth it!

8. Of course, like any cool club, there are membership requirements. There are some generic ones (have good morals, join of your own free will), but you also have to “be of sound mind and body.” This requirement has led to the exclusion of disabled candidates in the past. Although, apparently, the Masons are now demonstrating some leniency. You also need to be “born free.” So, if you're a slave, forget it! Fortunately, this isn't that much of a problem these days. You also need character references, which leads me to wonder: What kind of character references would look good for this kind of thing? I'm guessing it would be someone who could attest to the candidate's general bizarre nature, corresponding obsession with symbols, and willingness to learn passwords. I'm pretty sure that the usual, “He's an upstanding citizen” wouldn't quite cut it.





TODD TAYLOR

1.) Pardons to Maddy for losing her illo. We suck. 2.) Gratuitous Marked Men photo.

# Freemasonry doesn't make any sense!

This is the most  
important point to  
keep in mind when  
reading the other  
eleven sections.

9. Women can't become Masons. You'd hope that women would actually approach this exclusion with a certain amount of joy rather than protest. Sadly, with politics reminiscent of certain feminists who want women to be drafted into the army along with men (Yikes! Does the government really want a short, candy-fueled MTX fan to be wielding a weapon?), some women have taken it upon themselves to start their own bizarre Mason-esque organizations. Equality! So, we now have the Order of the Eastern Star, the Daughters of the Nile, and the White Shrine of Jerusalem, amongst others.

10. The Masons may have killed someone! In the early 1800s, a brewer named William Morgan tried to join a Masonic lodge, but was denied. He then announced his plan to write an exposé on the organization. In response, some Masons claimed Morgan owed them \$500, which the impoverished Morgan was unable to pay. He ended up in a debtor's prison, got out, got rearrested, and then got out again. Sadly, it would've been better for Morgan if he had stayed in jail. Details are conflicting,

so let's just pick the two best stories and claim that at least one of them is true. One version says that Freemasons drowned Morgan in the Niagara River. Another claims that Freemasons paid Morgan \$500 to leave the country. When his book was published after his disappearance, some then speculated that Morgan had taken the \$500, adopted a new identity, and moved to Albany, Canada, or the Cayman Islands. These one hundred percent reliable sources then claim that Morgan became a pirate and was hanged. This theory best fits in with my overall predisposition toward ridiculousness and therefore I am forced to accept it as true.

11. As you've probably realized by now, Freemasons put the Catholic Church's obsession with hierarchy to shame! To wit, if you're an aspiring Freemason, you can't just go out and build a Masonic lodge and start drawing compasses on the wall! Every lodge needs to have authorization from the Grand Lodge. Masons refer to these unauthorized lodges as "irregular" and "clandestine." And according to my consultation of the internet while listening to Jay Reatard's *Blood Visions*, even

attempts to create lodges in prisoner of war camps are condemned. Of course, this leads one to consider establishing a D.I.Y. Masonic lodge. A lodge condemned by the leadership, existing without a permit or any authorization whatsoever? The parallel to the creation of Dischord and SST Records in opposition to major labels is staggeringly obvious.

12. George Washington was a Freemason!

To review, the lessons to be learned include, do not enter into negotiations to write a tell-all Freemason memoir; do not attempt to become a Mason in Iraq if Saddam Hussein is resurrected from the dead and again becomes the president, and if you have kids, do not allow them to participate in the CHIP program, just in case this ends up being some way to monitor your child's activities and later recruit them into becoming a compass-worshipping freak. So if you end up being hanged in the Caribbean, don't say I didn't warn you!

The End!

-Maddy





## MONSTER OF FUN

AMY ADYDZIE

**"He kissed my cheek and kicked me in the crotch all in the same night."**

# It's How You Play the Game

My dad won the lottery. Or at least I thought he did.

My seven-year-old mind spun and swirled with images of all the pink and purple toys that would litter the carpeted floor of my very own Barbie-themed bedroom.

It was on a Wednesday or Saturday evening, times when I could reliably find my father perched in front of the television intently watching numbered ping pong balls flail and bounce inside a plastic bubble until six settled into a narrow hamster tube. And if my father had somehow been graced by the fortune—from whichever higher being it is who bestows luck onto mortals—if he were so lucky perhaps maybe one of the five rows of numbers contained three picks that matched the winning numbers so that he could redeem his five dollar award. He'd been playing the California state lottery for as long as I can remember, diverting funds from a non-existent college savings account. There came a point in my childhood when his guilt and pragmatism converged into turning his minor addiction into a father-daughter bonding activity. Occasionally, he'd hand me a playslip, where circled numbers sat neatly inside peachy grids waiting for another one-in-a-million schmuck to try his luck.

"Here, you pick the numbers," he would say.

I always knew to use a No.2 pencil and to fill in each oval completely. I consistently used the birthdays of myself and my brothers. My picks never won.

As I grew older and it was apparent that I was capable of watching many hours of television and transcribing numbers, dad made it my responsibility to jot down the winning digits twice a week. It became one of my chores, like setting the table or folding the laundry.

On the night that I thought dad had won the lottery—I was too young to have been entrusted with such a responsibility—I was old enough to be aware that my family could move into a sprawling two-story home like those that I saw on TGIF's sitcom line-up if pops could match the numbers on his ticket to those flashing on the screen. I wandered into the bedroom that our family of five shared to ask about the numbers. My father said nothing and handed me a piece of scratch paper with six numbers neatly written in the center of

the blank space. Then, like a magician, he slowly revealed his lottery ticket where those exact numbers appeared. He put his finger to his mouth and said, "Don't tell anything to anyone yet. It will be our secret for now."

Immediately, I ran out of the bedroom and into the living room of our three-bedroom home where eleven of us lived. I laid down next to our small color TV, on the chocolate brown carpet, and spun around in explosive excitement. After a few minutes, I found that I was simply too small to contain such a big secret and ran back to my father.

He must have seen the earnest joy in my brown eyes and couldn't carry on with the farce. I followed his gaze to the written winning numbers and he flipped over the sheet to reveal the real jackpot combination scribbled over and over again. Despite the repetition, that exact combination did not manifest itself onto his ticket.

I don't think he meant to, but dad taught me something that night. Too bad I am still unsure of what it is exactly.

\*\*\*

Odd piles and stacks of paper are hidden in cabinets and drawers throughout my parents' home. Tucked between old bills and health insurance claims are sheets of graph paper with columns of winning numbers, twice a week for years and years. My father is not an obsessive-compulsive man, but he does indulge in this singular fixation. Sometimes I would find him hunched over, scanning hundreds of numbers trying to decipher a pattern. But dad isn't a statistician and found nothing that could lead him to a seven-figure jackpot.

*"An unexamined life is not worth living."*

Socrates

I wonder if I would be able to distinguish a pattern if I mindfully jotted down all the events and experiences of my short life. Might the cyclical and winding nature of our daily existence reveal itself? Might all of the mistakes, inappropriate behavior, and reactionary pessimistic misgivings flash and blink from the page? Might the right decisions—the choices that uplifted and moved us forward—glow and hum from the wrinkled and oft-handled life document?

What may be most frightening and indigestible is that we find that the ratio of flashing mistakes is blinding and that these are the exact moments we never regret.

What if I laid them side by side? The boyfriends, the jobs, the hungover afternoons, the sobering nights, the venomous feelings and fights, the giddiness of unexpected kinship, the seconds, minutes, hours, days. What would it all tell me?

*"It is good to have an end to journey toward, but it is the journey that matters in the end."* Ursula K. Le Guin

We ask these questions because we seek purpose. We search, like my father squinting trying desperately to absorb the numbers of the past to find a solution for the present, the future. The danger in this is that we focus so much of ourselves in trying to find an answer that we may forget that the search in itself is the answer. The journey is oftentimes confusing, almost as baffling as why a father might fib to his second-grader child about winning a lottery. It might find you beneath Mother Teresa's doorway in Kolkata, India—looking into her small, bare room adorned with a framed image of Jesus Christ, a rosary strand, and a crown of thorns she twisted together herself. As I stood here, I imagined her life's work and how often she was plagued with existentialist crises. Did she ever think, "Damn, life sucks. People are poor and miserable. Fuggetaboutit."?

\*\*\*

Our eyes strain on the road, the unending flat stretch of grey laid down by men to connect one another, and our field of vision blurs at the edges. The landscape recedes, a pulsating marvel of living, breathing earth, fading farther as we myopically continue barreling down the highway. You have to allow yourself the time to pull off of the road and drink in its surroundings. It won't always be lush and golden, sometimes it's charred, blackened, and pungent enough to burn your eyes. But you ought to breathe it in anyway, puff out your chest, and inhale until your shirt tightens around you.

*"A lollipop is a cross between hard candy and garbage."* Mitch Hedberg





AMY ADOYZIE

## What may be most frightening and indigestible is that we find that the ratio of flashing mistakes is blinding and that these are the exact moments we never regret.

You understand that candy will give you cavities (and garbage), but you eat it anyway because it's good. What's it worth to preserve your teeth if you ain't got somethin' sweet to smile about? It's like when I met my ultimate crush, the drummer in one of my all-time favorite bands, and he kissed my cheek and kicked me in the crotch all in the same night. I jotted that down to examine later alongside the time I played bass in the "Ed Wood of bands" because we were "so bad it was good" according to a band named after a fortress from the *Masters of the Universe* and was fronted by a lady midget. Or when I worked at Disneyland, where I met a girl named Gerlie, and I quit two weeks later because even though I got free admission to the Magic Kingdom after my shift—whizzing through Space Mountain by oneself is just another

cruel reminder of one's ultimately loneliness. Or that night I found myself in a cramped bathroom stall in The Heart of Darkness, a club in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, consoling a stranger, wiping the tears from her delicate cheeks and holding her beautifully bronzed face as she wept about her ailing mother and hospital fees. Minutes later, I was on the dance floor with water-downed whiskey in one hand and some dude's hips in another. And of course, the time my dad lied to me about winning the lottery for no other reason than to fuck with me.

It's random, like rows of neat numbers inked onto wrinkled pieces of graph paper. For some it's about figuring out the pattern, for others it's the monetary jackpot—either way it makes us ignore the journey. The numbers, the randomness, is the journey. The

numbers are the moments that engulf us, the small semblances of hope and the weight tied to our ankles.

Or the numbers are nothing at all.

—Amy Adoyzie  
amyadoyzie.com

"More about this ridiculous journey from David Foster Wallace: "...that the horrific struggle to establish a human self results in a self whose humanity is inseparable from that horrific struggle. That our endless and impossible journey toward home is in fact our home." (From an essay on the works of Kafka.)



RAZORPINE 13





propagandhi.com

g7welcomingcommittee.com

smallmanrecords.com

Distributed in the USA by ADA



# PROPAGANDHI

*Supporting Caste*

03.10.09





# SNAKEPIT'S TOP TEN FAVORITE MOVIES ABOUT PUNK (NOT INCLUDING DOCUMENTARIES)

10 DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVE DOLLS (1984, D: DAVID MARKEY)



AN ALL-GIRL PUNK BAND'S RISE AND FALL! LOW BUDGET!

9 RUDE BOY (1980, D: JACK HAZAN + DAVID MINGAY)



FOLLOW THE CLASH ON TOUR! WATCH THE ROADIE! SKINS VS PUNK.

8 WILD ZERO (2000, D: TETSURO TAKEUCHI)



GUITAR WOLF FIGHTS ZOMBIES + UFOS! RAD!!!

7 RODRIGO D: NO FUTURE (1990, D: VICTOR GAVIRIA)



FOLLOW A PUNK KID IN MEDELLIN AS HE TRIES TO FIND A DRUM KIT!

6 DOGS IN SPACE (1987, D: RICHARD LOWENSTEIN)



THE BEST MOVIE PUNKHOUSE EVER! STARS MICHAEL HUTCHENCE OF INXS.

5 INTREPIDOS PUNKS (1980, D: FRANCISCO GUERRERO)



I'VE ONLY SEEN IT IN SPANISH WITH NO SUBTITLES, BUT IT RULES!!!

4 RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD (1985, D: DAN O'BANNON)



ZOMBIE PUNK!!!

3 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FABULOUS STAINS (1981, D: LOU ADLER)



ANOTHER STORY ABOUT AN ALL-GIRL PUNK BAND'S RISE TO FAME! BETTER!

2 SUBURBIA (1984, D: PENELOPE SPHEERIS)



THIS IS THE REAL DEAL.

1 ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (1979, D: ALLAN ARKUSH)



BECAUSE THE RAMONES ARE THE BEST EVER!



AND REMEMBER TO SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL INDEPENDENT VIDEO STORE! FUCK NETFLIX!

THANKS TO KAREN FOR THE COLUMN IDEA!!!



POWER POP POLICE

REV. NORB

"We were pioneers, or so we liked to think."

# DRESSING FOR THE POST-REVOLUTION

# OR

WHAT COSTUME SHALL THE POOR DORK WEAR TO ALL TOMORROW'S REUNION SHOWS?

I'm not much of a reunionizer. I've blown off 80% of my eligible class reunions, and although i've been in bands since like 1980, i've never engaged in a "reunion" of any sort, nor have i ever been particularly inclined to arrange one. Buuuuttt...shit happens, as shit tends to do, and, twenty-three-and-a-half years after our last show, Suburban Mutilation, my high school thrash band, found itself doddering around on stage as part of a Northside Lanes Punk Rock 25-Year Anniversary gig ((For those not In The Know, Northside Lanes was the more or less official startin' point of the Green Bay hardcore scene, laying the groundwork for All That Which Would Come Later. Now, sure, there were punk shows in GB prior to Northside's advent in '83—Elks Club, Bernie's Game Room, bar shows i was too little to get into—but the punk shows of the pre-hardcore era always involved dealing with, for want of a better term, *grown-ups*. Bands either had a manager who set up shows for them [[“manager” somehow still being some sort of valid rock'n'roll pseudo-occupation in those benighted days]], or they played at a venue that was controlled/overseen/administered by some adult human, whom they were required to persuade of their intrinsic value before being granted leave to grace their six-inch high stage. Northside was the first time when The Kids [[as in “Are United” “Will Have Their Say” “Don't Follow” “Are Alright” et al]] actually realized that thanks to modern chemistry, grown-ups were now optional, and WE could rent the hall and get the P.A. and make the flyers and put on the shows, and we needed NO ONE external to the scene to pull this off. Sure, that's standard practice today, but in '83, at least where i live, there was no such historical precedent for such derring-do. We were pioneers, or so we liked to think [[which explains the prevalence of coonskin caps and birch bark canoes in the early days of the local HC scene]]. This brings up a number of rather dodgy questions—not so much about remembering the songs or how to play them, but, more importantly, **WHATEVER SHALL I WEAR?** First off, zany, Boris The Sprinkler-styled costumery is right out: Back in The Day™, we played in the same clothes we wore to the gig, then we partied in the same sweaty stinky clothes in which we played.

Generally you came, saw, and conquered ((and, if the Gods of Poontang were merciful, which they rarely were, you came again)) in the same grubby duds—partially as a matter of principle and partially because we were kind of fucking stupid. I mean, it took me like ten or twelve years of being in bands before I realized that *hey, if i just take an extra shirt with me to the gig, i can put on a clean shirt after the show!* **IT'S FOCKEENG ROCKET SCIENCE!!!** So, yes: The clothes i walk into the hall with are the clothes i play in, and the clothes i drink in afterwards. This rules the giant green M&M costume right out; it's cold outside and it doesn't really fit under my jacket correctly. This also kiboshes the Sacred Mystic Antler Helmet, the Grand Poobah Helmet, the Wolverine costume, and any other such malarkey. I need pants and a shirt and some shoes, and, i guess, underwear. Well, **THAT** narrows it down. Now, i remember what i wore the first time i ever played out ((Green Bay East High Rock Night, March 11<sup>th</sup>, 1981)), when Suburban Mutilation (aka SUM) were still d/b/a the Rat Eaters: Ripped up Ramones jeans, a white Chuck Taylor®, a purple Chuck Taylor®, a black t-shirt with Animal from the Muppet Show™ and the word “NORBERT” on it, and a tiger-striped vest ((how i came to wear the Animal™ T-shirt. Just prior to the show, i was cornered by a bunch of upperclassmen who had, for whatever reason, emblazoned “NORBERT” across the bottom of the Animal® shirt, and informed me that i was going to wear said shirt during our performance, and that the matter was not up for discussion. I suspect i am likely one of the only punkers of note whose first-gig wardrobe was partially selected for him under threats of an ass-beating by jocks)). I also remember what i wore at my second ever show ((Bernie's Game Room, Good Friday '81)): Same ripped up jeans, same white/purple Chucks, and a button up dress shirt with red and yellow vertical stripes, approximately one-half-inch in width ((all vertical stripes were punk in 1981. Horizontal stripes were punk too, but only up to about 3/8 inch in width. Half-inch stripes meant you were kind of sympathetic to new wave, but sort of too wimpy to actually be punk. Horizontal stripes wider than an inch weren't punk at all. I don't know why; it's just how

we rolled)). At our third show—the 1981 Battle of the Bands in the Premontre High School gym—i eventually rocked the Ramones T-shirt that i had intended to wear at our first gig. Imagine my chagrin when the guitar player for the Resistors ((Oshkosh's first punk band, as far as i know)) showed up sportin' the same tee, although, he could not match the glory of my purple/white mismatched Chucks. **REVELATION #1: MY GARB MUST INCLUDE CHUCK TAYLORS®!** But yet, by 1982, the whole vertical stripe thing had kinda been re-co-opted by the Young Republican set, who were rocking button-up vertically striped shirts ((albeit more muted and businesslike variants)) with alarming frequency. Ergo, circa mid-'82, the punkers were beginning to cool off on vertically-striped button-up shirts, and were starting to jack into the more blue-collar vibe that button-up shirts with criss-crossy lines provided. **REVELATION #2: MY GARB MUST INCLUDE A BUTTON-UP SHIRT WITH CRISSY-CROSSY LINES OF SOME SORT!** When it got colder ((as tends to be the case in Wisconsin)), we would sport the crissy-crossy-button-up shirts, unbuttoned, over band T-shirts. **REVELATION #3: MY GARB MUST INCLUDE A BAND T-SHIRT UNDER MY BUTTON-UP CRISSY-CROSSY LINE SHIRT!** Pants were always blue Levi's® ((unless you were that one dumb fucker in red bondage pants, who, for the record, was never in a band)) For whatever reason, you couldn't walk into a store and buy black jeans in 1983—they were still trying to foist off corduroys and painter's pants and what-not. **REVELATION #4: MY GARB MUST INCLUDE JEANS WHICH SHALL NECESSARILY BE BLUE IN COLOR.** Thus do i have the basic format of my attire for the evening's festivities, but what of the specifics? I mean, i gotta get my clothes exactly right for this—my garb needs to reflect the Northside era, in all its glorious 1983-ness, but also needs to be updated with the Flash™ and Zap™ of the ever-lovin' NOW, dude! **I MUST WIN THE 25 YEAR REUNION BATTLE OF Highbrow ANTI-FASHION!!!** I mean, i still HAVE shirts from 1983, but i think i'd rather wear shirts that i WOULD have worn back in 1983, had i had them back then ((or had 1983



extended another ten or twenty years or so)). The pants are the easiest: I just grab any ol' pair of blue Levi's® off the floor. The crissy-crossy-button-up-shirt-of-some-kind is also a relatively easy call: It's cold enough that i can easily opt for a pinkish-purple plaid flannel shirt that i got at Kmart® around 1991. SHUT YOUR FESTERING GOB, KID: FLANNEL WAS PUNK BEFORE IT WAS GRUNGE! ((of course, flannel was Classic Rock before it was Punk; so what?)) I figure a fella's Chucks should always kinda match his flannel, so I opt for a rose pink pair i bought in 1996 at a sporting goods store across the street from the Soul Kitchen in El Cajon. This adds just the right touch of queerness with which to offset the inherent lumberjackiness of the flannel. The t-shirt is the most labored decision: Suburban Mutilation were the first punk band in Green Bay to release an album, the first to play in Milwaukee and Madison, and the first to be interviewed in anything resembling a big fanzine ((MRR #8, i think)). On Christmas Day, 2008—twenty-three years after our last show—we get our picture in the local paper for the first time. I eventually opt for a black Buzzcocks T-shirt with hot orange lettering that i bought from former All roadie Skippy Smooth at the Metro in about 1993. With the addition of the slick, Malcolm Garrett-designed Buzzcocks logo tee, i figure my outfit is just about perfect: The blue Levi's® and flannel shirt suggests proletarian authenticity, the pinkish-purpleness of the flannel shirt adds a certain foppishness, the pink Chucks give me the whole bubblegum thing, and the Buzzcocks T-shirt is both properly black and improperly new wavey. I have concocted my wardrobe so that i have given the wardrobe of The Day exactly the right amounts of reverence and impertinence. SURELY MY BOLD, YET FUNCTIONAL, WARDROBE SHALL WIN THE DAY! We get to the gig. It's fucking packed. Gary, our guitarist, is wearing a red t-shirt which features the caption "AMERICA" above a be-antlered deer head upon which is superimposed the American flag. "Isn't this the stupidest thing ever? Four bucks at Wal-Mart®." I agree with Gary that it is, in fact, the stupidest thing ever. **Wardrobe War: I win.** Dave, the drummer of Moral Crux, is wearing a Sid Vicious T-shirt from 1984 and a fake Mohawk wig. Although Dave was the first person i met who actually HAD a Mohawk, i find his wardrobe ultimately too tongue-in-cheeky. **Wardrobe War: I win.** Pete from the Noise Mechanics is wearing a cool Dickies "Banana Splits" T-shirt, and pegged black jeans. Cool look, but we didn't have neat shit like that to wear back then. Too bourgeois. **Wardrobe War: I win.** We finally start playing. People are bouncing off the walls, the place is goin' nuts. Gary has visibly had a bit too much to drink by this point. Gary has also gotten a bit visibly... larger... over the years. About three-quarters of the way through our set, we go through the usual rigmarole of me reminding Gary how the song goes, Gary playing some completely irrelevant chord progression, and Gary



I suspect i am likely one of the only punkers of note whose first-gig wardrobe was partially selected for him under threats of an ass-beating by jocks.

hollering "fuck it, let's go"—except this time he hollers, "fuck it, stop." Gary sets his guitar down. Given his state of inebriation and constant hollering, no one has any idea what the hell he has in mind to do. *Walk off? Punch me? Piss on the floor?* Instead, Gary reaches over his head, and pulls off his red AMERICA deer head t-shirt. Forty-three years of

accumulated hairy flab plunks out into the public eye. Gary puts his guitar back on. "Fuck it, let's go." The crowd is going absolutely nuts—the "old flabby dude with his shirt off" look has carried the day. **Wardrobe War: Gary in a landslide.**

Love, Nørb







## SQUEEZE MY HORN

GARY HORNBERGER

**"I thought I was the only guy on the West coast to own a couple of Marginal Man records!"**

# Fill It In

In shuffling through the ever-expanding DVDs at my house, I came across *American Hardcore*, a history of punk rock in the years from 1980 to 1986. I vaguely remember getting this DVD about a year ago, which is how bad my attention span is. I popped the disc in, and I must admit that it is one hell of a good documentary. It is much better than *The Decline of Western Civilization*.

How they compiled all that footage for *American Hardcore* is mind-boggling. In fact, at the end they ask that if anyone's footage was used but not given thanks to, to contact them for an apology. There was just that much material at their disposal.

Now, although they were extensive in their coverage—and I understand that they have a limited time frame—I felt that there were some holes that needed to be filled. By this, I mean there were some bands I felt could have been added because of their influence on local bands that appeared at or after the '86 period. After thinking about things, there was probably so much material it would have had to be packaged like the *Star Wars* trilogy.

Also, in the documentary, there were some bands I had never heard of, either in print or musical content, which is not a bad thing. It's just that there are some West coast and East coast bands that were influential that seem to have flown under the radar. Now, remember, I really liked this documentary and felt it presented some really pertinent aspects of the culture—from the political climate, to the music, to the use of printed material and so on—but I think it presented just the tip of the iceberg.

The terms or categories for punk, in general, may be where I have difficulties, because it attempts to define "hardcore." Some of these bands are hardcore and some of them are "maybe hardcore." The movie also groups straight edge into the hardcore family.

Using categories seems useless because they are defined into loose interpretations of: speed of play, lyrical content and/or social climate—to name a few. Under the umbrella of punk, the differences between categories are minute.

Here's an example. At any show you could have The Dickies playing. The Dickies have been referred to as a cover band that plays at breakneck speed, a "funny, ha ha"

band. They could be on the same bill as Final Conflict, which is a band that covers political injustices. It's all punk to me.

So if this documentary is a history of punk in the early '80s, it should include all bands that were influential and signed waiver forms.

The band in this movie that gets the most coverage is Bad Brains. I don't know if they were the favorites, if they gave the most footage, or what, but a lot of the movie looped back to them. A good amount of time is also given to Black Flag. These are great bands. Yes, indeed they are, but there were many others too. I was amazed to see Marginal Man, Channel 3, and others. Yet, they were severely glossed over. Yeah, that's right. I thought I was the only guy on the West coast to own a couple of Marginal Man records!

I also found it interesting that they had a sit down with Vinny Stigma (Agnostic Front) and Jimmy Gestapo (Murphy's Law), yet very little credit was given to AF or Murphy's Law and so much was given to Cro-mags. Once again, this is a great band, but when we were young, Agnostic Front was the premier New York Hardcore band, and Murphy's Law is one of my all time favorites. When I think of San Francisco, I think of Dead Kennedys and Verbal Abuse. This movie gives a lot of time to Flipper. As we go up the coast, we get Poison Idea, and as we move farther north, we get D.O.A. Great bands. Still, areas could be filled.

So I went to my own collection to see if I could fill some of these holes.

First off, I would put Uniform Choice in the mix, just from hearing how guys from late '80s bands were in awe of them. Fear and the Angry Samoans: How they were left out of this film, is strange, as was Bad Religion—all from the early '80s. Other great L.A. bands include, The Vandals and the Nip Drivers. Drive to Orange County, and we find The Crowd, Social Distortion, Agent Orange, and Plain Wrap. In Chicago, there was Naked Raygun. In the mix with Black Flag, were Minutemen, Hüsker Dü, Meat Puppets, and some others. In between L.A. and San Francisco were Agression, Pariah, Decry, The Faction, and Dr. Know. And what about Wasted Youth? See, the list gets longer and longer, and that's mostly the West coast. Grab a person from New York and their list

will go from fingertip to neck and back down the other side.

So yeah, this was a monumental task and they did an excellent job. I guess, in my excitement, I wanted more because it hits home for my generation. Even a plug for *Flipside* or *Maximumrockroll* would have been nice. I understand that money may have been a deterrent and getting people to sign off was probably a problem, but I still want this to be a trilogy or something, because it's great seeing old footage and getting that pioneering perception on things. There is also some great footage in the deleted scenes. I must say finding this jewel in my stuff is going to make me dig farther in the cabinet to see what is hidden back there.

In closing for this column, I must ask: Who the hell drew the mustache on the icon next to "Squeeze my Horn"?

—Gary

## WELCOME TO THE DAHL HOUSE

By Ken Dahl, \$7, on sale for \$6

What a start to a collection of comics: An old punk walks into Hot Topic and knifes the store worker. Talk about misery. This book is full of the horror of lost youth. The social statement is put up on the tee and jacked straight down the fairway. It's one thing for an old punker to look back and laugh; it's another to force him to look back and cry. If there was an old folks home for punk rockers, this would be the coffee table book found in the waiting area. I felt that, in reading this, what we call a mid-life crisis, is coming at an alarmingly younger age. My favorite panel is when a thirty-one-year-old decides to take up skateboarding. The next panel claims that it did not last long: We see a guy with a kneecap the size of a balloon and a caption that says "no insurance." I also like the story at the end where a young couple at a garage sale are looking at the same skateboard and exclaiming that it should be on a wall in a museum. I've been there, let me tell you. If ever there was a book that made you laugh while reading and puts you into a dark cloud of despair when you finish, this is that book. Well done, Mr. Dahl! (Microcosm Publishing 222 S. Rogers St. Bloomington, IN 47404, [www.microcosmpublishing.com](http://www.microcosmpublishing.com), [fantods@gmail.com](mailto:fantods@gmail.com))



### **BFF: BRAINFAG FOREVER**

By Nate Beaty, \$9.00 U.S.

Here's another collection of stories that will make you ride an emotional roller coaster. Lacking the humor of most comic collections, this book has a good amount of stunning art to keep the reader entranced in a dark neverland. Usually, reading the diary-type collection books is tough, if not totally boring, because there is nothing really gripping in them: I got up, took a shower, picked my friend up and took him to the airport, and so on. One can see, after twenty pages or so, that this would induce sleep. That does not happen here. In fact, the author makes you want to take that trip with him, because he paints a realistic picture of his travels. On the other hand, this guy's love life should all be cut out, but I guess that's the soap opera, gripping part of the book. The other great thing is the main character is drawn so that he ages over the course of the book, which makes the story mature. *BFF, Brainfag Forever* is a rolling read on a sunny day. (Brainfag.com, www.microcosmpublishing.com)

### **WORLD WAR IX: EARACHES AND EYESORES**

By Justin Melkmann, \$3.00 U.S.

A comical look at rock'n'roll with the group World War IX is what happens in the pages of this book. All the typical sex,

drugs, and rock are here in these pages, with a few drug-induced fantasy stories wedged in between. For good measure, there are even some show flyers thrown in at the end. I must admit, it is a comical look at the mechanics of all that goes on before, during, and after a show and the life of a rock band. What more can I say than, "This book is wacky!" (www.comixpress.com, www.worldwarIX.com, jmelkmann@hotmail.com)

### **TIME MANAGEMENT FOR ANARCHISTS**

By Jim Munroe & Marc Ngui, \$3.99 U.S.

Any book that deals with people in the workforce hating their jobs piques my interest. This is a bizarre look at finding the right workplace environment. It takes place somewhere in the future with characters who dress the part of the munchkins from the *Wizard of Oz*. The main character quits her job, which sets off a series of events that also puts her manager out of work. Meeting each other a month later, they decide to ring the bell of a self-help, social projects nut who explains his weird science. That's it. Granted, it seems dull, but I have the feeling future copies of this book are going to be quite interesting. (IDW, 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109, www.idwpublishing.com)

### **SUNDOGS**

By Adam Pasion, \$2.00 U.S.

*Sundogs* is a monthly diary of the happenings of the author. Unlike other comics of similar likeness, *Sundogs* is more like the travel log of an American living in Japan. I had no idea Disney had an underwater theme park in Japan. Reading is learning! It is fun following this guy around, and this guy goes everywhere. This book is a fun read, and I can't wait to see where he goes next. Get out of the way, Waldo. (Adam Pasion, 1-42 Namiuchi-cho, Kita-Ku Nagoya, Aichi 462-0041 Japan, www.biguglyrobot.net, biguglyrobot@gmail.com)

### **KING-CAT**

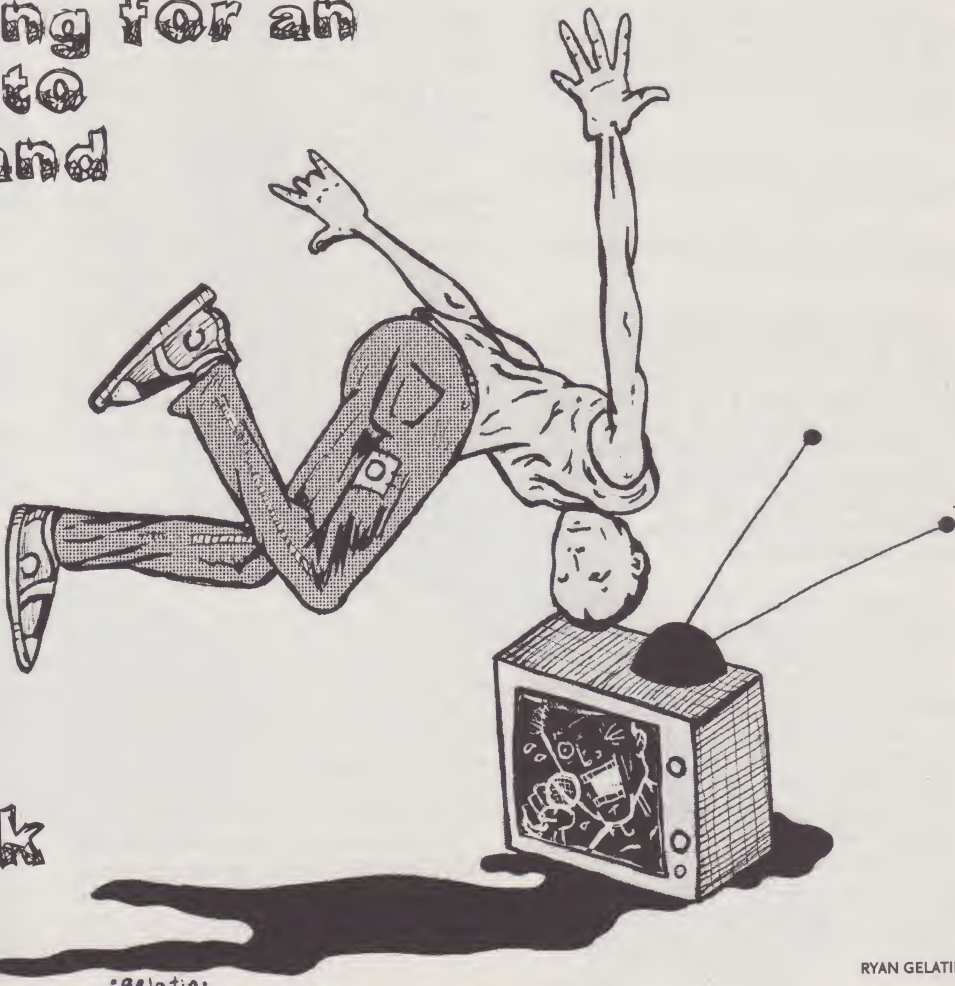
By John Porcellino, \$3.00 U.S.

I really like this book, but I think it's for my own strange reasons. I love the idea that these people search shelters for pets, and the low down on the tree-of-heaven is odd yet informative. This book is a primer for meeting someone who is upbeat, which is really great after wading through some of the books that pass through here for review. Awesome collection to pass the time reading! (John Porcellino, PO Box 18888 Denver, CO 80218, www.king-cat.net)



It is one thing for an  
old punker to  
look back and  
laugh;

it is  
another  
to force  
him to  
look back  
and cry.



RYAN GELATIN



# THE DINGHOLE REPORTS

RHYTHM CHICKEN

**“What an impressive way to get herpes!”**

## Helmeted and Schlitzed

The Dinghole Reports  
By The Rhythm Chicken  
(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)  
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

So, I stopped at the Circle K gas station to use the Tyme machine inside (that's ATM to you non-Wisconsinites). The only thing I could find outside to lock my bike to, was one of the two payphones. With beer money acquired and secured, I exited the Circle K to see some guy sitting on the payphone shelf right next to my bike. I strolled over to my bike and started to unlock it, trying my hardest not to look at the guy. Soon enough, I couldn't help but notice that his hand was down the front of his pants and that he was crying and masturbating quite intently. I continued undoing my lock as I heard him crying out the words, "Will you sit on me? Will you please sit on me?"

I got my lock undone and walked my bike to the street to pack up and head to the punk show. A month and a half after arriving here, I finally feel like I've experienced the real Las Vegas!

(Wow, Mr. Chicken. You certainly attract interesting characters! - F.F.)

[So, how do you like your new home, Rhythm Chicken? - Dr. S.]

Well, Las Vegas is certainly interesting. I arrived via Amtrak and Greyhound and was soon met by Miss Bootsi Call (a Brewcity Bruiser who is now and again a Sin City Roller girl). She graciously helped me get situated in my new urban desert setting. My first three nights in Vegas ended at the Double Down Saloon, which is only fitting and punk rock. My fifth night in Vegas, I already had a gig scheduled at this very pristine punk rock swillery.

Dinghole Report #99: Nobunny vs. Nochicken, a Cockfight in the Ladies' Shitter! (Rhythm Chicken sighting #426)

Bootsi and I arrived with her roommate's drums in the car. Bartender Scotty handed me an envelope with "Rhythm Chicken" scrawled on the front. Inside, I found it was full of drink tokens! BEER CHIPS! I purposely requested to be on tonight's gig with the mysterious Mr. Nobunny, another masked crusader in the pickled punk arena. He, too, wears a chicken head (which surprisingly seems even dirtier than mine!), though why he calls himself "Nobunny" adds to the mystery. The Zip

Guns, hailing from Nardwuar's neck of the woods, opened the show with some rightly solid poppy punk ditties. They even brought their own neon sign!

Then, from the most tastefully decorated ladies' bathroom, a vile Wisconsin thunder began to rumble! Folks in the bar sensed something certainly odd was going on. They slowly filtered into the tiny rockatorium to witness my first Nevada ruckus. The opening drumroll completed, I raised my wings skyward. The crowd remained confused, and you could hear the Double Down crickets.

At that moment, I unleashed my time-tested cheesehead rhythms on the Sin City cretins! It didn't take long for them to join in with the hootin' and hollerin'. *Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom! YAY!!! Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom! YAY!!!* Mr. Nobunny was right there, standing on the toilet seat, fist clenched in the air! I continued my untamed potty rock for a few more rounds, gave them a couple chicken fingers, and the toilet gig was done. The newly christened crowd stumbled out of the ladies' bathroom with slightly confused smiles on their mugs. Nevada was successfully added to my list.

A short while later, the Nobunny band was making their own ruckus on the stage. Where was their leader? It didn't take long to notice him coming. Mr. Nobunny was in his underwear and high heels, crawling from their van outside. He crawled across the parking lot, through the Double Down doorway, across the grimy floor, and up to the stage to begin his show. Boy, what an impressive way to get herpes! Their slam-bam punk rock was entertaining in an Iggy meets Ziggy sort of way. I kept thinking to myself, "That's no bunny! That's a chicken!"

(Well, DUH! He's obviously no bunny, hence the name! - F.F.)

Three weeks later, Christmas time had come to Sin City. I'd gotten plenty of e-mails from back home about how Wisconsin was in a deadly deep freeze, weeks below zero and buried in numerous feet of snow. On the morning of Christmas Eve, I put my skateboard in my bag and biked to the nearest outdoor skatepark. Skating an outdoor concrete skatepark on Christmas Eve in just jeans and a hoodie is my kind of Christmas gift.

On Christmas day, I joined a few friends at the Double Down for their Christmas dinner special: free SpaghettiOs and baloney sandwiches! Scotty poured the SpaghettiOs out of a coffee pot (warned on the coffee hot plate!) and let

me write my name on my baloney sandwich with the mustard squirt bottle. Numerous cans of Schlitz and one flaming shot of SpaghettiOs later, I declared the Double Down Christmas dinner a culinary masterpiece!

[Oh, Mr. Chicken. Your poor, poor tail... - Dr. S.]

A few weeks later, I had finished a night at work and quickly biked across town to the Double Down yet again to meet up with Ruckus O'Reilly who just flew into town. He was here for the big Punk Rock Bowling weekend, another reason why I chose Vegas as a new nesting ground. The bar was full of punker-types from all over the country, in town for the big weekend. I walked in still wearing the bike helmet that Tony Taylor gave me, and a table of spikey-mohawked, punker girls laughed at my general dorkiness. I decided it was most punk rock and wore the helmet indoors all night, which, of course, welcomed many friendly blows to the head. Then, in walks Val Capone (former doorgirl from Chicago's Fireside Bowl). I hadn't seen her in over five years and much screaming ensued. She and Ruckus were slamming bacon martinis.

Dinghole Report #100: DINGHOLE REPORT #100!!!

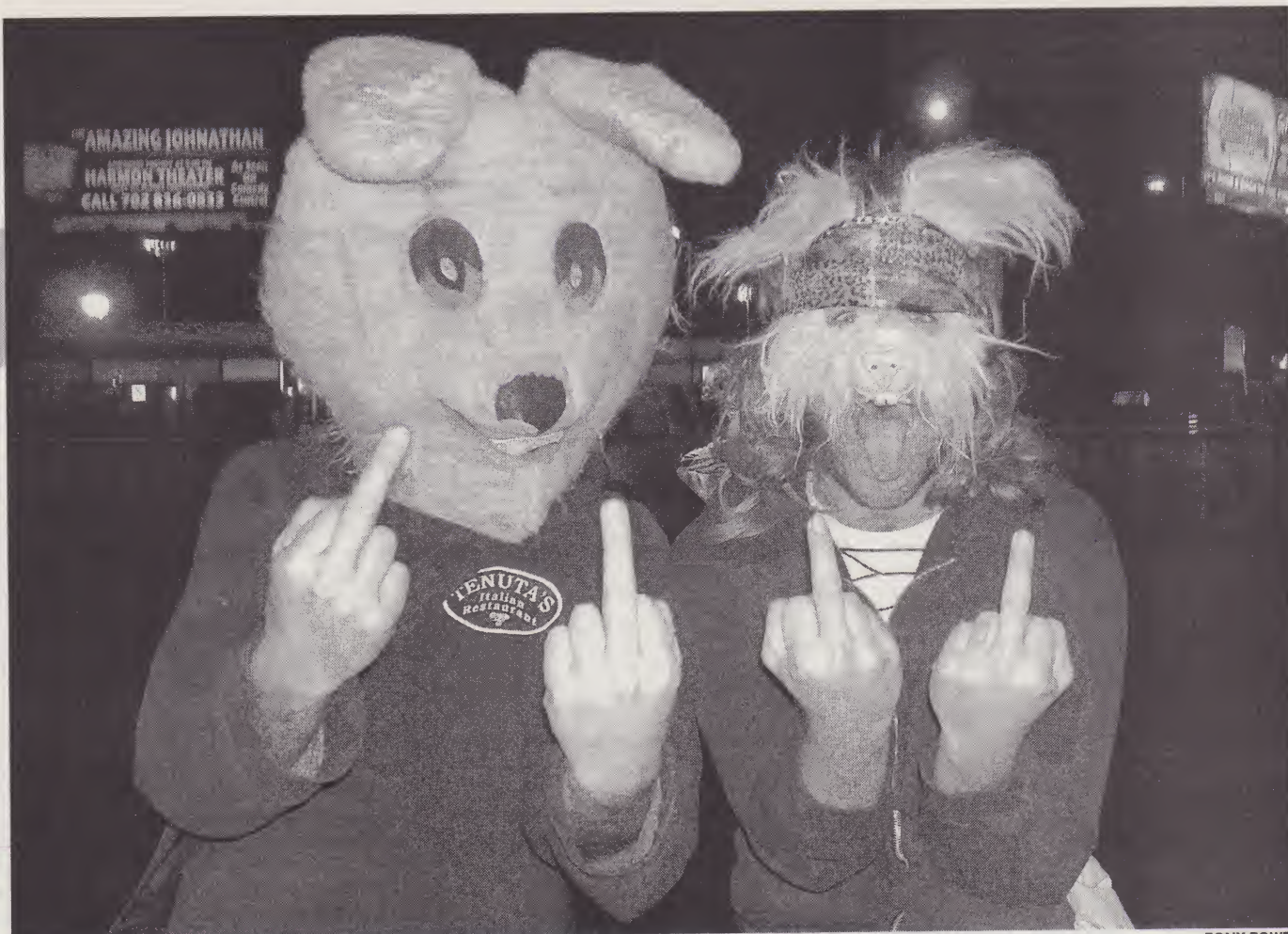
(Rhythm Chicken sighting #427 and #428)

How cool is it that my ONE HUNDREDTH Dinghole Report should be from the Punk Rock Bowling weekend?!

That Friday night, I finished work and made my way to the Bunkhouse in the old downtown area. This is the only super cool area in Vegas, for it is the only area devoid of strip malls. Strippers, drug addicts, prostitutes, homeless bums...yes. Strip malls... no. After arriving, I soon found Davey Tiltwheel at the bar. He hugged me and handed me a drink ticket. I declared him a saint, to which he instantly rebuked my statement. Okay, Davey's a straight-up grade-A punk rock gentleman! Underground Railroad To Candyland played an amazingly fun and jumpy set. I smiled wide as a mile when they covered The Replacements' "Bastards of Young." Everyone in this band looks oddly familiar. Hmmm....

Next up was Tiltwheel. I hadn't seen them since that gig at Chaser's (San Diego) back in 2004. They played three or four great numbers before taking a small tuning break. Just then, I *sproinged* to the stage and mounted the





TONY TOWER

Chicken Finger Cockfight!

## The newly christened crowd stumbled out of the ladies' bathroom with slightly confused smiles on their mugs.

drumset! RHYTHM CHICKEN AMBUSH! My quick opening drumroll heralded all attention to the dork in the Chickenhead. The place went nuts. My wild-mannered chicken rock was most accepted and triumphantly celebrated! I played the ol' "pound and holler" routine, which they were all too quick to join in on. After a few other bouts of awkward chicken rhythms, I stood and gave them both chicken fingers. They ate it up.

After stealthily slinking off the stage, I found a few cans of Pabst in my wings and blended back into the sea of mustaches. Tiltwheel commenced their almighty rock. Then they surprised me most pleasantly. They played a totally rockin' version of The Replacements' "Skyway." I was ecstatic! Then they rolled right into "Can't Hardly Wait." I went bonkers: Two California bands paying homage to one of the northern Midwest's finest. I felt bad for missing Vena Cava because of my job, but still got to hang out with a great, fun group of folks nonetheless. My favorite was getting all the folks out on the front porch chanting, "GAY

PORCH! GAY PORCH! GAY PORCH!" I'm still not sure why it happened, but it did.

Saturday night, yet again, I biked to the Double Down after work and remained helmeted and Schlitzed for the remainder of the evening. Sunday, after work (no rest for the dorky), I found myself biking far across town to the Premiere Nightclub, for the only really sanctioned PRB event I was to attend this entire weekend. While flying at high speeds down Charleston, I was singing out loud to the hookers and junkies at every bus stop, "BIKE PUNKS ON DOPE!" Once near the club, I stopped at the Circle K for some cash and...well...you know.

The club was filling up fast. Tiltwheel was opening up the show tonight. They turned on their amps and the gang up front all, ceremoniously, went shirtless. Once again, they rocked their almighty rock. Once again, the Rhythm Chicken slunk up on stage and ambushed YET ANOTHER Tiltwheel set! My ruckus rolled and out came the chicken fingers. The folks up

front got it. The rest of the club stood somewhat confused, not sure if it was cool, or real, or what. I relinquished the spotlight to San Diego's bastard sons who soon went back into their closing Replacements medley. Near rock'n'roll perfection! I last saw The Replacements on their *All Shook Down* tour. They played "Can't Hardly Wait" that night in Green Bay, but let me tell you, Tiltwheel rocked it way harder this night in this cold desert town.

This weekend further strengthened one of my failsafe backup philosophies: When in doubt, just ask yourself WWTD? Some mighty thankful clucks go out to all those who've made my move to Vegas most painless: Bootsie, Nikol, Kate, Zack, Nate, Eddie, Tony and Marge, Aaron, Kit, Crash, and John. Almighty clucks also out to the friendlies at the DD: Moss, Scotty, Ian, Ryan, Ruckus, and Steve.

**CLUCK CLUCK!!!**

-Rhythm Chicken  
rhythmchicken@hotmail.com







**"Like Mari Gras,  
but with kids and  
everyone was  
sitting down."**

# LIVE PARADE

Parades are a funny thing. The smaller, low-key variety can emit a sense of hometown pride, bringing tight-knit communities together for a weekend of fun, food, and frivolity, not to mention some pretty bare bones parade floats to take in and enjoy. Our very own Rhythm Chicken has even graced fellow parade enthusiasts on various occasions with his presence, whether or not he was officially invited, god bless his clucky hide. The first image that enters my mind when I think of parades (besides the cover of the Dead Kennedy's *Frankenchrist* record) is the end scene of *Animal House*, where things go horribly wrong (yet hysterically funny). Growing up in the greater part of Los Angeles County, there were quite a few parades I got to watch on TV as a little kid, especially the yearly Christmas parades in Hollywood. I remember seeing these and always wondering, "Who is driving underneath all of that mess and exactly what is it they're driving down a street disguised as a float?" Growing a bit older, I started to understand the basic physics of simple building and construction. I remember watching some news special or made-for-TV show on how the people that built these things were basically building light wood/steel frameworks around these trucks or cars, only then to add the finishing touches with paper-mâché, pasteboard, various colors of tissue, paints, and, of course, flowers.

One of the more renowned parades is the annual Tournament of Roses Parade that takes place in Pasadena, California. Every New Years morning since 1890, the Rose Parade continues to grow into a grander and grander experience, both for the people involved directly with making it happen, as well for the people who flock in from all the over the world to witness some of the most insanely beautiful floats to putt-putt down a boulevard. (Besides the parade, there's also the annual college football square-off between the Pac-10 and Big Ten champions later on New Years Day at the Rose Bowl, also in Pasadena, but this is all about parades, homie.)

Ever since I could remember, I loved getting up early on New Years morning to watch this Rose Parade of gnarly floristic creation, as well as all the marching units who were part of the parade, blaring brightly, spot-on renditions of their school fight songs as well

as arranged versions of popular soundtracks to films at the time, like *Star Wars*. In all of the thirty-nine years that Yvonne and I have grown up in L.A., neither one of us had ever made the pilgrimage to brave the crowdly nuttiness to see the Rose Parade live and in person. Until this past January. Over the last couple of years, we had always entertained the thought of getting a motel room with a balcony that overlooked Colorado Boulevard on New Years Eve so we'd have a bird's eye view of the parade the following morning.

On New Years Day of 2008, we drove down to a motel we spotted with balconies that you could spit into the middle of Colorado Boulevard from (no spitting was involved on our part, but a whole lotta other shenanigans from the other balcony rooms were going on all night—more on that a little later). After we checked out the place, we were informed that any and all hotels along the parade route on Colorado Blvd. required a three-night minimum at an even more inflated price. Swell. We had already figured as much and reserved our balcony room up on the second floor, looking forward to what lie ahead for us a year later.

Fast forward to the early morning of New Years Eve, 2008: people are crowded into little sidewalk camps two-deep on both sides of Colorado Blvd. as far as your eyes could take you. It was like Mari Gras, but with kids and everyone was sitting down. Now here's where a lot of the rules and regulations of the parade (enforced by the City of Pasadena, I'm guessing) aren't that strictly enforced (or enforced at all), for some reason or another. Keep in mind that the following "laws" you're about to read in italics were taken from the Tournament of Roses official website's rules and regulations section:

*There is a curfew law for those under eighteen in effect from 10 pm to 5 am. There must be a parent or guardian present.* I'm calling total bullshit on this one. Just from our balcony view alone, we spotted throngs of high school kids (who were obviously under eighteen and completely by themselves) dicking around hardcore with the traffic driving by on the late night of New Years Eve. Besides throwing shit like wet marshmallows at cars (the wet ones stick better, I'm guessing), some genius came up with the bright idea of throwing corn tortillas with shaving cream on top at the

cars (kinda like a pie in the face for a moving vehicle—actually not a bad idea, but I was always keen to lemons). Now, don't get me wrong—if some cars keep driving by and continue to have tortmallow fights (and they did) with the same people camping out on the sidewalks, then all's fair.

It's when ordinary traffic would come by and some of these unparented shit kids—including some young, pregnant (!) chick straight outta the Inland Empire (who was actually one of the most aggro people hurling shit at all these cars)—started ambushing any and every vehicle. A Chevy Caprice lowrider drove by slowly and some random dumb kid with no sense winged a few handfuls of this crap at the car. Soon as it hit, that Caprice slammed on his brakes and the kids scattered like rabbits. I think a marshmallow is an awful choice to bring to a sawed-off shotgun fight. Some kids the floor above us even started throwing marshmallows at the foot traffic on the sidewalk below. An old cholo who was walking by with his wife stopped and stared the little heathens down. Not too bright, junior. The funniest part of that night was hearing a cop get on his squad car P.A. and say very nonchalantly as he cruised through our intersection: "Tortillas are for eating."

*Overnight camping is permitted only on the night before the parade. Do not arrive before noon the day before the parade.*

I'm also gonna call bullshit on this one. When I woke up early at the motel to go to work the morning of New Years Eve, there were speckles of people setting up camp all along the boulevard. The police on foot and in squad cars weren't sweating anyone. Guess some of 'em were too busy giving out ridiculous tinted window tickets in a residential neighborhood. Bravo.

*Small, professionally manufactured barbeques elevated at least one foot off the ground are allowed on the parade route.*

This one really made me stop and scratch my head, especially with what's happened with all the fires around the Southland here in California the last coupla years. Let me tell you, there was a fire going all along the sidewalks every fifty feet the night of





# Who is driving underneath all of that mess



## and exactly what is it they're driving down a street disguised as a float?

New Years Eve, and they weren't no small, professionally manufactured barbeques, unless you count some makeshift, half-assed, metal fire rings as professional. Again, the cops walk on by.

*Do not bring tents, sofas, ladders, scaffolding, and boxes of any type.*

They nixed the idea of sofas because people in the past years were using the parade route as a "Cool, I got one more use out of this sofa and then it's the city's problem" dumping plan. And as far as boxes, that's what they were dragging their firewood around in (which were burned, as well).

*Unoccupied chairs are not allowed.*

The empty seats with RESERVED signs and stickers were in full effect. Lots of 'em on the day before.

*Bonfires are strictly prohibited.*

Like I mentioned above, everyone was basically burning bonfires, besides the very few people who took to the occasion to BBQ, unlike the dumbass below us who brought

old wooden dining room furniture to burn (more like smolder). Dumbass's heathen kid delighted in smashing it all up for his asinine father, like that ape going berserker in the beginning of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Way to set the bar, Dad.

*Throwing any item onto the parade route is prohibited.*

I didn't see any of this going on during the parade, and I hope I never do. The night before seems okay, though, right?

When we woke up New Years morning, the crowds that were two-deep were now four-deep and more, with a sliver of space on the sidewalk for foot traffic to move through. It was quite a sight seeing so many people vying for a spot for the parade that morning. Being we were on the second half of the parade route, it helped out in the fact that we didn't have to get up too early. So after we cleaned up a bit and Yvonne made her coffee, we dragged the chairs out from our room onto the balcony about fifteen minutes before the parade started down on our end.

We finally got to see what we were waiting for. It was simply incredible. An interesting side note about the floats themselves: the entire surface must be covered using a variety of flowers, seeds, bark, leaves, and other natural materials (as described on the official site I drew from earlier). The marching units were really something else, too, especially Penn State (yeah, yeah, I should be rooting for USC, but you know what? Penn State tore that shit up in a way it's supposed to be done, and I only give props where props is due. Excellent job, people).

Man, all I've got to say is that if you ever get the chance to see the Rose Parade live, take the opportunity and see it. For all our years of seeing it on TV, being there that morning never prepared us for all the intricate detail and creation that goes into it. And Pasadena, if you're listening, I'm ready to get fitted for my 2010 Grand Marshal sash now. I promise I won't give anyone the finger (on camera, anyway).

I'm Against It,  
-Designated Dale  
designateddale@yahoo.com



RAZORCAKE 23



# CHICO SIMIO

-ART.

I DECIDED TO TRY WETSHAVING  
RECENTLY. MANLY STUFF.



I WASN'T SURE I WAS READY, BUT I'D  
BEEN ITCHING TO TRY IT.



FIRST TIME'S REALLY SCARY!



WHEN I WAS DONE, I EXPECTED  
TO BE MISSING AN EARLOBE  
OR SOMETHING.



BUT IN REALITY, IT'S THE BEST  
SHAVE I'D EVER HAD. ALL MANLY-  
MEN SHOULD DO IT!





# WON'TON NOT NOW

## LUX INTERIOR

1946 - 2009

ROCKIN' BONES BY THE CRAMPS

"WE GOT BEAUTIFUL LOVE SINGS UP THE ASS" L.I.

I WANNA LEAVE A HAPPY MEMORY  
WHEN I GO, I WANNA LEAVE  
SOMETHING TO LET THE WHOLE  
WORLD KNOW THAT THE ROCK N'  
ROLL DADDY HAS DONE PASSED  
ON BUT MY BONES WILL KEEP A  
ROCKIN' LONG AFTER I'VE GONE



WELL WHEN I  
DIE DON'T YOU  
BURY ME AT  
ALL

JUST NAIL  
MY BONES  
UP ON THE  
WALL



BENEATH THESE BONES LET  
THESE WORDS BE SEEN



THIS IS THE BLOODY GEARS  
OF A BOPPIN  
MACHINE



WELL I STILL GOT RHYTHM IN THESE ROCKIN' BONES

AND I WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW JUST THINKING  
ABOUT TONIGHT, MY BONES  
ARE GETTING RESTLESS AND  
I DO IT UP RIGHT



A FEW  
MORE TIMES  
AROUND A  
HARDWOOD  
FLOOR, BEFORE  
WE TURN  
OUT THE  
LIGHTS AND  
CLOSE THE  
DOOR



WWW.LUCKYNAKAZAWA.COM  
MYSPACE.COM/DMZINE

GOOD NIGHT LUX  
I'M GLAD I SAW  
YOU LIVE

SOME IMAGES REFERENCED FROM INTERNET

DEDICATED TO LUX INTERIOR AND POISON IVY



DOOT  
DOOLA  
DOOT  
DOO...

DOOT  
DOO!

## WHO ARE YOU?

"I can't believe  
you got this  
on vinyl!"

# Nardwuar The Human Serviette

vs.

# Kate Nash

**Nardwuar:** Who are you?

**Kate Nash:** I'm Kate Nash.

**Nardwuar:** Here we are in British Columbia, Canada, sitting on swings. Now, you have swings at your house. Where is your house? Is it in Harrow?

**Kate:** Yeah, it's in Harrow.

**Nardwuar:** What's Harrow like? I understand that Jordan's husband is from Harrow. Who is Jordan and have you met Jordan's husband?

**Kate:** Peter Andre. [laughs] No, I haven't met him, but I did hear that. And apparently Geri Halliwell is from around Harrow. She is in the Spice Girls.

**Nardwuar:** Thank you for reminding us.

**Kate:** Girl power.

**Nardwuar:** And you are Kate Nash, from?

**Kate:** Harrow.

**Nardwuar:** From Harrow. Now you are in Vancouver, but you didn't start your tour in Vancouver. You began your tour in Atlanta, just like the Sex Pistols began their tour of America in 1978 in...?

**Kate:** In Atlanta.

**Nardwuar:** In Atlanta. You're following the Sex Pistols path.

**Kate:** Following their footsteps.

**Nardwuar:** What's interesting about the Sex Pistols is... have you met them? Because I notice that your boyfriend Ryan (Jarman) is in the band The Cribs and they played with the Sex Pistols. So is there a chance that you might have met some Pistols?

**Kate:** I didn't meet any. I was at a gig in Bristol that night when they were doing it. I know that they did some shows in Brixton. I know Paul Cook's daughter, actually. I'm friends with Hollie Cook because she is friends with my manager. I've never met them, though. That would've been cool.

**Nardwuar:** What does she play? 'Cause don't some of The Slits have some of their daughters singing in the band?

**Kate:** Yep, she plays with The Slits. She plays keyboard and sings. She's really good as well. I saw them at South By Southwest this year.

**Nardwuar:** How many offspring are there of some of the older punk generation that you've run into?

**Kate:** There is probably a few, but I'm not sure. I couldn't say.

**Nardwuar:** You do keep up with the punk though because you have the punk song, don't you Kate Nash?

**Kate:** I do have it. "Model Behaviour." Is that what you're talking about?

**Nardwuar:** Yeah, what's the punk song? That's new, isn't it?

**Kate:** Yes, it is.

**Nardwuar:** Is that a cover?

**Kate:** No, it's mine.

**Nardwuar:** It's not the "Male Model"? Because you love the male modeling, don't you?

**Kate:** No, actually. Male modeling is really weird.

**Nardwuar:** I think that's like a punk allusion you know, (The Undertones) "Male Model."

**Kate:** Oh, but I thought you meant like, male models.

**Nardwuar:** No, I guess I meant the song, "Male Model," 'cause I was thinking of, like, punk.

**Kate:** I was thinking, like, Calvin Klein underwear, which I don't really like.

**Nardwuar:** What type of underwear do you like? I understand that Queen Victoria had her own brand of underwear, and you can buy it. Do you collect your own underwear?

**Kate:** I would like to get my hands on Queen Victoria's underwear.

**Nardwuar:** What sort of underwear do you like?

**Kate:** Uh, nice underwear.

**Nardwuar:** 'Cause you are wearing a nice vintage dress right now. I'm not saying you're wearing nice underwear right now, and we won't investigate on that, but have you checked into vintage underwear? Have you seen it?

**Kate:** I have seen it. But I haven't ever bought it because I think that is taking it too far. I don't really want to wear

someone else's knickers. I'd rather wear new ones.

**Nardwuar:** Kate Nash, you've taught me about punk rock. What can you tell the people about the *Bored Teenagers* [Nardwuar pulls out the Detour Records compilation record *Bored Teenagers*]?

**Kate:** Oh, I can't believe you got this on vinyl!

**Nardwuar:** Yes, this is a present for you, Kate Nash.

**Kate:** Is it?

**Nardwuar:** What is this? What am I showing you here?

**Kate:** How amazing. This is the *Bored Teenagers*, Vol. 2. Oh my god, I met John (McNeill) from The Zips.

**Nardwuar:** What can you explain about this compilation here? It's on Detour Records and it has some great unknown punk band.

**Kate:** It is. When I was about sixteen, I was doing auditions for stuff and I was really bored and I was doing really badly. I wasn't getting in anywhere. And I was in East London and I went to the Spitz Market. Usually, Spitz Market is trendy food and fashions and stuff. During the week, it's just a bunch of old boys with loads of old records. I was like, "I like punk music, but I don't know much about it. I want to know some rarer stuff." And this guy was like, "My brother was in a band," and he told me all these labels and he brought this out. Yeah, this is one of the first punk CDs that I really got into. I used to listen to it on the way to work and I'd be like "Arggh!" trying to get myself into a bad mood. But I love all these songs.

**Nardwuar:** What's great is the bands that you picked are the negative ones: The Zips, Knife Edge. You friended them on MySpace too, haven't you?

**Kate:** I actually have, and they have written to me and stuff. And I made friends with John from The Zips. He came to my gig in Glasgow 'cause he's from there.

**Nardwuar:** So this compilation, was this how you really got into punk? Because I thought that this might have been the Rosetta





MITCH CLEM

**Nardwuar:** Why should people care about Kate Nash?

**Kate:** Why should people care about anyone?

Stone for you—The Adverts. [Nardwuar pulls out an Adverts 45] What came first, The Adverts or the Detour punk comp?

**Kate:** The Adverts came at the same time as the *Bored Teenagers*. But, I guess what first came was the Sex Pistols and The Clash and the Buzzcocks. I knew about the Sex Pistols, liked them, but loved the Buzzcocks first. But wow... wow.

**Nardwuar:** It's totally amazing that you're into the *Bored Teenagers* compilation because so many people don't appreciate their past. But for you to appreciate and to put down The Zips, The Negatives, and Knife Edge! That's incredible, Kate Nash!

**Kate:** Thanks. Well, I think this is incredible. Thank you. You're incredible.

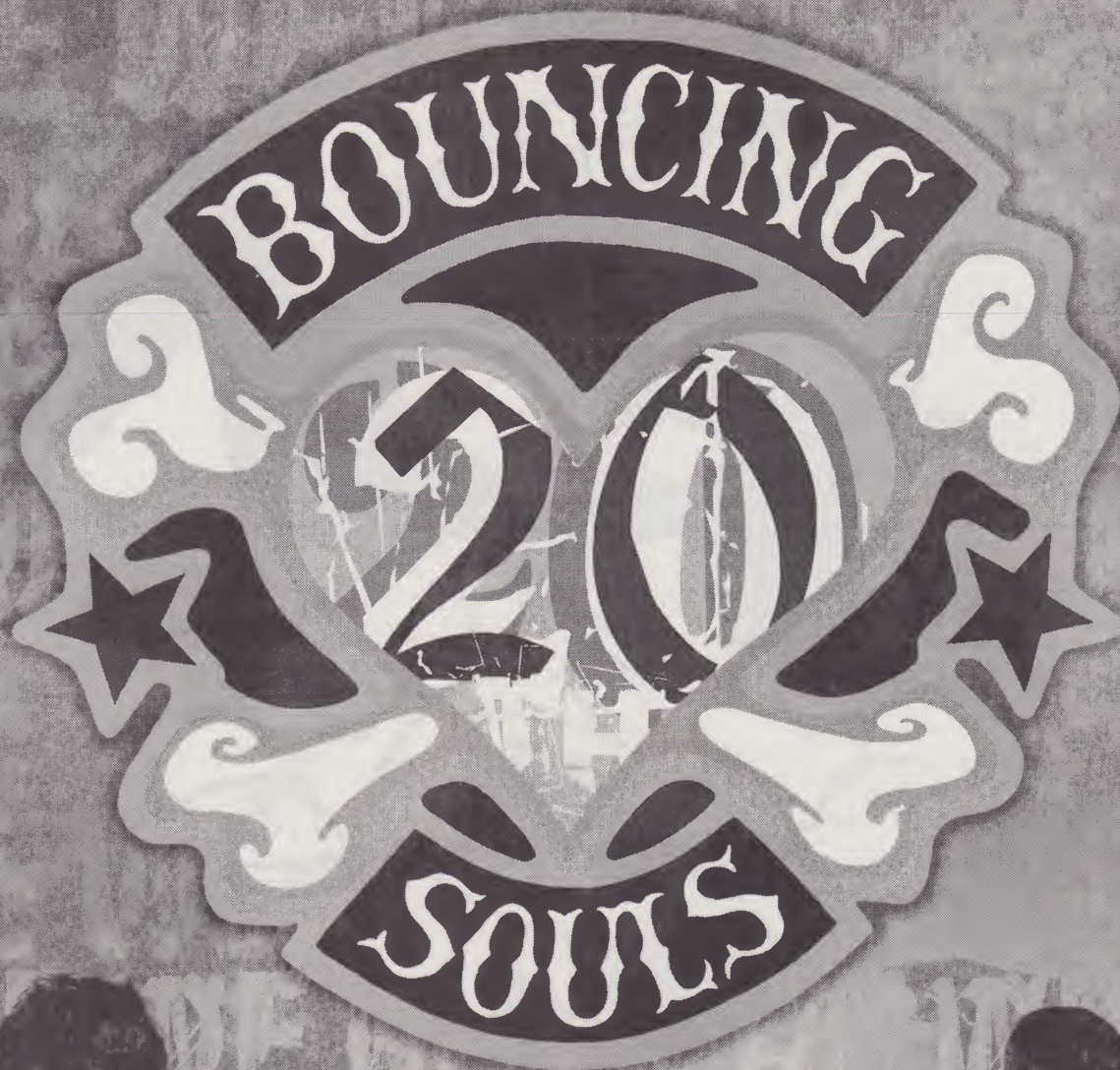
**Nardwuar:** Well, thank you very much, Kate Nash. You have a song called "Skeleton Song," don't you?

**Kate:** Yes, I do, about Stanley.

**Nardwuar:** About Stanley The Skeleton. And you have a skeleton outfit, don't you? The skeleton top, you've been pictured in a skeleton top.



**CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF...**



**THE BOUNCING SOULS**

**20<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY SERIES: VOLUME ONE - 7" VINYL**  
**AVAILABLE ONLINE, ON TOUR, AND IN STORES APRIL 21**

**THE BOUNCING SOULS** were formed 20 years ago. They put out their own albums on their very own Chunksaah Records. In a true return to the DIY spirit in which they began, The Bouncing Souls are self-releasing a **NEW SONG** on the first of **EVERY MONTH** of 2009 on Chunksaah!

**WWW.CHUNKSAAH.COM**

**WWW.BOUNCINGSOULS.COM**



**Kate:** Yeah, skeleton jumper, and I did have a skeleton outfit when I was younger that my mom made me.

**Nardwuar:** What I found really amazing, Kate Nash, is that in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada where we are right now, the singer Neko Case used to live here. I

really dumb because... you've been to gigs before, right?

**Nardwuar:** Well, tonight will be my first one seeing Kate Nash.

**Kate:** Well, basically, at gigs when people get into stuff, they chuck beer. That happens all the time, and I was really into the songs

**Nardwuar:** I was thinking of, like, punk.

**Kate:** I was thinking, like, Calvin Klein underwear, which I don't really like.

don't know if you're familiar with her at all.

**Kate:** No, I'm not.

**Nardwuar:** She sings for the band The New Pornographers, and she has a solo career as well.

**Kate:** Okay, I know them.

**Nardwuar:** And her first band, Maow, was based out of Vancouver and they had a great song called, "Ms. Lefevre," and guess what Neko Case is wearing in the video, Kate Nash?

**Kate:** My skeleton jumper!

**Nardwuar:** Your skeleton jumper. Now this is what I wanted to ask you about. Here is Neko Case with her band Maow, and what has she done to modify the skeleton jumper? [Nardwuar shows a picture]

**Kate:** Has she cut it open and can I see her bra?

**Nardwuar:** Yes, she has cut it out so you can see the naughty bits there.

**Kate:** [laughs] Yeah!

**Nardwuar:** Have you ever done anything like that, Kate Nash? Have the naughty bits ever popped out during Kate Nash performances?

**Kate:** I dunno. Have they? Are you about to bring out some evidence that they have been? Maybe back in the day when I didn't have any cover on my piano I did flash my knickers once or twice, but not on purpose.

**Nardwuar:** 'Cause I thought that was really neat. There is Neko Case the skeleton! The skeleton gets around.

**Kate:** [laughs] It does.

**Nardwuar:** So here we are in British Columbia, Canada. We are still on the swings in Vancouver where your boyfriend Ryan's band, The Cribs, have recorded for many months. Now Ryan from The Cribs has thrown stuff at people who were heckling him, right?

**Kate:** Yeah.

**Nardwuar:** And heckling you.

**Kate:** Yeah.

**Nardwuar:** And you returned the favor at South By Southwest. You threw some beer at some people who weren't getting into The Cribs. Can you describe the situation?

**Kate:** [laughs] That was written about in a really harsh way, and I thought it was

and everyone else was being very rubbish and boring. And I was just like, "Yeah!" and I threw a beer. It went on some people. They wrote about it and I didn't care.

**Nardwuar:** So you were stirring things up. Because people should be into The Cribs, shouldn't they? People should be in The Cribs' jeans.

**Kate:** The Cribs' jeans? Yeah.

**Nardwuar:** Can people get into The Cribs' jeans? Can they buy The Cribs' jeans, or are they owned by Kate Nash?

**Kate:** [laughs] They're owned by me.

**Nardwuar:** What happened there, Kate Nash? You won Ryan from The Cribs' jeans. You took away the opportunity for people to buy The Cribs' jeans.

**Kate:** I was at the "Cribsmas" gig in Leeds and, um [laughs], it was for a charity and they were auctioning Ryan's jeans and I was like, "I'll be damned if some other hussy is going to have Ryan's jeans." So I bought them for two hundred pounds.

**Nardwuar:** And you are wearing them right now?

**Kate:** Right now. They have molded to my legs.

**Nardwuar:** What is The BRIT School?

**Kate:** It's a free performing arts school in Selhurst in Croydon, in London.

**Nardwuar:** And you went there?

**Kate:** Yes, I did.

**Nardwuar:** Do people who go there ever get abuse at all? Like, "Oh, you went to The BRIT School."

**Kate:** I guess sometimes they do. But, you know, that really annoys me.

**Nardwuar:** Why is that? Because I have a quote here from Luke (Pritchard) from the band, The ...

**Kate:** Kooks.

**Nardwuar:** And he says, "People still make fun of me for going there. Amy Winehouse, Adele, and Kate Nash don't get the same treatment, but they did the same courses as me. I am sort of a martyr for that place now."

**Kate:** Is that what he said?

**Nardwuar:** That's what he said.

**Kate:** That sounds a bit embarrassing.

**Nardwuar:** He's getting abuse for going

there. What do you think about that? Like, people ratting on you because you went to The BRIT School?

**Kate:** I get really annoyed 'cause that was basically one of the most important times in my whole life so far. I did a theatre course there. It wasn't a bratty, fame school. I was educated the best I've ever been educated, apart from my mom. I learned so many things that changed my whole outlook on life, on art. It was the first introduction to real experimentation. I think it's a really exciting place, and I think people are very lucky who go there. I think it comes from jealousy if you didn't get to go there. I'm proud to say I went there and everyone else who wants to have a go at me, it's like, I don't care.

**Nardwuar:** And BRIT School graduates are lucky to have you because you're taking some BRIT School graduates with you on tour?

**Kate:** Yeah, there are.

**Nardwuar:** Were you in the same class as Amy Winehouse, or was she older?

**Kate:** She was older and I think she did music as well.

**Nardwuar:** Where are all the other BRIT Schoolers that we don't know?

**Kate:** One of them is in my video for "Pumpkin Soup." Do you know Wesley Goode? He is in my video. He is an actor, but he is flying around the world now.

**Nardwuar:** What was it like playing at the Syd Barrett tribute night?

**Kate:** I played that at the Union Chapel with the Mystery Jets. I was so nervous to meet them, but they came on tour with me recently and they're a really great band. I did a cover of "Late Night" by Syd Barrett on the piano and, yeah, it was a nice evening.

**Nardwuar:** Kate Nash, I was wondering, Ryan from The Cribs. Did you know that he could smell a serviette and tell where it was made? Like, I'm Nardwuar The Human Serviette. I don't mean smelling me. I guess you can smell that I'm from Vancouver. But he can smell them because he worked at a serviette factory for a long time.

**Kate:** No, he hasn't showed that skill off to me yet.

**Nardwuar:** Kate Nash, anything else you want to tell the people out there?

**Kate:** I don't know. We covered quite a lot, really.

**Nardwuar:** Why should people care about Kate Nash?

**Kate:** Why should people care about anyone? I think that it's important to care about human beings. I'm a big believer in humanity.

**Nardwuar:** Thanks so much, Kate Nash. Keep on rockin' in the free world and doot doola doot doo...

**Kate:** Doot doo.

To hear and see this interview visit to [www.nardwuar.com](http://www.nardwuar.com)





## A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

**"He swells up  
with love and  
confusion.  
There's no doubt."**

# DIGGING FOR CLAMS

Maybe you've always felt bad for the girls who dated guys like us. We were all a bit too self-destructive and reckless but not really dangerous. Or a little dangerous. Maybe more than a little. Now and then.

So we attracted the young women who thought they could change us. Fix us. All we needed was a little love. That's what they seemed to believe. You know better.

Take Stacy for example. Look at her out there in the lagoon, floating on her steel-gray inflatable raft, wearing her gingham bikini, her white skin glowing in the sun. You can't smell her sunscreen anymore because she's floated too far. You could smell it when she was ten or fifteen feet away. Maybe you've never seen anyone slather that much sunscreen on, but look at how white she is and feel this sun on your skin. Smell the seaweed rotting along the high tide line. Just because we're all reckless doesn't mean she has to be.

Then look at things from Fat's perspective. He's been hanging with Stacy for a couple of months now. It's crunch time. It's been too long and steady for him to keep calling it "hanging." She's gonna want to know how he feels. And, hell, does he even know? I don't blame him for being confused. I don't know what I'm doing half the time, either. More than half the time.

That's why I like to blame the clams, just sitting there a few inches down in the soft sand so you can walk out into the lagoon and dig your toes in and hit the hard shells. Pull them right out. Toss them on the grill. Eat them as soon as they open their mouths for the slightest gasp of air. So of course there's gonna be clam shells around. They had to know that.

It's dangerous to have all those clam shells around and Fat so confused and water everywhere and Stacy on that raft. Because what else is Fat gonna do but start skipping the clam shells across the smooth surface of the lagoon like we're all doing until Fat notices Stacy so white floating out there about a stone's throw away. He swells up with love and confusion.

His next clam shell doesn't skip. It's a high, looping arc. There's no doubt. You don't need to be a rocket scientist calculating the force of the throw and the rate of the rise to figure out where the top of the parabola will be and where the clam shell is gonna land. We can all see it.

Who's first to yell to Stacy? I'd like to say me because I'd like to be the hero of this little story I'm telling, but truth be told it was Fat. He realizes what he's done and hollers out to her. We all start hollering. Waving our arms. Shouting, "Stacy! Stacy! Stacy!" And do we laugh? Of course we laugh a little. It's embarrassing. We're nervous. We're all too old to be acting like this.

Stacy, of course, reacts like anyone would who is on a raft in a placid lagoon on a peaceful summer day with everyone having a good time and a bunch of her friends on the shore laughing and waving their arms and calling her name. She smiles and waves back.

Here comes the clam. Watch it. Everyone but Stacy's watching it. It keeps getting closer and we all know where it's gonna land. It's time to stop laughing, but even as you wince, you smile. And damn if Stacy can't keep smiling all the way up until the clam shell skips off her noggin and into the lagoon.

Now we're all covering our faces to hide our shame and laughter and Fat's trying to find the one expression that his face can make that says, "It was an accident. I'm really just confused and a little in love and now I know I blew it."

If Stacy's hurt, it's not serious. At least the flat part of the clam shell hit her. She's neither cut nor bleeding. The only lump that's forming is on her pride. If she's mad, she's not showing it. She's not gonna shoot us a bird or yell at Fat or open the door for his apology. She's damn sure not gonna laugh along with us. What she will do is drop her hands in the water and paddle that raft further into the lagoon.

She floats the afternoon away a little bit out of our range.

Of course, there's always a B-side lying there to set the record straight. Flip the vinyl. Listen closely and you can hear, wedged in that familiar groove, the bass line beating out the mania of women who'd want to date guys like us. Take Tara, for instance. She's smart. She's pretty. Her family is loaded. She's got problems. I can't put my finger on what they are, but I can hear them like a needle popping and cracking right before the song starts. Maybe you should steer clear of her.

At least that's what I think. It doesn't matter. It's way too late to warn you.

Because there you are. You've gone past this restaurant hundreds of times. You've idly attempted to calculate the total worth of the cars in the parking lot and compare it to the total amount of money you'll likely make in your lifetime and found that your gross earnings come up wanting. Everything inside this joint bleeds money. See that guy over there, grating cheese onto that swell's salad? He makes a better wage wandering around this joint grating Parmesan and grinding pepper than you do framing houses in the Florida sun. See that bottle of wine Tara's dad ordered and the waiter uncorks in front of you? It's older than you and it has come all this way from Europe. You're sitting there thinking, *I'll never make it to Europe. The way I've been drinking, I'm not even convinced I'll make it to thirty.*

Maybe we should look at this all from Tara's perspective, try to figure out why she invited you: her old high school boyfriend who she barely talks to anymore and who looks and smells like he's on a three-day bender (though, to your credit, you're on a five-day bender, so maybe you're forty-eight hours ahead of the curve. Maybe I'm splitting hairs). Anyway, there you are, dining with her father and his new girlfriend, who, though she's not in her early twenties like you and Tara, is clearly closer to your age than to Tara's dad's. Maybe it's the new girlfriend who has Tara all fired up. Maybe Tara was motivated by your T-shirt that says, in a clear typewriter font, "fuck your honky bullshit." Maybe she didn't tell you that you'd be going out to dinner at this upscale restaurant with her late-fifties dad and his early-thirties girlfriend and unwittingly engaging in a ruse convincing him that you were Tara's beau because she feared you would've changed your T-shirt.

The truth is, you would not have changed your T-shirt. You would've still gone to dinner, ruse be damned. After all, funds run short and a human body needs a certain amount of food if the mind is making plans to keep drinking.

You neither sip the transatlantic wine nor engage in the battle between Tara, her dad, and his new girlfriend. They wing metaphoric clam shells at each other and seem to hope that the sharp edges cut. You eat real clams in a garlic butter sauce and finish not only all the risotto on your plate but all the risotto



# I'M REALLY JUST CONFUSED AND A LITTLE IN LOVE



BRAD BESHAW

## AND NOW I KNOW I BLEW IT.

on Tara's. Tara's dad's girlfriend goes to the bathroom and the other half of your quadripartite party hiss at each other from behind napkins and you polish off the last of the salad that Tara's dad's girlfriend had pushed away, then pass the empty plate on to the waiter before anyone else notices.

Well, I notice. But I'm just the narrator.

Tara's dad drops his napkin and turns his glance to you. Maybe you see what's coming. Maybe the clam shell is heaved at you with a lot more power and a lot less of an arc than Fat's toss toward Stacy. Maybe you hear the

word trash and realize it's being used to not only describe a human being but the human being who happens to inhabit your skin. You don't need friends on the shore to wave and laugh to make you realize you're being set up. You know that Tara's trying to piss off her dad by bringing a loser to dinner. And you're said loser. You know that Tara's dad's worse fear is that you're gonna go home with his daughter and fuck her, but you learned your lesson about fucking her back in high school. When Tara's dad drops you and her off at her place, you'll high tail it out her back door before she's done closing the front one.

Even five days into a bender, you'll have too much pride to be the butt of a ruse for much longer.

In the meantime, learn a little lesson from Stacy. Don't let yourself get too mad or tell them to fuck off or open the door to any other conversation. Order a whiskey from the top shelf and let your mind drift out of their range.

—Sean Carswell





LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

"They were  
always together,  
always having  
a good time."

## Tribute to J.J. Orsborn

I don't remember the night I met J.J.<sup>1</sup> Shortly after I moved to San Diego, I bumped into Josh at a punk rock show and he introduced me to J.J. For the next few weeks, I kept running into them at clubs and bars. They were always together, always having a good time. We traded phone numbers and whenever I went out, I'd text them and they'd tell me where they were and where they were headed next.

One night I caught up with them after they'd driven down from a show in Los Angeles. They were both shipwrecked. I didn't ask who drove, but the story J.J. related was like something out of a bad movie: A Reagan-era Lincoln Town Car swerving across the freeway, bottles shattering on the asphalt, J.J. screaming, "We're not gonna make it!" and then laughing like a deranged sea captain determined to go down with the ship.

We drank, talked shit, had a good time. At the end of the night, J.J. waved goodbye and shouted something about laughing at the odds and making Death tremble. I typed the words into my phone and sent myself a text. This is something I do. It helps me remember things, which can be a problem when you have friends like Josh and J.J. for whom blackouts are like rogue waves, dark formless shapes restlessly roving the seascape.

Late last year I was writing a story about a writer with substance issues<sup>2</sup> and his ne'er do well friend,<sup>3</sup> and I wanted to use J.J.'s quote. I took the garbled text and plugged it into Google and discovered the words weren't J.J.'s,

1 That's not really true. I remember the night, parts of it anyway, but not J.J. That's the trouble with eulogies, the impulse to generalize. Death is such an absolute, the ultimate absolute, that words aren't sufficient, don't do justice to the feeling, much less the immensity of the reality Death perpetrates. Thus, there is the tendency toward grandiosity. This is a terrible way to begin an essay about the death of a friend. I'll try to do better.

2 Not me.

3 Not Josh.

but Charles fucking Bukowski's. I like Charles Bukowski; it's his fans I can't stand: pseudo tough guys with daddy issues and literary ambitions who've never slammed anything harder than Heineken, their appetite for which is surpassed only by their rapacity for teen poontang. Nothing good ever comes from those kind of Charles Bukowski fans.

J.J. wasn't part of that crowd. He had no ambitions. He wasn't going to "go places," or "be somebody." When an artist kicks, we mourn the loss of the paintings we won't see, books we won't read, the talent taken away or wasted.

Not J.J.

He may have been living on borrowed time, but he was already complete, already perfect. Another one of J.J.'s sayings was, "Here for

rowdies and stalwart citizens of San Diego. Toward the end of the night, the end of the party—and it always works this way—the vice principal of the local high school and her community activist husband showed up at the same time Josh and J.J.

Our friends brought wine. J.J. had a half-empty bottle of Jim Beam. I opened the wine; I opened the Beam. Everyone drank. We all sat down at the table and ate. Our guests complimented the food. Josh tried to be polite, but not J.J. He didn't give a fuck and he said as much. Loudly. Defiantly. But he charmed our guests—like he charmed everyone—with his laugh, raspy yet full-throated. I switched out the bourbon with a bottle of Irish whiskey. We saluted our ancestors. The more he drank, the more he laughed. There was something otherworldly

RIP

a good time, not for a long time." As Josh wrote on his MySpace page the day after J.J. overdosed, "He walked it like he talked it."

\*

Party at mi casa. My wife and I made tamales stuffed with corned beef cooked in Guinness. A bi-cultural blustrification. We took chances with the guest list. A mix of co-workers, close friends, and people we barely knew. Reckless

about that laugh, a laugh that had been beyond the beyond and back. It was the laugh of a super villain who has seen the light, crossed over to the good side, and tricked an even worse villain for the good of mankind.

It was the laugh that made Death tremble.

And I still can't believe I'm never going to hear it again.

—Jim Ruland





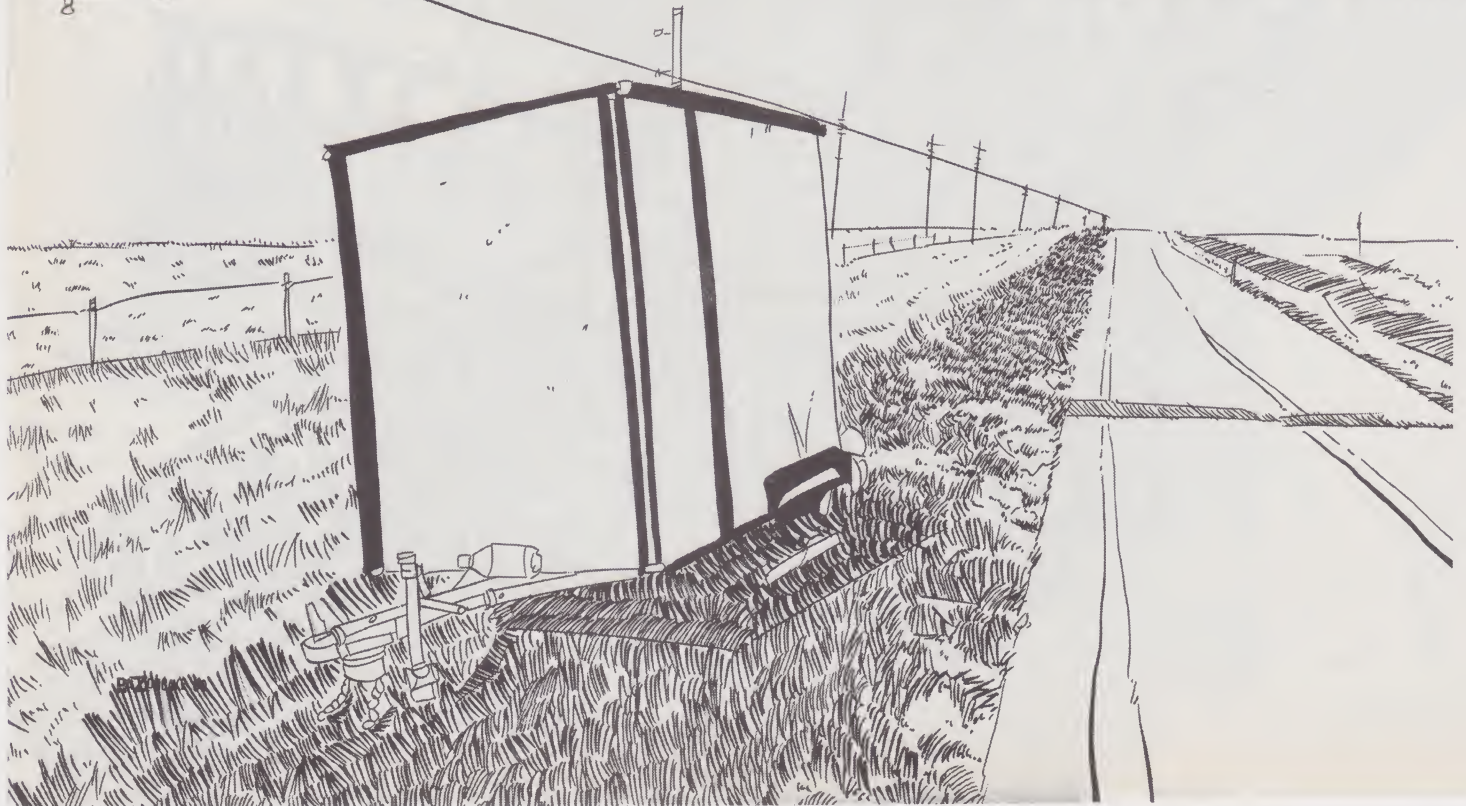




# RACKING THE SLIDE

BY ERNST SCHOEN-RENÉ

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE LARDER





It is six hundred miles from Elko, Nevada, to Fort Collins, Colorado, and by the time we arrived the vibration of the van had embedded itself in my body. Even standing on firm ground, my head hummed and the hair on my arms stood up as if electrified by the twelve hours of vibration we just endured. I would bet that Erica and Scott felt equally frazzled by the long trip. We didn't know yet that the u-joint connecting the van's drive shaft to the axle was worn, causing vibrations that would tear our front wheel off the next day, but we could tell something was wrong.

We scheduled each of the first five shows of our 2001 tour so that they were all more than 450 miles apart: San Francisco to Elko; Elko to Fort Collins; Fort Collins to Omaha; Omaha to Columbia, Mo.; and Columbia to Milwaukee. There isn't any way to make it to the Midwest from California without too much driving. I've crossed Nevada by car more than sixty times. It never gets any shorter.

After those long drives, I'm always so happy to see someone, anyone, that I get all amped up. Usually, the whole band bounces out of the van like a bunch of monkeys, overwhelming the surly kids who set up the show with our chattiness and generally invading people's personal space. Many days I feel just as lonely in a crowded city as I do rumbling across the floor of another twenty-mile valley in the Nevada desert. That doesn't stop me from wanting to socialize again when the band pulls into the next show.

This night there was a full house with a competent promoter waiting for us. The atmosphere was just kinetic enough inside the bar to match up with my cabin fever. The first band was setting up and there was free beer at the bar, which held out promise to be a warm, pleasant oasis after the drive—especially after all the creepy mannequins dressed as Osama Bin Laden hanging in effigy that we'd passed in Wyoming. These weird inverse Santas (black beard, alabaster plastic skin, camouflage cloaks flapping in the dust-choked wind) made the wasteland seem even more like it was inhabited only by C.H.U.D./Road Warrior hybrids than it usually does. It was fall 2001 and the people in the in-between places were displaying an exceptional edginess. I could practically taste the fear of the unknown in the air.

A hopping bar seemed like it would be just the antidote to the weird loneliness of the road. I liked the promoter, Worm, a lot. He'd set up the last few shows I'd played in Colorado. He had a gleaming bald head and tons of tattoos and came across as genuine. Despite looking sort of bro-like, Worm has always made me feel at home. I have a hard time understanding the rules of American manhood, and Colorado is full of manly men with baseball caps





who say "chick" and "bro" a lot, and it puts me on edge. Sometimes guys like Worm can make me feel like being a man isn't so confusing, like I might actually be from the same planet as some of my gender.

After a quick hello, Worm had to hustle off to take care of things, and I sat at the bar with Scott and Erica drinking our Millers, trying to let the hum of the road seep out of my skin. A shorter guy with a Popeye chin and curly hair was trying to make conversation, but he was closer to the other two, so I didn't hear much of what he was saying. I only tuned in for a second when I heard the words "stay at my place," which is a golden phrase to hear so early in the evening of a show when our accommodations aren't yet arranged.

I don't know if it was that we were in Colorado or that times had changed, but most of the people in the bar looked aggressively normal. Their T-shirts were taut across muscles that had been toned in the gym or riding ATVs. Their jaws and butts jutted out as they walked like some half-block pimp from around the way. The women giggled and plotted and tossed their uniformly long hair.

It is disorienting to have the people who go to shows look and carry themselves exactly the same as the preppy thugs who used to scream "faggot!" at me and chase me fifteen years earlier. This disconnect is brought on more by more than just clothes. In that bar in Colorado, I had a feeling (hardly unique to one particular bar or state) that conservative gender roles were back in favor. Women were "chicks," men were "bros," and there was some sort of sporting event on the TV. I began to feel slightly uncomfortable, even though it was our show. I wished that there were someone with whom I could connect.

## I have a hard time understanding the rules of American manhood.

A large part of the appeal of punk rock for me has always been my discomfort at those sorts of social/gender roles. I don't know how to follow the complicated code of behavior that other men seem to know instinctively. I'm nerdy, I'm awkward, and I don't get it—whatever "it" is. Sometimes, in the punk rock world, that seems okay, and it makes me feel at home. In that bar in Fort Collins, once the joy of human contact after a long road trip had worn off, I began to be reminded that I didn't get it.

Scott and Erica got it. Scott's dad used to be a cop and both of my band mates love professional sports. I looked at them chatting with the guy and wondered what it would be like to be able to feel so comfortable in normal society. Were they able to spend a day without being afraid of being called out as abnormal? Would fitting in give me the keys to the kingdom? Would it just be a symptom of vast, underlying insecurity? I will never know.

The show itself was fun. I may be awkward, but I'm not shy, and there's nothing

like a tightly packed room that is in the thrall of your band. Discomfited by the makeup of the audience or not, we rocked out. I was bouncing off the walls, while Erica leaned back until the bass seemed to cling to her pelvis of its own accord. Between songs, I went on a long, nonsensical tirade about Led Zeppelin. Our three-piece was loud live, and I was sweat-soaked and worn out by the time we were done.

It turned out that Scott and Erica had wrangled a deal to go back to the curly haired guy's house. His name was Jake, and he worked at the bar, so he wouldn't be going home until later. Luckily, he sent us home with two of his roommates, blond college students driving a giant, shiny pickup truck. We followed them home to a large suburban house that was surprisingly clean compared to most of the places I've stayed while on tour.

Erica took the van, and Scott and I spread out our sleeping bags on the carpet-covered concrete floor of one of the basement rooms. My parents had friends in Fort Collins when I was a kid, and I remember sleeping in their carpet-covered concrete basement room, close to the earth and reassuring, just like the room we were in.

It was late, but it's hard to settle down after a show, even if it is 2:30 in the morning. Scott was practicing the rock 'n' roll lifestyle, sitting up shirtless in his sleeping bag, wearing mirrored sunglasses and finishing off a bottle of Miller. I lay on my back and stared at the ceiling, still sensing a little vestigial vibration in my core from the drive.

"This is weird," I said. "This is the first time I've played a show in Colorado without there being some gun incident."

Scott was a gun enthusiast, and we'd

discussed bringing his questionably licensed Chinese assault rifle on the road with us to make a desperate last stand against any zombie attack that might follow hot on the heels of the collapse of the World Trade Center.

"Don't give up hope yet," Scott said. "Maybe one of the girls upstairs has a gun."

"No way," I said. "It's not happening. I'm in my sleeping bag. The day has ended and there hasn't been a gun. I sort of feel let down. The very first time I was in Colorado to play a show, the kid's house had been shot full of holes the night before. There was some skinhead shooting an AK-47 into the air outside a Submachine show the next time I was here, in 1993."

"Submachine? Or Submachine gun?" Scott said.

"Ha ha, you're not the first person who's said that," I said. "It goes on though: next time, there was a drunk bagpipe player keeping my whole band up 'til four in the morning, and no one would tell him to shut

up because of the handgun in his backpack. I even went to a party in Colorado Springs with some friends and all we did was sit in a circle drinking and passing around the host's new TEC-9!"

"That's the Columbine gun, you know," Scott said as he finished his beer and lay back, shades still on. I thought to myself that he was at least comfortable around guns. For me, holding a handgun feels like standing at the edge of a cliff, tempting myself to jump. They make me feel fleshy and vulnerable.

We lay there in silence for a while, not sleeping, but winding down into that state that anticipates sleep. I heard two people come in the front door above us and come downstairs. It was Jake and some other guy. They were talking quietly, and I couldn't make out what they were saying. Our room was open to the hallway, but Jake's was closer to the stairs, so they didn't come through and their voices were muffled.

However, once they got to Jake's room, there was a sound that was unmistakable even to me. One of them was racking the action of an automatic pistol. I could feel Scott become alert next to me. The racking noise happened again. Someone was pulling the cocking mechanism back and letting it spring into place, an action that would place a bullet in the chamber if the gun was loaded.

"I hope that's not loaded," whispered Scott, confirming my conclusion that the noise was indeed a gun.

"See? Holy fuck, this state is bizarre," I whispered back.

We lay there. Neither of us could imagine sleeping while someone was toying with a gun next door. I listened to the murmuring voices. I couldn't catch the words, but there was urgency in the voice I thought was Jake's and a coy singsong in the voice of his companion. The gun was racked and re-racked.

"What the fuck are they doing?" Scott finally asked.

His asking triggered the connection in my mind.

"They're flirting," I said.

I was confident of this. I could hear the wheedling and teasing in the voices.

"No shit, you're right!" Scott said as he sat halfway up on his elbows.

A ray of light came down the hall from Jake's door, and there was a little more ambient light from the top of the stairs.

The idea that the room next to us was both fraught with sexual tension and contained a loaded gun was understandably upsetting. As I've said, guns make me feel like I'm teetering on the brink. Every time there's been a gun present when I've been in Colorado, it's been in the hands of someone with unresolved issues at the very least, which is like having a clown on a tricycle flailing around next to me, while I balance on that metaphorical cliff-edge.

I live in San Francisco, and ever since college I've been working in the gay porn industry. Discovering someone is gay is about as surprising to me as discovering that



there are cars on the road. I am, however, well aware that the rest of the country is not as comfortable with the varieties of human sexuality. The punk scene is no different. In my experience, we are, as a subculture, just a little more homophobic than we are misogynistic. Sometimes the bigotry cloaks itself in the blanket acceptance of outrageousness that punk rock invites.

I can make a good guess at the feelings of self-loathing, confusion, and anger that must accompany being closeted in a macho, conservative culture. It probably feels the same as when I'm being chased down the street by a bunch of idiots yelling "faggot." I would guess most of the readers of this piece have had that sort of thing happen more than once. It is another symptom of our rejection of, or confusion about, the secret rules of the club to which we don't belong.

Imagine, then, feeling like that all the time, coupled with longing and frustration that can never be openly expressed. Now imagine having a gun, and trolling for straight boys who might not be completely straight by suggesting that they come back to your place to check out your cool gun. That's what was happening in the room next to us, and the more I thought about it, the less chance there was that I would get any sleep until the delicate dance going on in the suburban bowels of Fort Collins was complete.

I became angry and frustrated.

"Can't they wrap this thing up?" I grumbled to Scott, who was just as awake as I was.

So far, in Colorado, I'd managed to keep Chekhov's maxim about introducing a gun in the first act from coming true, but I felt as if the potential for catastrophe was greater here than before. What if one of the late night flirts made a move the other didn't like? What if the clip was loaded or sitting between them on the bed like a question waiting to be asked?

"I'm going to the bathroom. I'm going to check out what's going on," Scott said getting up.

I could see him pause discreetly by the cracked door on his way upstairs. When he returned, he shook his head.

"Couldn't see much. The light's on, but I didn't see the gun. Sounds like it's a 9mm though," he said, as if the actual type of gun made any difference to me.

The night wore on, and neither of us said anything else. Too much noise and one of them might have come out and then felt obliged to invite us in. That would have been awkward, to say the least. It was around four AM before the visitor left and Jake shut out his light. There had been no second act, no denouement, just a low intensity verbal probing between the two. Is he or isn't he? I could only imagine the frustration that Jake was feeling, closeted in the dark, alone with his gun. Even so, I didn't feel any sympathy for him, since he'd kept us up so long, and I was exhausted from the tension.

We got up early the next morning to do the 500 miles to Omaha for that night's show.

We'd made it about fifty miles when the tire on the trailer blew. I stayed behind to watch the trailer while Scott and Erica drove on to get a replacement tire. I was a little delirious from the lack of sleep and the sun, and the open plains around me seemed like the ones I knew growing up in the California savannah. There was a pumping station for irrigation across the way just like the ones they had back home.

I wandered over to the fence surrounding it. There was a sign on the fence, which read: "See base commander for authorization." Base commander? I was looking at blast doors, not a pumping station. I was standing

man, a machine that is supported by the chauvinism of our society, made me reckon with the fear that rules our lives. Who is more afraid than someone who requires a nuke to assuage that fear? Some days our country seems built on fear: fear of terrorists, fear of homosexuals, fear of bad breath, and fear upon useless fear.

Take a macho culture, spice it with fear, amplify that machismo through punk rock and guns, and you have a truly inhospitable place to be gay, closeted, and alone. I was afraid of the missiles in the ground in front of me, I was afraid of late night pickup games with guns, and I was afraid of what my fellow citizens

## Some days our country seems built on fear: fear of terrorists, fear of homosexuals, fear of bad breath, and fear upon useless fear.

on top of an air force complex, and I was probably only twenty feet from the tip of an armed nuclear missile. I went back to the trailer and clung to its shadow like a life raft. All around, off on the prairie, I could see other missile silos.

I felt like I was back in the basement again, waiting for the gun to go off, hoping it never would. It seemed to me that the missiles were another manifestation of the repression and dangerous frustration of the night before and of America as a whole. I imagined ICBMs waiting for the right moment to make their move, quivering in almost sexual anticipation against their bolts and pylons underneath the blast doors.

I felt bad for Jake. Being so close to the most evil machine ever invented by

might do if they decided I was a terrorist. Those are normal, everyday fears of the sort everyone has, and they are enough for me. Even though the rules that govern behavior still baffle me, I can't imagine the additional stress of hiding my identity all the time. The rules of society must be even more abstract to a young man who isn't allowed to desire the person he desires.

I sat down against the shady side of the trailer and fanned myself with my cowboy hat. Erica and Scott returned with the tire, and we drove on through the fields, the missile silos and the occasional cluster of men with M16s. The empty land around us was riddled with threat. I was still worrying about the poor kid with the gun in the basement later that day when the front wheel came off our van at 70 MPH.







"We have the perfect reason to murder each other, really."

Holly Golightly says this to me while she is standing on a sidewalk in Montreal, smoking a cigarette. Her band mate, Lawyer Dave, is standing beside her.

"You sit there," she continues, "and the housing insurance agent says, 'Now if she dies, he'll get everything and if he dies, she'll get everything.' Then you sort of look at each other and say, 'hmmmm...'"

"We've got two very deep wells on the property," Dave chimes in. "It makes you think."

The two musicians are discussing the home they've just purchased together in rural Georgia, a quiet haven to be used as a home base between tours. Both seem excited about settling down in their new space, but it doesn't stop them from gleefully discussing the possibility of homicide.

That particular kind of dark camaraderie is what Holly and Dave (a.k.a. Holly Golightly And The Brokeoffs) are all about. Songs about guns, devils, drugs, and broken hearts fill the duo's second studio album, *Dirt Don't Hurt*—and Holly is certainly no stranger to rock'n'roll's darker side. From her work with the legendary female-fronted garage punk band Thee Headcoatees, to her prolific career as a solo artist, she has traditionally favored feisty, venomous songs. This current arrangement—where each of them play guitar and sing while Dave also plays a deconstructed drum kit with his other available limbs—is her first foray into a full album's worth of dark, messy country and blues songs. Longtime fans will see it as a natural progression, albeit with more references to firearms.

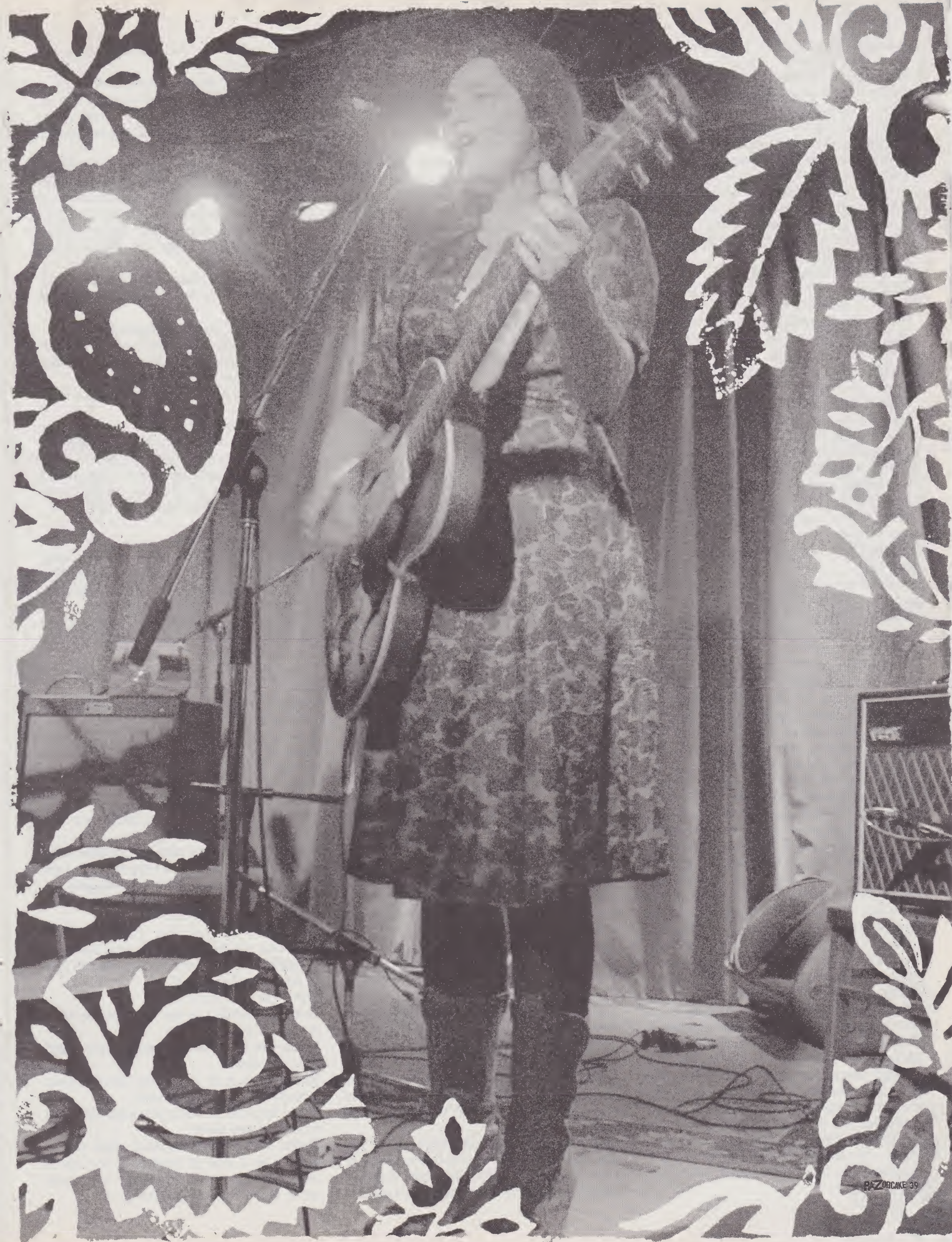
I was fortunate enough to see the duo perform on a November night that proved too cold for Lawyer Dave's southern blood. It was just fine for Holly, though, who told stories of buying warm sealskin boots in thrift shops during one winter she spent in Calgary, Alberta. Dave's Texas drawl is as pronounced as Holly's English accent, and their many years spent playing and touring together have fostered a friendship that goes above and beyond musical chemistry and mutual home ownership. They finish each others' sentences, know what the other wants to drink without asking, and regularly mock everything from Dave's inability to figure out twenty-four hour time to Holly's refusal to wear her glasses. After rejecting Dave's suggestion for the evening meal ("I am not eating a burrito in the van, Dave."), Holly found a quiet restaurant where they could have dinner and answer my questions. After being momentarily distracted by a tiny, excited poodle walking by the restaurant window, we got down to a conversation about music, touring, and Holly's punk rock history.

interview by Jennifer Whiteford

photos by Jennifer Whiteford & J.B. Staniforth

art junk by Amy Adoyzie







**Jennifer:** Any trouble getting across the border into Canada?

**Holly:** Not this time, thankfully. It's the customs we're most afraid of.

**Dave:** Brigitte Nielsen as our customs lady.

**Holly:** Yes, she was. And, you know, they do have the option of just letting you go through. And we had the letters from the clubs and everything. I think it was just a little bit out of the ordinary because we weren't lying our way through. We were actually doing the real thing. We got visas and got everything sorted out. It was a lot easier than last time. We had to pay to get in last time.

**Jennifer:** You had to pay?

**Dave:** Well, we had to buy a work permit.

**Holly:** I think it was about four hundred dollars. It was really pricey and this time I said, "If we have to pay, I'm just not going." Because we were legal.

**Dave:** That's part of the reason we don't come back so often.

**Jennifer:** It's sad for us Canadians.

**Holly:** Yeah, it's bad because they make it so difficult. We had to do the thing where you make your merch into promo sets. Into sets of three. And you can only bring twenty bunches of those without causing them to have interest.

**Dave:** I don't know where they make up that number.

**Holly:** Yeah, they just make it up out of thin air.

**Jennifer:** Bands used to be able to say they were just coming to record, not to play.

**Holly:** Yeah, that was the old trick. But I know lots of people who've had trouble with that.

**Dave:** And now with the internet all they've got to do is google your name and find out if you're lying. It's kind of stupid, though, because it doesn't really apply to music. I can see if someone was coming in to steal somebody's job, where there's people here who can do it and should do it.

**Holly:** But the whole thing with music is there isn't someone who does what you do. That's the whole idea of it. So it doesn't make a whole lot of sense. And I've got a British passport! [laughs] I shouldn't have any trouble at all! I ought to be able to come and go as I please. And sitting in the immigration office just momentarily—we didn't have to wait very long—the lady was really nice she was actually very shy for an immigration officer. She was a little bit self conscious. Normally, they're quite feisty! Anyway, she was really nice.

**Dave:** This is not Brigitte Nielsen.

**Holly:** No, the other one. But sitting there, you only ever see Hispanic families and bands. Those are the only people who are ever in there! There's never just an old couple. They just get waved through, I guess. But people who look like they might be coming to stay forever... or bands.

**Jennifer:** So, the first time I ever saw you play was in 2000 in Olympia, Washington.

**Holly:** Oh yeah! At an art gallery?

**Jennifer:** No, it was at Ladyfest.

**Holly:** Ohhhh!

**Dave:** Oh, have mercy on me. I'll never forget that show.

**Jennifer:** I wanted to ask you about that show because it was huge and you were supposed to play before Sleater-Kinney but you ended up playing after them.

**Dave:** They screwed us up.

**Holly:** We were double booked. We'd played Seattle the same night and we had to drive in from Seattle. It was a bit of the tour that I hadn't had very much to do with. I kind of left it in their hands because they'd asked us to play and paid toward our flights and everything. And we said we'd like to get some shows on either side of it and ended up double booked. I mean, we did make it, but good grief!

**Dave:** Can I tell that story?

**Holly:** No, I don't think you should.

**Jennifer:** Do you want me to turn off my tape recorder?

**Dave:** Naw, I think I'll just let it go.

**Holly:** Let's just say it was a voyage of discovery for Dave.

**Dave:** I saw things in the bathroom that I ought not to have seen.

**Holly:** It rocked his world, I'll tell you that.

**Dave:** In the end it was all good, but when we first showed up I had to pee really bad and they wouldn't let the guys into the bathroom. It was a problem.

**Jennifer:** When Sleater-Kinney finished, I watched the theatre empty out. These thousands of people who had come to see them as the headliners.

**Holly:** It was kind of through them that we had been invited to come and play.

**Jennifer:** I love their band and I was happy to see them. But when they finished, I watched all the audience leave but all the musicians from the other bands stayed to watch, so I stayed to see what you were all about.

**Holly:** Everyone ended up being really nice, but it was unfortunate that we were double booked because we would have played to a lot more people if we'd been on earlier.

**Jennifer:** I wanted to ask you what you've been listening to while you've been driving around on this tour.

**Dave:** That's easy. Nothin'.

**Jennifer:** Nothing?

**Holly:** Nothing. We don't play music in the van. Well, at the moment we have satellite radio, so we've been sort of scanning through it but there's not a lot to listen to.

**Jennifer:** I was just in Florida and we had satellite radio in my friend's rental car. There was a station that played AC/DC twenty-four hours a day.

**Dave:** I saw that one! I think it's called "Ball Breaker" or something.

**Holly:** And there's the sort of "Sounds of the '60s" one. And we found the high-pitched Beach Boys channel. We had that one on until it drove us completely round the fucking bend. A couple of days of that is really enough.

**Dave:** We listened to the election. We left that night, but it was over before we knew it. I was ready for it to go on for weeks like they always do. And then they said, "He's got 294

votes," and I said, "Wait a minute, I think that means he won."

**Holly:** I saw it on an electronic billboard as we were driving. We were actually driving up to DC at the time, so that was pretty exciting. So that was something we listened to on the radio.

**Dave:** She also makes me listen to the BBC.

**Holly:** I won't listen to any of the other American news channels. We also listen to talking books sometimes. On the last tour we listened to *The Samuel Pepys Diaries* and *Treasure Island* and *The History of the British Monarchy*.

**Dave:** And *Guns, Germs, and Steel*.

**Holly:** This time we have *Learn to Speak Welsh*.

**Jennifer:** Uh... how's that going?

**Holly:** Well, we haven't put it on yet. [laughs] We've got some really long drives coming up. But we don't listen to music.

**Jennifer:** Is it a choice then? To not have music on?

**Holly:** I don't need music as wallpaper. I mean, you could burn CDs to listen to. But with the sort of drives we have, you're through them and then you're bored with them. We drove all the way up here from Boston today without music. We talk.

**Dave:** Or not.

**Holly:** [laughs] Or not.

**Dave:** And the thing is when you're touring, you're playing every night and your hearing takes a beating 'cause you gotta sit through all the other bands and then you play.

**Holly:** And the car is the only sanctuary you get when you're in a club every night. We have enough noise.

**Dave:** We really relish silence after a little while.

**Holly:** I really like to be quiet. We're very quiet at home.

**Dave:** I'm not! You are.

**Holly:** I can sit still for eight hours and not need to make any noise.

**Dave:** That's not true.

**Holly:** It's totally true! [laughs]

**Dave:** [opens and closes his hands in a "talk talk talk" kind of gesture]

**Holly:** That's absolute rubbish! I do truly relish stillness and quiet. It's the only recovery I get and I don't get enough of it, unfortunately.

**Jennifer:** Is that what you miss the most when you're on the road?

**Holly:** That and my dog. That's it, really. Wherever you lay your dog is your home.

**Jennifer:** Where's your favorite place to play in the States these days?

**Dave:** Oh God, that's hard.

**Holly:** It wouldn't be fair to any of the other places if I was to say one.

**Dave:** San Francisco is usually really good. L.A. is... weird.

**Holly:** Yeah, L.A. is a weird place to play because everyone is in a band.

**Dave:** You can sell out a place and still have a really crappy show.

**Holly:** You're under scrutiny when you're playing to a load of musicians. It's like a recital. And then you play Fargo where you get so much back. People just go nuts.



**Dave:** Oh, Fargo was great! We're not doing Fargo this time out and we're really bummed about it, actually.

**Holly:** We had one of the best shows we'd ever had in Fargo.

**Dave:** We drove in and every bar was completely packed at five o'clock on a Wednesday. So we were like, "Well, they like a drink here!" And then we didn't go on until midnight and I was like, "Who the fuck is going to come out at midnight in Fargo?" And the next thing we know...

**Holly:** People did start arriving at midnight. Some places can really surprise you.

**Dave:** Fargo was the most honest crowd I've ever played to. They didn't give a hell who the hell we were. I don't even think they knew who we were.

**Holly:** No, they had no idea who we were!

**Dave:** And then all of a sudden they were digging it. They bought everything we had and everyone was real nice.

**Holly:** And then we play somewhere like Philadelphia and everyone in the crowd is singing along with all the songs.

**Dave:** And starting fights.

**Holly:** Yeah, they had a fight. It was only the second time in all the years I've been playing live that a fight has broken out. We needed to have security at the front of the stage.

**Jennifer:** When was the other time that a fight broke out?

**Holly:** At a Headcoatees show.

**Dave:** Well, that's to be expected.

**Holly:** It was a friend of mine! He was trying to make somebody dance with him and then I just saw this girl come flying across the room with a broken glass in her hand. I had to stop and jump off the stage and grab hold

of her and stop this fight. But that's the only other time. And I don't agree with that thing where people say you should play on. I think you ought to stop and make the person feel like an asshole. Cause they've ruined it for everybody else.

**Dave:** I was always told never stop in the middle of a hoedown.

**Jennifer:** Even to make someone feel like an asshole?

**Dave:** Well, that part's always fun. I'm really good at that.

**Holly:** Actually, the smart thing to do is to stop. Because then you can explain to everyone, "I'm sorry, we're not carrying on until this person behaves like an adult."

**Dave:** That's the number one fear in the world.

**Holly:** Being made to feel an asshole. And really, I don't think what we do in any way warrants fist fights. We're not inciting it!

**Jennifer:** Though I am surprised it only happened once at a Headcoatees show.

**Dave:** Yeah! I am too!

**Holly:** Well, it used to happen more when the boys [Thee Headcoats] played. But never when the girls were playing. That was just fun time.

**Jennifer:** I was actually going to ask you about the commentary on the Damaged Goods website for the re-releases of the vinyl which says that sometimes the crowds liked the girls better than the boys. Is that how you remember it?

**Holly:** For sure.

**Dave:** They look a whole lot better, don't they?

**Holly:** Thee Headcoatees really sort of sprung up as an afterthought as Hangman Records was going under. It was the label that Billy (Childish) had been running for a long time

and everyone kind of had a hand in helping with that. It was like a cottage industry. And so we had this idea to make a record with all girls on it. It would be really good because, you know, people like girls. So we thought we'd give it a go. And it outsold anything they'd ever put out. It had to keep getting repressed. So we just carried on doing it.

**Jennifer:** Was it fun to be in that band? The recordings always make it sound like it was fun to be in that band.

**Holly:** We were like a big dysfunctional family. Sometimes fun and sometimes not fun.

**Jennifer:** Do you still keep in contact with the other members?

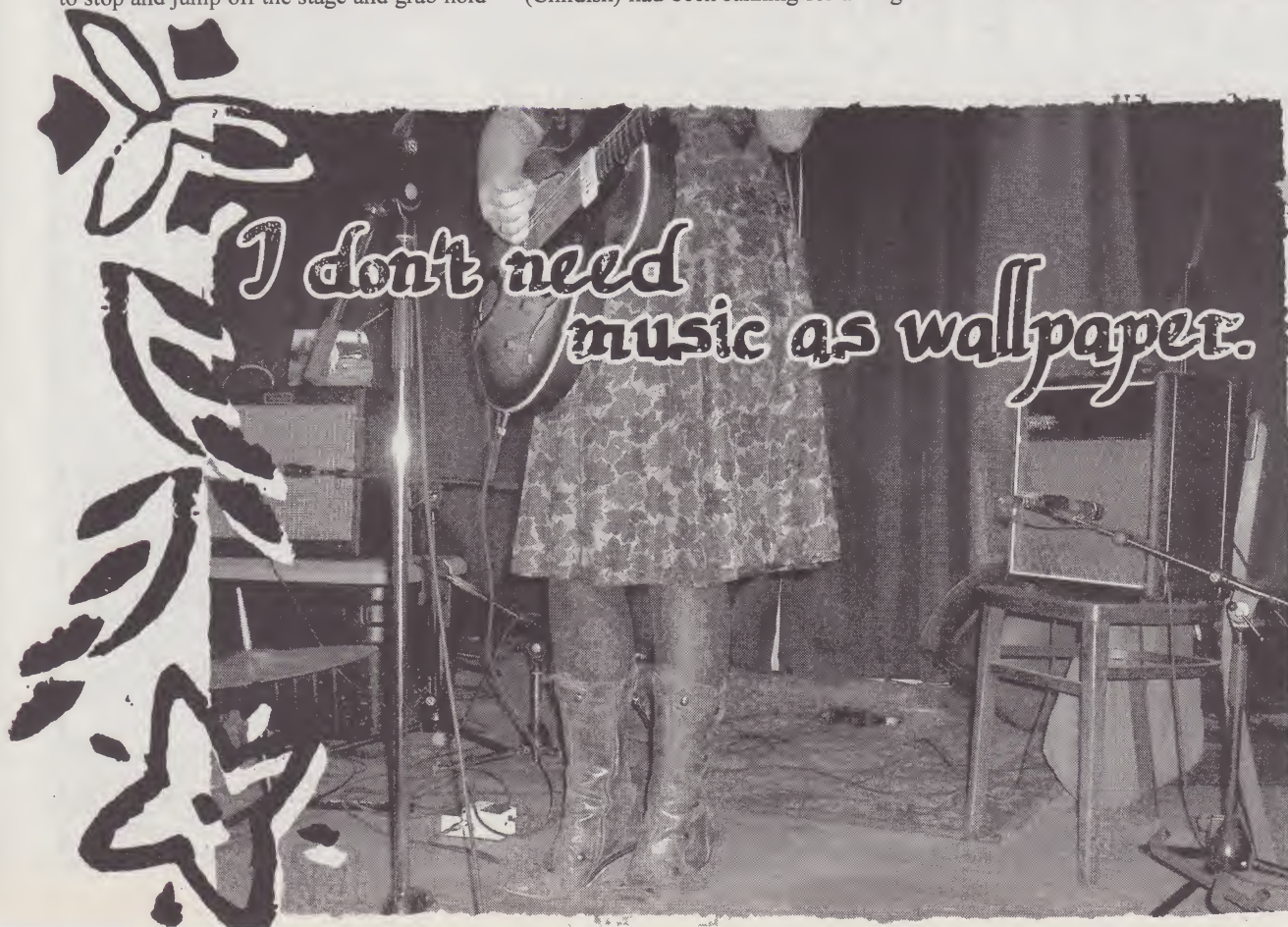
**Holly:** With about half of them. There's two factions. Well, more than two factions, actually! [laughs] Three of us speak to each other. Two of us don't speak to two of the other ones... all the boys speak to everyone but not always to each other and there's a couple of them I wouldn't piss on if they were on fire.

**Dave:** And vice versa, I'm sure.

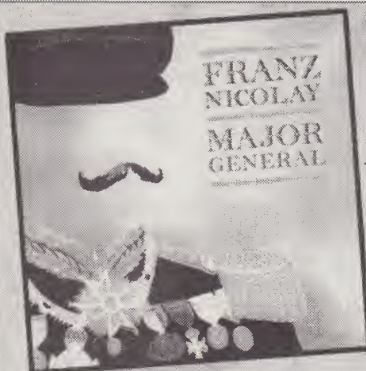
**Holly:** Yeah, we don't exactly see eye to eye. There were just so many of us and, statistically, if that many people are in a van shoulder to shoulder for that many years, you're not all going to be best friends forever. But, yeah, they are certainly all people I am connected to whether I like it or not.

**Jennifer:** A lot of them are still making music.

**Holly:** Yeah, but I think I'm really lucky because I'm the only one who really does the leg work and goes out and tours. Everybody else has other things going on. Two of them have children and one of them doesn't live in England anymore. Bruce (Brand) still plays in a million bands and doesn't show any



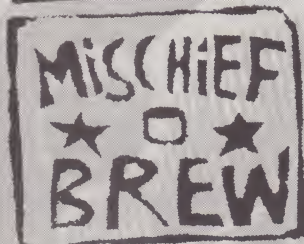




# FRANZ NICOLAY "Major General" CD

Franz Nicolay is that dapper, mustachioed multi-instrumentalist and man-about-town you've seen with such groups as The Hold Steady and World/Inferno Friendship Society. His debut solo CD, "Major General," is a new stop on a hobo's-trail of intelligent, incisive hedonism that's taken him through anarcho-circus punk, Balkan-gypsy, new chamber music, and anthemic classic rock.

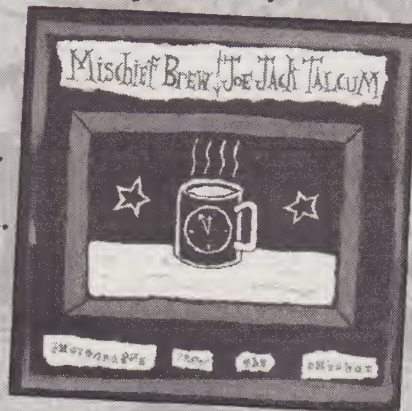
\$12 ppd... also available from Interpunk, Downloadpunk, Very, Insound...



## "Photographs from the Shoebox" LP/CD

A snapshot from Philadelphia right now... Mischief Brew shares vinyl with Joe Jack (from Dead Milkmen and Low Budgets)... 13 songs total, with each artist doing modern renditions of Milkmen songs!

\$12 ppd... also available: Partners In Crime #2, a 4-way split 7" with Mischief Brew, Wingnut Dishwashers Union, Guitar Bomb, and Endless Mike and the Beagle Club. \$5 ppd.



and...  
*Joe Jack Talcum*

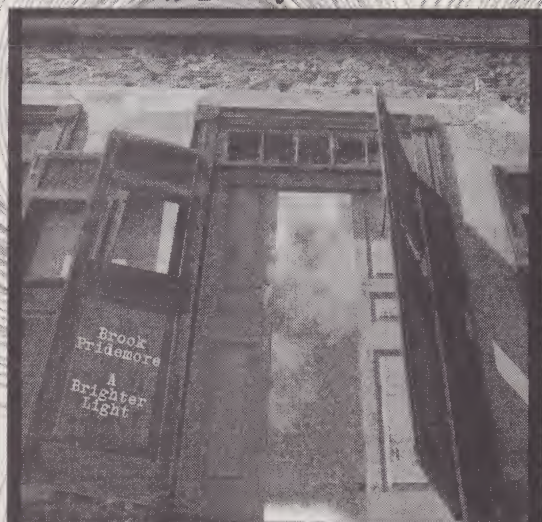
MISCHIEF BREW "JOBS IN STEELTOWN" 7" / MEISCE "SHIPWRECKED IN A BOTTLE" CD (Wormwood, Inhaste members) CAN KICKERS "LIVE AT LAVAZONE" CD / WITCH HUNT "BLOOD-RED STATES", "THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING" CDs BREAD & ROSES "DEEP RIVER DAY" CD / MISCHIEF BREW "SONGS FROM UNDER THE SINK" LP / and more...

**Fistolo Records. P.O. Box 2836. Upper Darby, PA. 19082 usa.**

[www.fistolo.com](http://www.fistolo.com) \* [www.myspace.com/fistolorecords](http://www.myspace.com/fistolorecords) \* [fistolo@hotmail.com](mailto:fistolo@hotmail.com)

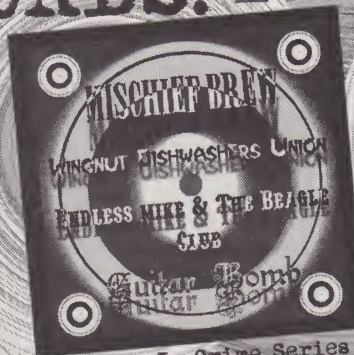
## out now on CRAFTY RECORDS!

75 Earley St. Bronx NY 10464

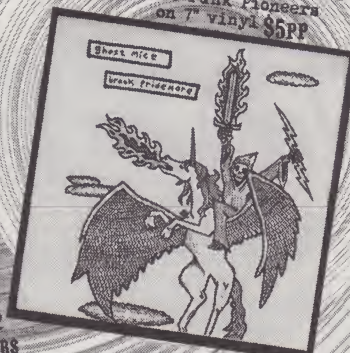


### Brook Pridemore - A Brighter Light

After 631 shows in 3 years, \$10pp  
A Brighter Light is Born. Brook Pridemores most realized CD yet 13 song cd in beautiful digipack



Partner In Crime Series 2  
MISCHIEF BREW, WINGNUT DISHWASHERS  
UNION, ENDLESS MIKE AND THE BEAGLE CLUB  
GUITAR BOMB: 4-WAY SPLIT 7" \$5PP

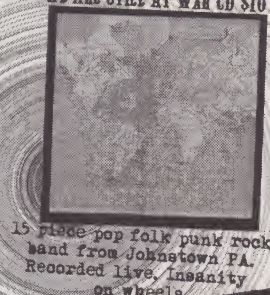


Partner in Crime Series 1  
GHOSTMICE/BROOK PRIDEMORE 7"  
Trash Talk Super Hero meets  
Aquatic Punk Pioneers  
on 7" vinyl \$5PP



CHRIS CLAVIN \$10 PP  
THE ROADS LEAD EVERYWHERE LP  
Chris from Ghost Mice,  
Operation Cliff Clavin,  
Captain Chape singing about  
cities. Comes in blue, red,  
yellow and black vinyl

ENDLESS MIKE & THE BEAGLE CLUB  
WE ARE STILL AT WAR CD \$10



15 piece pop folk punk rock  
band from Johnstown PA.  
Recorded live, insanity  
on wheels

Also available in our distro: Unlovables, Art of The Underground  
Singles Series, Steinways, ERGS!, Max Levine Ensemble, Shirts GO TO...

**[craftyrecords.net](http://craftyrecords.net)**  
Let us know you saw this add to get  
a free cd with your order!





**Dave:** That's the number one fear in the world.  
**Holly:** Being made to feel an asshole.

signs of slowing down. Debbie still plays drums in a few bands. Kyra and Debbie had another band going.

**Jennifer:** The A-Lines.

**Holly:** Yeah. A bit weird, but you know.... And Sarah (Ludella Black) does stuff with The Masonics, which Bruce also plays in. So there are still configurations who are still doing it, but they don't tour. Nobody comes to the States or to Canada. I think that just through sheer tenacity I kept doing it. Because I thought it was fun, really. And that's probably the right reason for doing it.

**Jennifer:** Well, it says something if it's still fun.

**Holly:** Well, I don't think it would still be fun if the band was still going. We only toured the States once and never again. Oh my God.

**Jennifer:** That's a lot of people to coordinate for a tour.

**Holly:** Especially when no one is speaking to each other. And the last tour we did was in Japan and none of us were speaking to each other at that point. Everybody had really fallen out. We all had separate rooms and we didn't speak until we got to sound check. It was two weeks and we had to fly everywhere. And it was awful because the tickets had been booked so that we all had to sit next to each other on the flights... with our walkmans on,

pretending that we didn't know each other [laughs]. We were very young then. But I still have a great deal of fondness for everyone, and I certainly don't mean anybody any harm. Though someone asked me this in an interview recently, would I do a reunion show if I was offered a lot of money. No. No amount of money would cover me to do that. [laughs] I can't imagine sitting in a van with any of them, actually, except for Bruce and Sarah. The last show we did was odd, to say the least. We did a farewell show in London and we hadn't seen each other for about a year. It was strange and unusual.

**Jennifer:** Are you glad that you did it?

**Holly:** Oh yeah, I am. You can only really fall out like that with people you really care about. It's to the death! [laughs] It really is. And I miss them all terribly. What I miss most, in doing this thing of my own, is the joy of doing it with a big bunch of people. There was always a joy in that. But now I've sort of whittled it down to doing this with just one other person. It has to be easy. I've gotten past the point where I can drag four people around on tour anymore. I did that for a long time. And it was a sort of dawning when I realized I was doing all the bloody driving, I was doing all the organizing, and I was headlining and holding the whole thing together because

everybody would be drunk and useless. I just realized that I was doing enough work for four people and not actually getting anything out of it, personally. And I'm not talking about financially. I was just having trouble being friends with everybody. I was starting to get resentful.

Dave has played bass with me for a very, very long time and we just had this idea to do this thing. Initially, there was no plan to tour. Even the first record was only recorded for fun for us. It wasn't really destined for anything. We have so much fun doing it. Jesus, after dragging all these drunk asses around for ten years, this is so easy! [laughs] Why didn't we think of this before? And now we're getting confident in it. We were shaky at first. There's nothing to hide behind when there's only two of you and you have to be a lot better at it. Technically, there was so much stuff I had to learn just to pull it off. I'd spent years playing and never really learning anything new. Now I have to do things that challenge me in order to do this as a duo. I have to play more and better than I was used to. And I have to remember the bloody words, and there's a lot of words. But I needed something new and something interesting. It's nice because it's become familiar now.



# LOUIS Jacinto

Interview  
by Ryan  
Leach

PHOTOGRAPHER

rock photographs. His punk rock catalog is of particular interest, not only for the work's artistic merit—but also for its documentation of such glossed-over, yet artistically revered groups as Nervous Gender and The Alley Cats. Jacinto's photographs were recently shown at the Claremont Museum of Art (*Vexing: Female Voices from East L.A. Punk*) and the drkrm. gallery in L.A. (*The Last Picture Show*).

ORIGINALLY FROM BAKERSFIELD, California, Louis Jacinto moved to Los Angeles in the mid '70s to complete course work at California State University, Los Angeles. Shortly after arriving to Los Angeles, Jacinto met future Nervous Gender founder Gerardo Velasquez (1958-1992). The two became fast friends, frequenting the dive bars and venues hospitable to early L.A. punk. Galvanized by the music, Velasquez and Jacinto pursued two of their early passions

in a more direct manner: Velasquez formed Nervous Gender, while Jacinto photographed the punk bands around him. Although reserved (Jacinto never submitted his photographs to fanzines), Jacinto took copious amounts of photographs of L.A.'s first-wave punk bands, including The Bags, Nervous Gender, The Alley Cats, The Know, and the Screamers.

Over the past few years, Jacinto (finally) published some of his early punk

(L.A. punk rock photographer Dawn Wirth accompanied me to this interview. Dawn chimed in throughout the conversation, gracefully clarifying points and providing her insight as a contemporary of Jacinto. Check *Razorcake* #32 for more on Dawn.)

**Ryan:** You told me earlier that your punk-era photographs were taken more as a method to couple your love of music with photography than as a vehicle for personal recognition or for documentary purposes.

**Louis:** When the whole punk rock thing





happened, I just liked to see the bands, but I didn't go to photograph or document the scene at all. I just took my camera with me everywhere I went. I was interested in this new sound more than anything else. My friend, Richard d'Andrea, was in this band called The Motels, and then he went on to be in The Know (fronted by ex-Blondie bassist Gary Valentine). And The Motels, at the beginning, were sort of punk.

**Ryan:** They had made a Go-Go's-like transition from semi-punk to new wave sounding.

**Louis:** Yeah. Martha Davis (lead singer) kicked everyone out. Richard had given me a demo tape of their songs when he was in the band. And only one of them made it to their Capitol Records album (their eponymous debut—released in 1979). That debut was so watered-down.

**Ryan:** What year did you start venturing out into the Los Angeles punk scene?

**Louis:** I remember going to see The Motels in 1976. It was a show at Griffith Park. Richard had invited me.

**Ryan:** I take it you were interested in music from a very young age.

**Louis:** Oh, yeah. I always wished I could sing. I still sing, but it's terrible! When I was growing up in the '60s, there was one radio station that played everything.

**Ryan:** Where did you grow up?

**Louis:** I grew up in Bakersfield. And the radio station was KAFY. KAFY played everything: rock, soul, and country. And it

was all the best stuff from those genres.

**Ryan:** What was it like growing up in Bakersfield?

**Louis:** It was fine. Actually, when I moved to Los Angeles in '75, I thought L.A. was backwards. Everything was so segregated. In Bakersfield, everybody was mixed together. We all went to school together and everything. Bakersfield was integrated. So, to me, Los Angeles was backwards.

**Ryan:** That's interesting. Most people would claim the opposite.

**Louis:** I know.

**Ryan:** How old were you when you moved to Los Angeles?

**Louis:** I was nineteen. And I moved here to start my third year of college at Cal State L.A. I actually thought native Angelenos were kind of square. Just before punk started, my friend Gerardo (Velasquez)...

**Ryan:** From Nervous Gender?

**Louis:** Yeah. Gerardo had long hair and wore white gauze pants.

**Ryan:** This was a holdover from the glam days?

**Louis:** No. It was more like John Lennon when he was doing his Bed-In for Peace. It was really more hippie-inspired. We were just too young to be hippies. Gerardo was even a couple of years younger than me. It was funny. We both liked Yoko Ono a lot. I was actually disappointed when Yoko and John Lennon went into retirement in 1975, not because John wasn't going to do any more albums (for a while), but because Yoko

wasn't. [laughs] John Lennon's solo albums were okay, but Yoko's were great. And Gerardo was the only other person I knew who felt that way also.

**Ryan:** Was Gerardo your entryway into the punk rock community?

**Louis:** No. We actually ventured out together. Richard d'Andrea from The Motels was sort of an influence, but it was Gerardo who told me about the Masque. I was always one to question trends, whereas Gerardo immediately dyed his hair. He really transformed—from John Lennon to Nervous Gender punk rocker. We started going to the clubs together. Gerardo would follow the stereotypes, like get really wasted and vomit when he got to the clubs, because that was what you were supposed to do as a punk rocker. But it was still so new.

**Ryan:** Were you pursuing photography at Cal State L.A.?

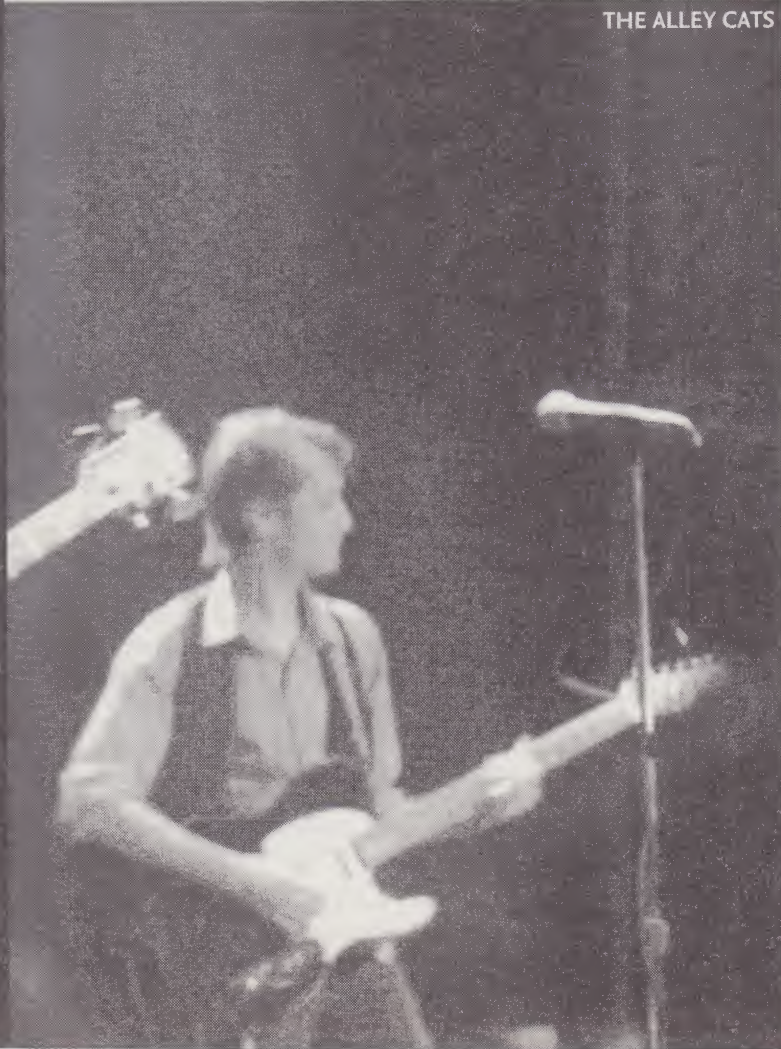
**Louis:** No. I was studying sociology. That's what I got my degree in, but I would take UCLA extension courses with documentary, abstract, and fashion photographers. I did that just to push myself.

**Ryan:** It seems like you developed a deep relationship with Alice Bag. When did you meet her?

**Louis:** Actually, I was the fan. And The Bags were the stars. I felt that you didn't approach them. I respected their privacy, so I didn't have a relationship with anyone.

**Ryan:** Really? You didn't know anyone from

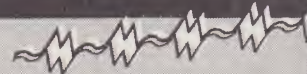
THE ALLEY CATS



THE BAGS



I think I have  
the ability to  
**DISAPPEAR.**







THE SCREAMERS

The Bags? You took so many photographs of them.

**Louis:** I mean, I knew who they were through *Slash* and stuff. I knew their names.

**Ryan:** These pictures seem so candid. There's a real immediacy with your photographs. I thought for sure that you would've had a real rapport with the band.

**Louis:** I think I have the ability to disappear. And so when I was around The Bags, they were just relaxed. The Bags were always my favorite L.A. punk band. I tried to catch every show they did.

**Ryan:** Which venues did you prefer to take photographs at?

**Louis:** I liked the lighting for the Screemers at the Whisky.

**Dawn:** Yeah.

**Louis:** And you could go backstage. The photos of Alice Bag in *The Bags* book—the ones where she is not performing—those are from backstage at the Whisky.

**Ryan:** I like the photographs you took of The Bags at the Hong Kong Café.

**Louis:** Those too. Club 88 was great as well.

**Ryan:** Yeah. The Germs were banned from there. And pretty much everywhere else.

**Louis:** Madame Wong had banned a lot of punk bands, too. She banned The Bags. I think the Whisky accepted punk because it

was a pretty dead venue. Nothing was going on there. The Whisky started booking punk bands because they saw all the kids going to punk shows.

**Ryan:** When you were taking these photographs, were you submitting any of them to fanzines?

**Louis:** No. Although I thought the photographs I was taking were better than the ones I was seeing in fanzines, I didn't send any in but I guess I didn't have enough confidence to submit them. Also, in the back of my mind, I thought, "If they like my photographs, they're going to ask me for them all of the time." When I'm forced to take photographs, they often suck. So, by not submitting them, I didn't feel any pressure or obligation to anyone.

**Ryan:** I think there's something to be said for doing things autonomously. You weren't at the mercy of some magazine—or even fanzine—telling you which bands to photograph. Although The Screemers are fairly well documented, photographs of The Know and the early Alley Cats—they don't really exist anymore. Most people need some sort of monetary incentive to do something. Even if it's only twenty bucks for a photograph in some fanzine.

**Dawn:** Twenty bucks! I didn't even get twenty bucks for my photographs.

**Ryan:** Okay. Maybe Phast Phreddie would've given you a six pack of Grolsch instead of twenty bucks!... Although, this is sort of subjective, now that you've come out with your photographs, it seems like you were into more of the cerebral bands. Groups like The Screemers and Nervous Gender.

**Louis:** Yeah. I was looking for narrative. People who had something to say. I was going through the proof sheets of my Bags photographs recently. And, oddly, I do not have any photos of Terry (Graham). I guess Alice and Patricia (Morrison) were the real focal point of that band.

**Dawn:** Nicky Beat was probably the drummer then. I think Terry was in the band in '78.

**Louis:** Yeah, but I felt bad about that, not having a photo of Terry. Craig Lee (guitarist of The Bags) was also someone I tried to photograph a lot, too, because he looked so odd. He didn't try to dress punk or anything. And during this time (the punk years), he was the only Bag I spoke to. I just said, "Hi. When are you going to put out a single?"

And Craig replied, "Some producer talked to us. But he wanted us to sound disco. So we said, 'No.'"

And that was the only time I ever talked to any member of the Bags. [laughs]

**Ryan:** I think Craig Lee is a case of someone



who was far too intelligent to follow anything as superficial as a codified style of dress. I've read some of his stuff. He was incredibly erudite.

**Louis:** Ann Summa was another photographer I remember from the punk days. I remember seeing her stuff around. She had a big show at the end of 2007. Anyway, Ann took photos of The Bags at the same show I did. Those photos you're looking at now of The Bags playing the Hong Kong Café—she was there too. I also remember seeing Phranc at that Bags show. She looked like a little boy at the time. Now she looks like an old boy.

**Ryan:** Oh, Phranc—America's favorite Jewish lesbian singer.

**Louis:** Yes.

**Ryan:** She was also the guitar player of Catholic Discipline. I like that band a lot.

**Louis:** Yeah. And Nervous Gender, too. I remember Nervous Gender had a gig in San Francisco. I think I was the only one in their circle who had a car, a '69 Malibu. So I was like their roadie for that show. I had tried to be in Nervous Gender—as their singer—and Gerardo said it was great, but too pop, [laughs] which was fine. It was their band.

**Ryan:** Nervous Gender is a band that has been largely glossed over. Richard Meltzer,

Gender took a road sign down and attached pickups to it for amplification. They would then beat this sign to create noise. Pretty avant-garde stuff.

**Louis:** I always thought Nervous Gender was like a science-fiction band—A group inspired by George Orwell.

**Ryan:** Music for dystopia.

**Louis:** Yeah.

**Ryan:** You couldn't confront Nervous Gender. They'd break you down quickly.

**Louis:** They also thought too much!

**Ryan:** That's probably why Meltzer liked them so much... In the foreword to your Bags book, Alice Bag writes about L.A. punk being very egalitarian. I'm interested in your perspective on this. As many sociologists have written, notably the scholars out of the Frankfurt School, subcultures have a natural tendency to carry over some of the repressive elements of the society they're in opposition to. For instance, the homophobic and patriarchal elements of 1930s industrial society can be found in André Breton's surrealism. I've always found the total egalitarian thing too close to utopia for me. Although, I do think punk and other movements created in the negation—Dada and surrealism, for instance—are huge steps

openings. And no one was doing that—no artist was booking punk bands. So you'd get these arty disco-types—for the art—and then you'd get these hardcore punk kids to see the punk bands.

**Ryan:** That's similar to Warhol's installations when he managed the Velvet Underground. Art snobs would come, met by rabid rock'n'roll fans who knew who the Velvets were early on.

**Louis:** Yeah.

**Ryan:** And this was a Grunk party you took photos of on Halloween 1978?

**Louis:** Yes. All the pictures are from there. The first half of the book is the guests. And as you can see they were a wild crowd. The other half is The Snappers. It was their last show. The Snappers then morphed into Nervous Gender.

**Ryan:** So this is the night Nervous Gender really started?

**Louis:** Yeah. It's sort of an historical event. The Snappers played. They kept blowing the fuse—the electricity was flickering. It was wild. Everyone was drunk. But Gerardo and Michael decided to end The Snappers after their set. They met Edward Stapleton that night, and the three of them formed Nervous Gender.

I figured most of the other photographers were there on assignment.

## I WAS INTERESTED IN ART.

who is one of the very few rock writers I like, really supported them. I think he called Nervous Gender his favorite American band at the time... As you were saying earlier, you simply photographed bands you liked; it wasn't a job. What was it about Nervous Gender that inspired you to take so many photographs?

**Louis:** It was really our friendship, at first. I knew Gerardo and Michael Ochoa before they formed Nervous Gender, before punk rock happened. They were my first friends in Los Angeles. We all liked music a lot. So, naturally, I wanted to support their efforts.

There was a bar called The One Way. It was located where Melrose Avenue ends into Hoover (Street) in Silver Lake. It was a leather gay bar. Gerardo and I weren't old enough to get in legally, but they'd let us in anyway. And The One Way played hardcore punk rock when no one else did—unless you were over at someone's house and they could choose the records. Gerardo and I would always go there. Punk wasn't on the radio yet, wasn't in the nightclubs. I'm talking about abrasive stuff—not Devo. Gerardo and I used to take poetry classes in college. He was a very cerebral writer. I did find their music to be a bit harsh. It was all electronic.

**Ryan:** I remember hearing that Nervous

Gender was progressive thought.

**Louis:** I felt the same way Alice did. When the initial spark hit, it was like that. Kids all around the world were saying, "No. We're not going to listen to Peter Dinklage anymore. We're not going to dress like him. We're through. No more Boston. No more Chic. This is what we're going to do: sing our own songs and wear our own clothes. We won't buy what you were telling us to buy." Everybody in the L.A. punk scene was doing it—for themselves. I didn't dye my hair. But I wasn't shunned for not doing it.

**Dawn:** You were totally accepted. It felt like family.

**Louis:** Now that I look back on it, I had a group of friends I've since called "my disco friends." They couldn't understand why I was into punk rock. What was funny about them, though, is that they were interested in whatever the next big thing was. So they didn't shun punk rock completely because it had the possibility of being the next big thing. My disco friends were largely holding onto the fact that punk could be accepted through (the artist) Grunk.

**Ryan:** Tell me about your Grunk book.

**Louis:** Grunk is an artist. When Grunk was having his art shows, he started booking punk bands to play them. This was for the

**Ryan:** Outside of Nervous Gender and The Motels, were you friends with the scene regulars? Like the Canterbury crowd?

**Louis:** No. They were the stars and I was the fan. I lived in Echo Park. They were in Hollywood.

**Dawn:** You make me feel guilty for being friends with them.

**Louis:** It's probably good, though, because then my photos would've looked like other photographers' work in that scene. I like to do my editing in the camera. I don't like to crop. And we were there for different reasons. I figured most of the other photographers were there on assignment. I was interested in art.

**Ryan:** When did you start losing interest in the punk scene?

**Louis:** It started changing. Punk remained. But then you got bands like The Know and Blondie. Even Devo, a little bit.

**Ryan:** The commercialization of punk.

**Louis:** Yeah. And then more kids were coming. From the suburbs. Outside of Los Angeles. And they'd go to the Starwood. Also, the original bands started breaking up.

**Ryan:** The Screaming Silences by about '80 were on permanent hiatus, making that semi-ridiculous movie (*Population: 1*) when they should've been recording an album.



# VIVA LAS VEGAS

Rockabilly Weekend

#12

APRIL 9-12  
2009

Model:  
Dayna DeLux  
R&K Studio



© VINCE  
RAY

[WWW.VIVALASVEGAS.NET](http://WWW.VIVALASVEGAS.NET)



**Louis:** I remember seeing them at the Whisky, but they made a video and they weren't really in it. It was projected above. And there was this woman...

**Ryan:** Sheela Edwards. Rene Daalderwho directed *Population: 1*, had hooked them up with her. She was their chanteuse. Again, a sort of Velvets situation—with Edwards taking the place of Nico—with much lesser results.

**Louis:** Okay. Yeah. And she was up there singing about how she was a jazz vampire. And all this blood came out of her mouth. I guess they wanted to do theatrics. MTV was just starting to happen...maybe I was getting a little older. There were a number of reasons why I started drifting out. I started hearing rumors that John and Yoko were getting back together.

**Ryan:** Did that start grabbing your interest away from punk? I know you're pretty obsessive about Yoko Ono.

**Louis:** No. I just came from the mindset that punk had finally caught up with Yoko. There's a record she did in '71 called *Fly*, which is just punk. That's probably why I gravitated toward punk: I had already been listening to Yoko Ono. So I kept hearing these rumors that John and Yoko were going to record again. It had been five years since they had done anything. So 1980 came and *Double Fantasy* was released. John's songs were wonderful. But Yoko's were amazing. They were almost new wave. But she has that wobbling voice that was unpolished.

Punk rock had turned everything upside down. Anything went. I thought it was perfect timing: "John and Yoko are going to come back and lead us on from here." Really pushing for gender equality. I knew that whatever cause John and Yoko were interested in, they were going to speak out about it. I saw them from a sociological standpoint.

**Ryan:** There's always a loophole in capitalism that will allow people like John Lennon and Yoko Ono to exist. Capitalism will allow some flak. Whereas someone like Ed Sanders from The Fugs, who had similar messages, would be instantly ignored by the mainstream media, painted as a lunatic. It's interesting the amount of social clout Yoko and John had.

**Louis:** Yeah. And so they were back. Then John was murdered. That was it. And we're still in a fog.

**Ryan:** It was a one-two punch. Darby Crash died, like, a day earlier. I know that took away a lot of your interest from the scene, Dawn.

**Dawn:** Yeah. Because you heard that Lennon was murdered right away. But, with Darby, it took some time. People were just phoning around. It was like the whole world was ending, what you were a part of was over.

**Louis:** Yeah. And that was it for me. I then noticed all of these kids from Orange County around. Forget it. I wanted nothing to do with that.

**Ryan:** John Doe made the comment that when hardcore started entering the scene, it was over. People like the X-head from *The Decline of Western Civilization*... Tell me about Onodream.

**Louis:** It's my e-mail address. And my attempt to raise Yoko Ono consciousness one e-mail at a time.

**Ryan:** It's also your de facto publishing name.

**Louis:** Yes. Everything is Onodream.

**Ryan:** Factory Records was like that. No matter what an item was—a flyer, a show, a record—it was a Factory product with a corresponding number.

**Louis:** Yes. Everything is Onodream. I've sold some of my books on eBay. Some kid from Idaho bought two—then asked for more! Some people in Japan and England have bought my book, *Punk Rock Los Angeles*, as well. I was printing up the books myself, but it got too expensive. Then I found out about this company called Blurb, which does on-demand printing.

**Ryan:** They have been printing up all of your books on your website (<http://home.earthlink.net/~onodream/onodream/id2.html>)?

**Louis:** Yeah. You can order my books directly from them ([www.blurb.com](http://www.blurb.com)). Blurb will mail them directly to your home.

NERVOUS GENDER



In 1975, I thought L.A. was backwards.

EVERYTHING  
WAS SO SEGREGATED.

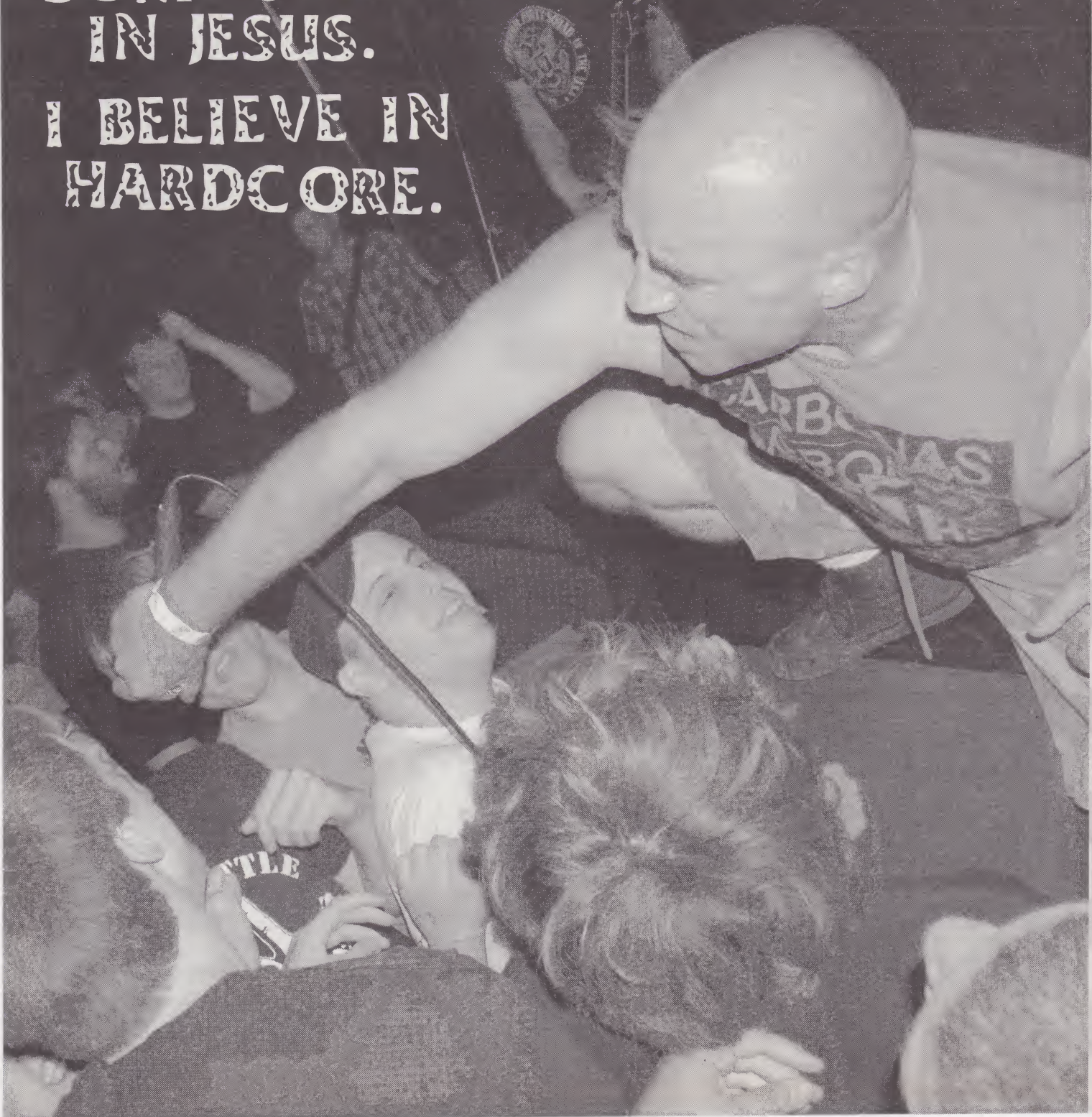




# IN DEFENCE

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE  
IN JESUS.

I BELIEVE IN  
HARDCORE.





IN DEFENCE IS DANGEROUS. I DON'T MEAN DANGEROUS IN THE CC ALLIN SENSE OF THE WORD. THE DANGER THAT IN DEFENCE BRINGS IS MUCH LESS FORCED. IT'S INNOCENTLY HAPHAZARD. IT'S LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD KID CLIMBING BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE CAR ITS PARENTS LEFT RUNNING WHILE THEY RAN INTO THE GAS STATION. WHO CAN BLAME HIM FOR TAKING OFF ON A FIVE BLOCK DRIVING RAMPAGE? THE KID DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM. HE JUST WANTS TO HAVE FUN.

IN DEFENCE IS ALL ABOUT DANGEROUS FUN. A RECENT GIG FEATURED A FOOD FIGHT DESIGNED TO PROVE THE SUPERIORITY OF TACOS TO PIZZAS. I WALKED OUT OF IT WITH A BLEEDING GASH IN MY EAR, THANKS TO AN OVER-BAKED PIZZA CRUST.

MY FRIEND SLIPPED ON A PILE OF GREASY TORTILLA CHIPS AND LANDED ON HIS BEER BOTTLE, WHICH SHATTERED IN HIS HAND. I HAD TO RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL SO HE COULD GET HIS FINGER SEWN BACK TOGETHER. I DON'T KNOW IF IN DEFENCE PROVED THE SUPERIORITY OF TACOS, BUT THEY OBVIOUSLY HAD FUN TRYING.

SITTING INSIDE A BUS STOP ON LAKE STREET IN MINNEAPOLIS, I DISCUSSED THE BATTLE BETWEEN TACOS AND PIZZAS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, WITH BEN CREW, IN DEFENCE'S SINGER. AS THE CARS WHIZZED BY, HE NOTICED MY ELCA (EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA) BACKPACK. I EXPLAINED THAT I'M NOT RELIGIOUS, BUT I THINK IT'S A COOL BACKPACK.

INTERVIEW BY MP JOHNSON, PHOTOS BY ADAM DEGROSS, LAYOUT BY DARYL GUSSIN

**Ben Crew:** I actually grew up Lutheran, went to many youth gatherings, and thought about becoming a pastor for a while. I am an ordained reverend now, but I got that through the Internet, so, technically, that's not the same.

**MP:** But you can perform marriages?

**Ben:** I have performed marriages. Several. And I've turned down a couple too, because my take on marriage is different than most people's. Yeah, I can forgive people their sins, and I have the power to give the last rights, and everything.

**MP:** Where was the transition from dude going to Lutheran gatherings to hardcore punk rock dude?

**Ben:** I was a junior high kid listening to heavy metal music. From there, I got into speed metal and thrash metal. While I was doing that, I was experimenting with drugs, drinking, and doing whatever I could get my hands on. Getting into fights. Getting into trouble at school. At the same time, my mom was terminally ill and she passed away when I was thirteen.

Right about that point, I found out about straight edge hardcore, the late '80s New York/East Coast thing, and changed my ways. I went to live with my Grandma and she started sending me to confirmation class at the ELCA church. I got really involved in the youth group; it sort of became my family. I was still into hardcore punk, but it was hard for me to get out and go to shows, so I'd listen to it and I'd bring my stuff to confirmation class. I had a couple friends I'd hang out with there and we'd listen to punk rock. As I got older, I stayed with the hardcore and fell away from the church. The hardcore scene is my church now.

**MP:** It's interesting because punk rock has a lot of intense anti-religion messages, and I can see where a lot of that is coming from...

**Ben:** I remember going to church and we'd

sing hymns about whatever it was we felt strongly about. If you go to a Baptist church or a Pentecostal church, they'll get up and they'll clap. They'll get into it. They'll sing along and they'll shout. If you go to a hardcore show, it's the same thing, just a little rowdier. Intense feelings. Everybody's pointing to the sky... what are they pointing to? There are a lot of similarities. There's that community network that people go to church for and it's also in DIY hardcore.

**MP:** And the intent of both is something positive. In the hardcore scene, it can get twisted and turned into something negative. In religion, it can get twisted and turned into something negative.

**Ben:** It's something to believe in. Some people believe in Jesus. I believe in hardcore.

**MP:** Let's talk about adventures. The notorious In Defence adventure at Taco Johns. How did it happen?

**Ben:** In Defence had a show booked at Nate's Dungeon in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. We got to the show and Dios Mios started to play. About ten minutes into their set, the house was literally surrounded by undercover police officers. A couple of our guys who were hanging out in the van texted me to say there's trouble, come outside. I walked outside and there were dudes with flashlights looking in peoples' cars. I think they were out there looking for underage drinking. They started asking me questions: "What are you doing here? Why are all these kids here?" They thought they were going to bust somebody doing something illegal. I said, "We're just playing punk rock." They shut down the show, pissed a bunch of people off, and gave Nate a fine.

We were all bummed out and some dude came up with an idea: "Hey, I work at Taco Johns. I know the night manager and he doesn't really give a shit." So he called the

manager and asked if we could do a show there. The manager said, "As long as you take the heat if we get in trouble."

There were three more bands that had to play that night. Everybody used the same gear and we did a round robin where we played a song, the other bands would play a song, and we would switch. Sinz from Dios Mio had a video camera and he said, "Go order a taco." He taped the show, made a video out of it, and put it up on Youtube. Now we go on tour and everywhere we go people say, "Hey, you're in that Youtube video. How'd you play at Taco Johns?"

We played about four songs. People were diving off the tables. People were going crazy at this Taco Johns while people were walking in to order food. It was the most bizarre show I've probably ever played. It was a blast. After we got done, we loaded out, locked up the van, and were just hanging outside. The cops drove through the parking lot and just kept going.

**MP:** You've had other adventures at Mexican restaurants?

**Ben:** When In Defence was down in Texas, we played a burrito joint in San Antonio. In the front was a burrito restaurant, a mom and pop shop. It wasn't a fast food chain like a Taco Johns. In the back, they had a place to sit down and eat. On the weekends, one of the owners would spin Tejano music. He was a DJ. They even had a live Tejano band that would come in and play sometimes. So this kid set up this punk rock show there. It was this day-long thing. Throughout the day, people came for the Tejano music this guy was spinning in between bands. It wasn't like a young crowd. These were senior citizens dancing. I didn't think it was going to work. I thought they were going to get freaked out by all this loud punk rock and leave, but they sat through and watched every band while



the kids danced. Then the kids would sit down and the older people would get up and dance to the Tejano music. That was quite an experience. Nothing dangerous, no cops, but a mix of two very different ages and two very different styles. Everyone got along and had a good time.

**MP:** You have a song called "All Hail the Taco Avenger," in which you argue in favor of tacos and against pizza. You're pretty passionate about that?

**Ben:** Yes, we are. You know, we kind of had an awakening. A lot of bands will get up on stage and they'll take issue with politics or religion or straight edge or vegetarianism. As a band, In Defence has been searching for that thing to latch onto and make our own. I think after playing at Taco Johns and the burrito restaurant, we've really become passionate. We like to call it the Taco Liberation Movement.

Coming from the Midwest, being next door to Wisconsin—you know we're from Minnesota—this is the land of dairy, the land of cheese. There are a lot of people who like pizza. There are a lot of people who feel very strongly about pizza. But there aren't so many people here that are positive about tacos. We feel that when it comes to party food, tacos are the ultimate taste sensation. They get overlooked and dismissed by a lot

of the punk and metal community. We're out to change that. We have taken it upon ourselves to raise that banner high, to stand up In Defence of the taco. If it comes to a food fight, we're ready for it.

**MP:** Earlier, it seemed like you were moving in favor of the mock duck po' boys at the Triple Rock.

**Ben:** That's true.

**MP:** Is this a change of stance?

**Ben:** No, it's not a change of stance. It's just another stance. In Defence has written several songs about food, with tacos being the hot topic as of recent. We wrote "Get Mock" because, if you're from the southern states, you might not know what mock duck is. It's fake duck. It's got great texture. It's better than tofu, in my opinion. It's just good to eat. I was surprised and shocked when we'd set up shows for bands that come up through Minneapolis from the south, from Georgia, from Texas, from Alabama. We'll bring them out to places to eat around town, because they haven't been to Minneapolis before. Some of them are vegetarians, so we'll tell them to try the mock duck. "Mock duck? Is that really duck? What is it?" They have no idea.

We love mock duck and we're out to educate people about mock duck, but we're not forcing it down peoples' throats. There

is a war in America about whether you stand for tacos or pizza. That's the war that we're fighting. The mock duck is just a piece that we're trying to educate people about. They can make their own decision. Mock duck isn't under attack. Tacos are under attack.

**MP:** You've got a lot of songs that aren't too serious. You've got "Boombox Crew."

**Ben:** Actually, "Boombox Crew" is a true story. One thing that you've got to understand about In Defence is that, when I first got into hardcore and punk rock, I really wanted to start a band, but I didn't know how to play an instrument. I bought a bass, started writing some really bad songs, and got together with friends of mine who also couldn't play that well. Some of those songs I still remember to this day. When we started In Defence, I went back to some of those songs that I had written when I was thirteen years old. We revamped them and used them to start this band. When In Defence started out, a lot what surrounded the writing process was my thirteen-year-old brain.

In "Boombox Crew," we talk about hanging out underneath the bridge, spray painting graffiti, carrying around our boombox. I actually had a dual cassette boombox and we'd walk around playing DRI and Youth Of Today. Me and my friend Jason, who I sing about in the song, used to go down by the train tracks under the Grand





Avenue bridge in St. Paul. There was a little ledge above where the train would go and you could hang out under the bridge. We'd spray paint down there. There would be hobos, train hopping hobos, who would sleep there from time to time. We would hang out with them. We'd go down there at night.

My friend had gotten kicked out of public school at the time for bringing his dad's gun in. This kid had been messing with him and threatening him. This was a bigger kid, so Jason brought his dad's gun to school. He waited for the other kid after class in the hallway and said, "Come here... Say goodbye." He put the gun up to the kid's head and pulled the trigger. There were no bullets, but he got suspended.

He was just hanging out at home for a while. I'd skip school every now and then and we'd go hang out. So part of what I was writing about in "Boombox Crew" is actually what we used to do. We used to hang out and carry our boombox around town. Turn it up and try to act tough. We were just little kids.

We also sing about Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five. I think, at least in the late '80s when I was thirteen, there were a lot of similarities between the rap scene and the straight edge hardcore scene. Bands like Youth Of Today and Public Enemy were singing about political messages. They

were dressing similar—the style, the tennis shoes, the haircuts. There was a lot of that kind of crossover, so we would listen to those rap albums. I love Grandmaster Flash, "The Message," and the Sugar Hill Gang, Run DMC, Fat Boys... Fat Boys were a big influence. When the first wave of break dancing came through, we all tried to learn how to break dance. We didn't have the skills to do it, or the patience to learn how, but we faked it.

**MP:** So you have songs that kind of have a comic bent, though. Then you've got songs that are very serious, like "Fucked Up Kids." Do you worry that the message of the serious songs will get lost in the songs that are a little less serious?

**Ben:** No. If there's one thing I've learned from being in a band, especially being in In Defence, it's that people are going to perceive your music how they're going to perceive it. Everything you create is going to be filtered through somebody else's lens. It's going to become its own thing. Some of the stuff we do is serious. Some of it isn't. That's life. Some people are going to dismiss our band entirely because we have some humorous songs.

As far as "Fucked Up Kids," my mom really did die when I was thirteen. I had to deal with that, just questioning life and what it meant and what I was gonna

do. Sometimes this doesn't always come through in our songs, but dealing with really fucked up situations—like having to watch my mother die at a young age and seeing some really fucked up shit—forces you to develop a sense of humor about things. Just being so emotionally drained by that kind of stuff all the time can really fucking kill you. So sometimes you have to look at things—whether it's war, or homophobia, or racism—and just take the piss out of it. That's what we try to do, just offer a different way of looking at things that would normally be very bad. You can't let that stuff get to you. You've got to deal with it and move on and find tools like humor to deal with it. Sarcasm helps you overcome a lot of adversity, that's what I've learned.

Sometimes people don't always appreciate it. People will say, "That's not very funny." But would you rather be crying? You can't joke about war, because there are people overseas dying. The stuff that's happening over in the Middle East is really messed up. You should take a serious approach if you're going to write a song against war. We wrote "No War But Star Wars," because I want to see what's happening in the Middle East end. I want all our troops home, but then I want them to go into outer space so they can fight Darth Vader and the storm troopers.



PEOPLE WERE DIVING  
OFF THE TABLES

WHILE PEOPLE WERE  
WALKING IN TO ORDER FOOD.



# Transworld punk Rave-up 2009

SLOVENLY PRESENTS THE BEST IN MODERN EUROPEAN '60s PUNK

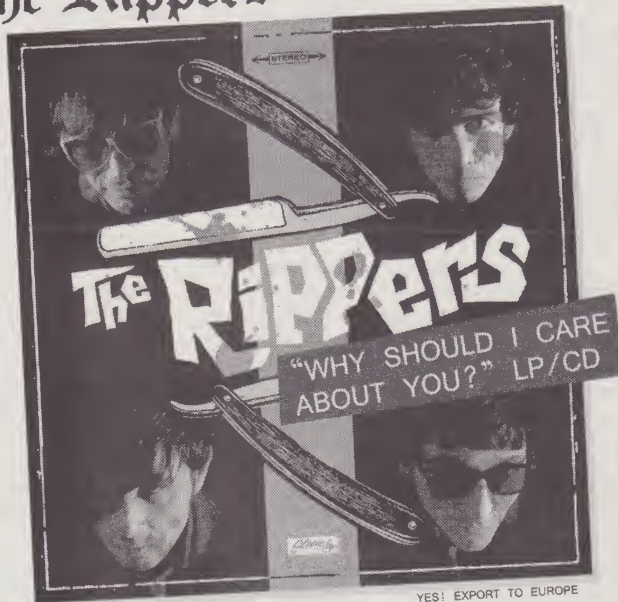
FROM VALENCIA (SPAIN)

Wau y Los Arrrghs!!!



NO EXPORT TO EUROPE

the Rippers SARDINIA (ITALY)



YES! EXPORT TO EUROPE

GET BOTH (on LP or CD):  
\$22 to label@slovenly.com in USA

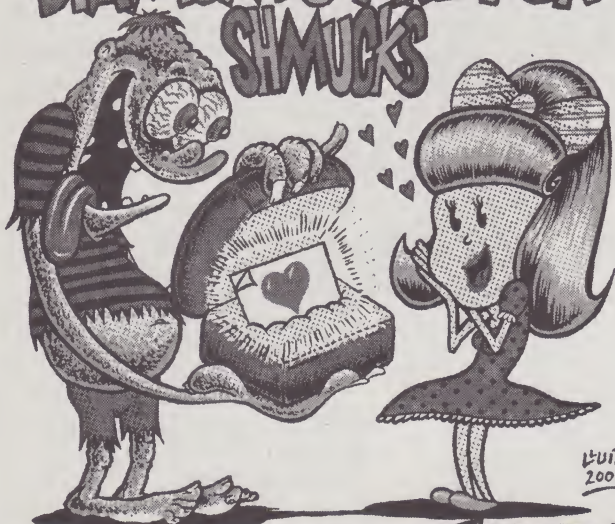


rest o' world:



www.slovenly.com

DIAMONDS ARE FOR  
SHMUCKS



STICKERS ARE FOREVER!

stickerguy.com

since 1993. (775) 358-7865

PROTO IDIOT

ANDREW  
ANDERSON

SOLO RECORDINGS FROM ANDREW HIPSHAKES  
LIMITED LP - 500 COPIES  
ORDER NOW [www.slovenly.com](http://www.slovenly.com)  
OR SEND \$11 to PO BOX 204, RENO NV 89904 USA  
(@15.50 to Europe/Japan / \$19 rest o' world)  
[label@slovenly.com](mailto:label@slovenly.com)

SLOVENLY





# THERE IS A WAR IN AMERICA ABOUT WHETHER YOU STAND FOR PIZZA OR TACOS. THAT'S THE WAR WE'RE FIGHTING.

**MP:** Back to the serious stuff, you actually lost your job because of hardcore, so to speak, right?

**Ben:** Yes. I was a counselor working for an educational opportunity program. I did after school programming for disadvantaged youths. I did summer camps and stuff like that. In Defence was on tour out in Boston and the band that played before us was awesome. It was our first time in Boston. There were a lot of people there and I said, "What are we going to do to leave an impression?" I decided to get naked before we played. I was running around, getting in peoples' faces, making them really uncomfortable. Al Quint from Suburban Voice was there taking pictures. Some of them got online. Some of the people back where I work printed them out and gave them to the dean of students.

They said, "We can't have somebody that's doing this kind of stuff working here."

Basically, they put it to me this way: "If you want to quit doing your band, we can hush-hush this. We can sweep it under the rug and you can work here a while longer." I don't want to work under those circumstances. I had worked my way up. I was getting a pretty decent paycheck. I had benefits. It was pretty nice on that end, but I'm in my thirties now. If I died tomorrow, what would I want to do? I want to play hardcore. I want to get up onstage and make a fool of myself. Luckily, I had some savings and was able to find odd jobs to work between tours. I try to do what I can do. I made that decision and it was a hard decision to make. It's still hard.

**MP:** Those kids lost a positive influence, but the kids at shows get to keep a positive influence.

**Ben:** Right. We play to an all ages crowd, so I still get that interaction. Now they're stage diving instead of studying.

**MP:** Stage diving is more fun.

**Ben:** And hopefully they learn something about physics while they're doing it.

**MP:** I'm thirty. You're over thirty. We're in the minority in the punk scene. What keeps you into it and causes others to leave it behind? What keeps you and In Defence going?

**Ben:** I still love it. I still get something out of it. You know, there was a band called Crucial Youth that I used to listen to. They were a parody straight edge band, although I didn't realize that at first. They had this poem at the end of their LP: "Even when I'm eighty years old, I'll think like a Lad at fifteen." I guess that's kind of true. I'm not eighty years old yet, but I guess my brain's still working like a fifteen-year-old's. I'm a pretty quiet and reserved guy, but when I get up on the stage I can be a loudmouth. It gives me the opportunity to express myself in a way that I wouldn't normally. There's something that still drives me to do it and I still enjoy it.





# SHARK





# PANTS

INTERVIEW AND PHOTOS BY TODD TAYLOR

LAYOUT BY LAUREN MEASURE

This interview wouldn't be half as good if it weren't for the help of Jason Willis, Speedway Randy, and Jeff Proctor.

**T**ucson is a musical island. For the past twenty years, its musical exposure to the rest of the United States has been limited. It's something you have to seek rather than something that readily muscles itself onto your turntable. It's a little big town, like Reno. Mostly it's known for what it's close to, rarely a destination in and of itself. But, because of this, it's been able to develop a soul and sound all its own. In 2009, Tucson DIY punk doesn't sound like Portland punk, doesn't sound like Minneapolis punk, doesn't sound like Gainesville punk, and doesn't sound like San Diego punk. The underground feels like 1980 all over again by virtue of the fact that DIY punks are like goodwill pioneers traveling between friendly outposts over vast stretches of land, against daunting odds, and playing packed backyards and basements.

Perhaps I'm over thinking it, but Tucson has always been a bit too small to exploit for the music industry's tastes. It's also been treated like the East L.A. of Arizona. Phoenix hogged the attention. In Tucson, the talent pool is deeper, like a well, than it is wide with so many fast-approaching options, like an ill-marked freeway offramp. Beginning with my appreciation and continued love affair with the dearly missed *Weird Lovemakers* (see *Razorcake* issue #3. It's PDF'd on [razorcake.org](http://razorcake.org)), I've come to realize that Tucson bands were and are like menudo. They stewed in the heat for a long time, digested some pretty suspicious raw materials, mixed in their own spices and sweat, and were best served on weekends and special occasions. The listeners slurped something they'd never quite had before. Old mixed with new. Chaotic flavors blended. Sweat runs down your temple.

I preamble Shark Pants with all of this because they're a current embodiment of what I love about Tucson punk. Immediately obvious is their raw blast of power, but they've always got a firm grasp of your big toe with a hook, a rhythm, and a bit to repeat in your head. They're like being hit by a natural disaster that sings the sweetest melody as it crashes all around you.

Shark Pants are also an operational paradox. The more they've stripped down to a core, the more powerful they've become. They're three people, but you'd swear the band has six members. Vannessa's bass playing is all cash and no flash. She does this thing where all of her movement on stage, from her forehead to her toes, is to get her fingers up to Bionic Woman speed. There's no flail or scissor kicking. All the calisthenics are done on the frets. Dick has one of the sparest kits I've ever seen used, but he works five times as hard, making most other drummers look like they're playing at Jabba the Hutt's pace. Dick makes it sound like he's got a set as big as Neil Peart's with all the suck vacuumed out. Isaac, although when he's not playing moves slowly, grows two extra hands just for those super-fast, swear-you're-hearing-two-guitars-at-once-studio-magic parts. So, yeah, an enigma. I've lost count on how many times I've seen them, and I'm not even close to comprehending how the fuck they do it.

This interview was conducted when we were all sitting in their van. It was parked outside of a house show in San Pedro, between two storms that were sweeping through. Right at the beginning, we were transfixed as Mike Watt—of the Minutemen and current bassist for The Stooges—got out of a car in front of us and took a guitar case to the show.



**Dick Solomon:** drums  
**Vannessa Kramer:** bass  
**Isaac Reyes:** guitar

**Todd:** When did Shark Pants start?

**Vannessa:** We didn't study. We're not prepared for this.

**Dick:** 2001?

**Vannessa:** Yes.

**Dick:** Yeah! 2001. Solid.

[pause]

**Todd:** You guys were in bands prior to Shark Pants?

**Dick:** I was in The Blacks.

**Isaac:** I was in The Swing Ding Amigos.

**Vannessa:** And I didn't play before.

**Todd:** Vannessa, the first time you were on stage, was that for The Weird Lovemakers? Three minutes and seven seconds into their "Slowride / Vegemite" medley?

**Vannessa:** Oh, god. Okay. That's embarrassing. Probably.

**Todd:** Then they did the Club Congress twentieth anniversary.

**Vannessa:** Then I jumped up on that stage, too.

**Todd:** So, Dick, you're also in another band.

**Dick:** I'm in a band called Ultramaroon.

**Todd:** Do people call you "Ultradick"?

play in a band with Dick." And Isaac came to it.

**Dick:** My memory's usually not that good about that kind of stuff. I just remember that we just started playing. It totally clicked. It was really cool.

**Todd:** Why the name Shark Pants?

**Isaac:** Because Dick's good at making stuff up, combining words that fit really well together.

**Dick:** Two words just at random. People think there's some big story behind it.

**Todd:** I just want a little story.

**Dick:** Well, there was this little kid and he liked lollipops... and... the end.

**Todd:** When critics describe your guys' sound, many of them put a drug reference in there.

**Dick:** Really?

**Todd:** "Three gotta-be-snortin'-the meth desert ne'er-do-wells," and "They parade around the desert as junkies by day" from two different articles in the *Tucson Weekly*. "Nuggets-era garage rock on a psychotic meth-binge," from Bargain Bin Backlog.

**Isaac:** I've never done meth in my life.

**Vannessa:** "Speedy Gonzalez on meth." You missed that one in your research, man.

**Isaac:** It's like "Speedy Gonzalez on meth, fast-forwarded on the video tape." It's that fast.

## ISAAC: ISN'T THE POINT OF YOUR FAVORITE SONG TO BE SOMETHING YOU REMEMBER?

**Dick:** Sometimes, yeah. Some people call me "Black Dick." Some people call me "Dick Shark Pants."

**Isaac:** Or "Third Leg Dick."

**Dick:** [embarrassed] Sheez. C'mon.

**Todd:** And, Isaac, you are also in Digital Leather?

**Isaac:** I was. I played with them for a year.

**Todd:** Did they force you to grow a moustache and put an armadillo in your pants?

**Isaac:** No, but I did have to wear Daisy Dukes (short cutoffs) for a little while.

**Todd:** How'd that feel?

**Isaac:** They're refreshing, actually.

**Dick:** Didn't you have to stuff a cucumber down your pants, wrapped in tinfoil?

**Isaac:** No, I didn't do that.

**Todd:** Are you in a band called We Aren't Friendly, also?

**Isaac:** I guess. Yeah. It was the Digital Leather sub band. It was songs Sean (Digital Leather is one person in the studio and a revolving band of musicians when on tour) wrote, but he wanted to do another band. I'm on the recording.

**Todd:** Two-part question. Why Shark Pants? How Shark Pants?

**Isaac:** Because Dick's the best drummer in the world.

[Dick laughs nervously.]

**Vannessa:** My version is that Ultramaroon started playing and I was going to try to play bass in it, but I was too scared of playing with Mike and Dick because they were gods, in my eyes. I'd never played before.

**Isaac:** Like Greek statue gods... but you had a Dick in your eye?

**Vannessa:** [laughs] Yeah. So, then we decided, "Well, it'd be cool to

**Todd:** Dick. You don't drink. I'm assuming you do drugs.

**Dick:** No, I don't.

**Todd:** How do you feel about all those drug references describing the playing style of the band?

**Dick:** I never really thought about it.

**Todd:** Now's a good time.

**Dick:** Maybe a lot of people who review records are not really that creative. [laughs] "What's it going to be? It's heavy..."

**Isaac:** Meth doesn't make you creative. Marijuana does. I'm not saying that's a good thing.

**Todd:** Were there any drugs involved in the creation of songs for Shark Pants, besides weed?

**Dick:** Not for me.

**Todd:** Weed, people would think, would have the opposite effect of creating fast songs, like fifteen-minute-long songs about unicorns and shit.

**Isaac:** I just have a very short attention span. That's what it is. If I want to play music, I want to play music that I want to listen to. It's got nothing to do with meth. Maybe the speed and the tempo... [facetiously] and 'cause it's such an epidemic and all of our millions of fans are dying and shit.

**Dick:** Our sound is way more things we listen to.

**Isaac:** The hardest part is spending all of the millions of dollars.

**Dick:** That's why our practices are going to be really short, so we can spend all of our money. [laughs]

**Todd:** How do you three, as a group, come up with the songs you play?

**Dick:** Isaac pretty much writes them, then we shoot him down, then we re-write them.

**Isaac:** They beat me up and make me sad. Then I come back,



pretending that everything's okay, but I'm really sad. I keep on trying. Then they finally see the beauty.

**Dick:** Honestly, Isaac pretty much has the idea how he wants it to be. Most of the time, we pretty much agree with it.

**Isaac:** But we rearrange it. Sometimes I'm not very open to new ideas. We've come to good conclusions together. [laughs]

**Todd:** Vanessa and Dick, would you agree with that?

**Isaac:** I'm a crybaby Hitler.

**Dick:** He's really stubborn about some stuff.

**Vanessa:** I think we're all stubborn. But we all come to terms, "Oh, it sounds good" or, "Maybe we should try it this way."

**Dick:** We're just trying to move units, dude.

**Isaac:** [pointing to his crotch] It's hard enough moving this unit, you know? [laughs]

**Todd:** The other comment that comes up repeatedly when referring to Shark Pants' music is that you're dealing not only with speed, but with melodies and hooks. It's not just a blur.

**Isaac:** Isn't the point of your favorite song to be something you remember? I remembered those things. That's why they're in there.

**Todd:** At the same time, you guys play songs that are a little more complex than three-chord bash. I've looked at you guys play many times. I'm not a musician. I can't understand how the fuck you play what you play. It seems like there's six people in the band instead of three by what comes out of the speakers.

**Isaac:** It's just patterns and rhythms.

**Vanessa:** It's the ADD effect, also.

**Isaac:** It's math.

**Vanessa:** You have to switch it up or else it gets boring.

**Isaac:** The rhythms aren't incomprehensible. I'm not very smart and I understand them. It's more fun.

**Vanessa:** It challenges us. It's hard to play. Every time we play, it's so fucking grueling, but it keeps it fun.

**Todd:** Dick, I'm going off of the assumption that the person reading this part has never seen you guys play. Explain how your style of drumming. I don't know drum parts that well. What's the kit that you play?

**Dick:** I just have a bass drum, a snare, and a ride cymbal. That's the amount of stuff that I can hit.

**Todd:** That's not actually true that that's all of your equipment, Dick. What do you wear on your feet?

**Dick:** Shhh. Footwear... [nervously laughs] This is what happened. A long time ago, when I first started playing drums, I used to play barefoot. No shoe at all. Then I wore this pedal out, a Drum Workshop 4000, something like that. And the pedal ended up breaking. So then I got a new piece. It had a bunch of points (burrs). It was new and digging my foot up. At that time, I just wore Converse All Stars. So that's when I learned playing drums with a shoe. I have a special shoe...

**Todd:** You're like a punter.

**Dick:** Most of the time, I wear boots. A heel gets in your way for playing drum beats because it changes the angle of your foot. So, I have a shoe that I wear so it's the same all the time.

**Todd:** Dick, you are a ferocious drummer. It doesn't sound like, "That dude's playing a spare kit." I assume that when you were a kid or in your first band, you got an entire drum set, not just half and were cool with that.

**Dick:** When I first started, my parents got me a really crappy drumset. I bought another drumset from a yard sale. I put them all together, so I had, like, fifty million drums. For The Blacks, I had a four-piece drumset. For Ultramaroon, I have a rack tom, a floor tom, snare, bass, cymbals, and everything. But, for Shark Pants, I just wanted to make it a little bit different. Way more challenging. So I took most of that stuff away. Just took the parts that I could all hit at one time. You just have to use way more dynamics.

**Isaac:** I think it started at the first practice.

**Dick:** I do have some playing shorts that I also wear every time.

**Isaac:** The original ones are retired.

**Dick:** They're in the van. I had the same pair that I would wear all the time. Especially when you're on tour, every time you play back to back, every night; they don't really have a time to dry out. So I'd just have a pair that I'd take off, put away, and not have to mess up the clothes I was wearing. Plus, I'm kind of superstitious in some ways. I kind of hold on to stuff.

**Todd:** So, Vanessa, take me through this. You're standing at a rap concert and you get your nose broken.

**Vanessa:** It was a Super Bowl party, man. Snotsdale (Scottsdale) and there were a bunch of stupid dudes who think they're gangster. They're trying to be all cool. I got in front of 'em and he elbowed me straight in the nose and broke it.

**Todd:** You were cutting in line?

**Vanessa:** No, I was just standing at a Snoop Dog concert and this guy was trying to get through.

**Todd:** Did he realize it?

**Vanessa:** Yeah, but he didn't care. I didn't realize it was broken until it started bleeding and people were all, "Whoah, you need to get out of here." They pulled me back stage and I got to see Snoop Dog. Got some VIP stuff. It got me out of work for a week.

**Todd:** Thanks, asshole.

**Vanessa:** My little, imperfect nose.



**Todd:** Dick, you like Credence Clearwater Revival and have mentioned that you'd like "Keep on Chooglin'" played at your funeral. What's "chooglin'?"

**Dick:** Movin', man. People need to keep movin'.

**Todd:** Vanessa, you graduated in 2003 with a bachelor's in psychology and Spanish. What's your day job?

**Vanessa:** I'm an advisor for the business school at the University of Arizona. I work with marketing majors. And I just got my Master's degree, which I'm pretty proud of.

**Isaac:** Sugar mamma.

**Vanessa:** Educational psychology. I work at the U of A, do a bunch of advising. I do an internship program in Spain every summer, Barcelona.

**Isaac:** For free!

**Todd:** Hypothetical. So, the asshole who broke your nose: If he came in to get some guidance, would you give him bad advice, tell him that he has no future?



**Vannessa:** I could give you the answer that makes me sound cool and tough. But, honestly, I wouldn't. I'm sorry.

**Todd:** Isaac, you work at a design place?

**Isaac:** Actually, I work at a full service sign shop. We do everything. For a long time, I used to do vinyl, put stickers on stuff. That was my job. Now, I'm repairing neon. Fixing electrical signs. I don't know how I got into it.

**Todd:** How long have you been doing it?

**Isaac:** Eight years?

**Todd:** Do you enjoy it?

**Isaac:** Fuck, no. I want to be in a band. I don't want a job.

**Todd:** Does it pay everything out, though, so you can be in a band?

**Isaac:** Yeah, but if it wasn't for my sugar mamma, I wouldn't be living.

**Vannessa:** [Rolls her eyes] Great. Every other creep is going to be all, "Damn! When are they breaking up? She needs to pay for my shit."

**Todd:** Dick, I couldn't help but notice that when I got into the van, the side panels had the word "American" washed out, like there were stickers on it before, long-removed. Do you still work for American Home Furnishings as the head maintenance and custodian guy?

**Dick:** I never was a custodian.

**Isaac:** In your face, research!

**Todd:** Fuck you, internet!

**Dick:** I write for the magazine called *File Brownie*. I do music reviews. I've been doing that for, like, thirteen years. [laughs at me.] I work at some bullshit furniture store.

**Isaac:** They filed for bankruptcy, so he's a victim of the economy.

**Dick:** [As if on cue, Dick's cell phone rings. It is his work. It is 8:30 PM on a Saturday. Dick advises that cones be put out to mark off an area.]

**Isaac:** [In hushed tones, while Dick's on the phone] Yesterday, for an hour, he was telling this dude how to fix all the phones in the furniture store. They weren't working. He's driving and almost crashed into the border patrol station.

**Dick:** [After talking on the phone for five minutes] I do maintenance and schedule people and do all kinds of crap. My job's ending in a month-and-a-half. They're closing down. I've got a bunch of stuff lined up.

**Todd:** In what way do your jobs correlate with being in Shark Pants?

**Dick:** I can get time off that I need. I'm the boss, so I can do what I need to do. But, when you're working, you're not really playing music.

**Todd:** Would you like to play music full time?

**Dick:** Hell yeah.

**Vannessa:** No doubt about it.

**Isaac:** I'll be hanging out with L.A. Guns every day.

**Dick:** We've got to stop promoting *La Guns*. He did give us directions earlier and that's cool.

**Todd:** L.A. Guns? You're not joking?

**Isaac:** I'm not kidding. We're tight with them niggaz.

**Dick:** Yeah. We got kind of lost. We passed L.A., so we pulled off and this dude waiting for the bus tried to give us directions, but then we're like "We don't take directions from bums!" and we drove away. Then we see L.A. Guns and we asked how to get to Pedro and they totally frickin' told us. It was crazy, dude.

**Isaac:** There aren't no Tucson Guns.

**Dick:** No Phoenix Guns. There's only the Phoenix Suns.

**Todd:** Vannessa, is it true that your father was the mayor of Nogales?

**Vannessa:** [bashfully] Yeah. My dad is a career politician and that was his last job. Then he retired.

**Todd:** What benefits did you get from that?





**TODD: ISAAC, YOU WORK AT A DESIGN PLACE? DO YOU ENJOY IT?**

**ISAAC: FUCK, NO.  
I WANT TO BE IN A BAND.  
I DON'T WANT A JOB.**

**Vannessa:** When he was the mayor, I wasn't living in Nogales any more, so I didn't really use any of the perks. If I got pulled over across the line...

**Isaac:** Meaning Mexico...

**Vannessa:** The chief of police would come and help me out and shit like that. I've gotten stopped, but I've never had anything on me or anything like that.

**Todd:** Isaac, when you were younger, you worked at a produce warehouse?

**Isaac:** No, actually, my mom got a job at a warehouse that dealt with power supplies, power strips and extension cords, and they would sell shit to Radio Shack and Home Depot and all these big companies. They had a factory in Mexico. When that whole NAFTA thing happened, my mom was the NAFTA person for that company. She handled bringing material from other countries here. She got me a job there on the floor at the warehouse, filling orders. "Put seventeen of these in this box, then five of these, then mail them to this place." So I would pack them up, walk around the warehouse, put them on a dolly, listen to music, take a nap in between palettes.

**Dick:** Boring.

**Isaac:** It wasn't boring, but my little brother's probably going to read this.

**Dick:** It was "awesome." He learned "a lot of great skills."

**Todd:** "And responsibility!"

**Isaac:** I decided, "Fuck this. I'm going to school and I'm going to get the fuck out of this little town and head for Tucson." I knew The Weird Lovemakers. "Fuck, yeah, I got it made." And that's what happened. Now we've got these millions of fans, trillions of dollars.

**Todd:** Isaac, what was the nicest amp that you never gave to your brother for Christmas?

**Isaac:** He's sixteen. He needs an amp that's gonna have balls, distortion, and shit. Loud. So I have this Sovtek...

**Todd:** But you didn't give it to your brother?

**Isaac:** No, I didn't. He's too young still. He wouldn't have appreciated it like I would, so I just kept it for myself and gave him one of mine.

**Todd:** Where did you get the other one from?

**Isaac:** It's not even paid for yet. [laughs] A friend of mine, Charlie, sold it to me on credit and I still haven't paid him 'til this day.

**Todd:** How long ago was that?

**Isaac:** I don't know. Five years? Six years? I'm a fuckin' jerk, man. Shit.

**Todd:** Vannessa, what G.I. Joe character have you dressed up as?

**Vannessa:** Actually haven't. I wanted to and now it's going to be too late because the movie's coming out.

**Dick:** In your face research, take two.... It's a good thing that Hollywood's so creative.

**Vannessa:** I wanted to dress up as the Baroness (intelligence officer and lieutenant to the Cobra Commander). We went to Fest. We didn't want to carry too much shit. We were on tour, so there was no time for me to go make a costume. It was going to be super elaborate. To a tee, man, except for the hair.

**Isaac:** I lost my Storm Shadow action figure in a river. I remember. A.J. Mitchell elementary school. I was playing with him in a river. Fuckin' washed him away. It was so awesome 'cause you're playing in the fuckin' river. Sticks to make little forts and shit. I love G.I. Joe, man. I gave them to my little brother and he broke 'em.

**Todd:** We'd light them on fire with model glue. That was good stuff.

**Dick:** Build models, then burn them. Yeah!

**Vannessa:** Burn your fort.

**Todd:** My brother and I burned our fort down. We "invaded" by throwing smoke bombs at it and it caught the netting on fire. Tense fifteen minutes.

**Isaac:** It must suck living in the city. There's no forts in the city.

**Todd:** I have a philosophical/historical question...

**Dick:** Buttons!

**Todd:** San Pedro had the Minutemen. Did Tucson have an equivalent to a hometown band that toured the nation in the '80s, yet stayed rooted in the punk community?

**Dick:** Whoah, c'mon. There's no equivalent to the Minutemen.

**Todd:** That's not what I mean. A band from the '80s that was awesome, but also espoused something more than just a bunch of songs. I'm at loss at how The Blacks, Los Federales, Weird Lovemakers, Pork Torta, Knockout Pills...

**Dick:** Hobart.

**Todd:** Bob Log, Doo Rag... how all that happened.

**Isaac:** I don't know. We're not from Tucson.

**Dick:** There was a period when there was a lot of cool bands that were there. I'm from Michigan, so I don't know what that question would mean.

**Todd:** It's a historical question. You're kind of from there, certainly more than I am.

**Dick:** There's not really any older Tucson bands that I know about.

**Isaac:** For me, I knew The Weird Lovemakers and I knew Los Federales, Travis and them. They used to come to Nogales and play.

**Vannessa:** The DPC (Downtown Performance Center) was there so there were a shitload of bands that came through and you'd hear about those shows. You don't really hear about bands that were from Tucson.

**Isaac:** My first show was I saw The Drags and The Fells. When I was a little kid, my friend's brother lived in Tucson and sold pot. I don't remember shit... and that's my awesome story.

**Vannessa:** There was the Meat Puppets.

**Dick:** But that was Phoenix. I think that those bands were so awesome that Tucson didn't even have a chance. They had Feederz and Meat Puppets. What are you gonna do?

**Todd:** Tucson feels like it's its own Petri dish. It's isolated enough and it did develop its own DIY punk rock sound that's different than any other city's.

**Isaac:** But that's really underground. Honestly, in Tucson, nobody gives a fuck about us at all, except for our friends.



# FUCK SANTANA. I HATE THAT SHIT. I GOT TRAUMATIZED BY THAT SHIT.

**Todd:** The other thing I like about Tucson music is that there are people who aren't necessarily in bands, but have been supportive of the music for a long, long time. I'm going to throw a name out. Mark Beef.

**Isaac:** But Mark, I'm playing in a band with him right now called Lenguas Largas.

**Vannessa:** He's also in another band called Full-Blown AIDS.

**Isaac:** Mark Beef is the number one citizen of Tucson. If Tucson was a KFC, Mark Beef would be Colonel Sanders.

**Dick:** He's really open to new things and he really supports stuff. He'll write about things, bring bands in. He's in contact with a lot of people and he brings them to Tucson.

**Todd:** Did any of you guys have James "Sonny" Peters as a music teacher?



**Isaac:** [laughs] Yeah. That's one of my best friend's dad... I'm gonna say it, dude. I'm gonna say it. Nah, I'm not going to say it... Even since we were little kids, it was always me and my brother playing music. Jaime, Sonny's son, is my age. He just got married. My homie for life. So, anyway, we used to steal weed from his dad and practice in their basement. He actually gave us our first show. He was always playing in cumbia bands. He's an old school musician, bad ass. He's in a Paul McCartney video. He knows all these people. When we were little kids, all stupid, "Fuck this. Let's listen to NOFX." Hector of the Lovemakers was from Nogales. Sonny knew him too.

**Todd:** Tell me a little bit about growing up in Nogales as opposed to living in Tucson.

**Vannessa:** It was the best.

**Isaac:** It's a small town. When you're a little kid, you hate it because it's so small. For me, I just wanted to get the fuck out of there. Because it's a border town, everything was happening in Mexico. We met a lot of people there, started playing a lot of shows there. Started making a really cool scene there. It's a new generation now.

**Todd:** Vannessa, you're a fan of the author Mary Roach. What was the most memorable section of *Spook* for you?

**Vannessa:** I thought the part about the medium secreting ectoplasm between her legs was pretty funny. I'm fascinated with the afterlife and paranormal psychology in general. It goes back to when I was a kid. My grandmother practiced witchcraft. We had a witchdoctor live in our guest house for a few months and had séances at our house. Crazy stuff like that.

**Todd:** It's been said that the Swing Ding Amigos were "trying to get laid rather than flyer for a show."

**Isaac:** The first tour we ever did, we did a split 7" with The Blacks and we purposely didn't put an address or anything on the record just in case we got anybody pregnant.

**Dick:** At least you thought ahead, though.

**Vannessa:** [incredulous] Nobody would ever find out.

**Todd:** "I'm all out of clues."

**Isaac:** Look, we were in our early twenties. All we were thinking about was shit like that. It was our first time on tour. We come to Pedro. "Holy shit. Loli And The Chonies are here." People we had records of. We played in San Francisco and there's dudes from The Mummies at the show.

**Todd:** So, you wanted to have sex with The Mummies dudes?

**Vannessa:** They were open to everything.

**Isaac:** Maybe that cloth was wrapped really tight. Maybe they had some double Ds under that shit. [laughs] It's in our Latin blood, let's just put it that way.

**Dick:** Sex with men. Little boys. [laughter]

**Todd:** Surprisingly, to me, one of the influences that Shark Pants cites is "lots of pussy."

**Vannessa:** Oww.

**Dick:** There's a lot of stuff in those influences that I can't really agree with.

**Vannessa:** That being one of them.

**Dick:** Up until two weeks ago, I didn't have a computer, so I didn't know what was going on. "Wow... this is... cool?"

**Isaac:** My brain is a little kid's. That's all it is.

**Dick:** A little kid who likes the chicks.

**Vannessa:** That's totally the truth about me. It's what I do it for. The pussy. [laughs]





**Todd:** So, does it feel weird that you two, Isaac and Vanessa, have been in a long-term relationship?

**Isaac:** I don't know.

**Dick:** We're just trying to look like assholes so nobody will really care about us.

**Todd:** Vanessa, did you ever go on a date with somebody...

**Vanessa:** Oh, god. Jesus... I did get kicked out of Disneyland for having sex.

**Isaac:** That wasn't me.

**Vanessa:** [laughs]

**Isaac:** Shit, dude.

**Dick:** They don't have a sex room in Disneyland?

**Vanessa:** No, that's not true.

**Todd:** Okay, so a date with someone, watching a movie, and at the end of the movie was hardcore pornography?

**Vanessa:** Oh, god. Yeah. I went on a date with Travis Spillers from The Knockout Pills. So we went over to his house and watched a movie. He got up and went to the bathroom, and he left me there and the credits were rolling and, all of a sudden, this hardcore porno comes on. That was my first date with him so I didn't know what the fuck. I didn't know if he was going to come out naked or a robe, ready to go.

**Todd:** "I'm just a loner with boner."

**Vanessa:** It was pretty awkward, man. After that, I was all "Ewwhh." He came back in, "Oh my god!" He seemed be really embarrassed. His face was red. "I don't know what to say. I really didn't plan that." And that was my last date with him. No, it did not work.

**Todd:** Dick, do you have a closet full of costumes?

**Dick:** I have a trailer full of costumes. I like Halloween a lot. I like costumes. Usually, instead of renting them, I just buy them.

**Isaac:** But he buys those full-body, big ones. Underneath Scooby Doo's nose there's a hole for his face. Barney-sized.

**Vanessa:** On the cover of The Blacks.

**Dick:** That's my caterpillar costume. Crappy the Clown. I have a gorilla suit. I have, I don't know, maybe seven costumes?

**Isaac:** It's never an even number.

**Dick:** Lately, I haven't really dressed up for Halloween because we've been at The Fest, and it kinda sucks in that way. Don't get me wrong. The Fest is badass, but it sucks in that part because you don't really get to dress up all crazy.

**Isaac:** But that's the only part that sucks.

**Todd:** So are the costumes tied into sex or fun?

**Dick:** Fun.

**Todd:** So, Dick, who made a stencil of your head and spray painted it onto their skateboard?

**Dick:** Danny. The place we're having the party at right now. From what he was saying, Rawl (Morales of Killer Dreamer) made the stencil. Danny said that he was cleaning his house and he makes skateboards, so he just used it. And I just got one today. It's totally cool. It's crazy. I can't believe it.

**Isaac:** And it says "Dick" underneath...

**Todd:** Dick, did you give the Fuck All Night Super Stars their name?

**Dick:** Yeah. I thought of the "get a shitload of people from Tucson together and making a supergroup" thing, too.

**Todd:** And there's a guy named Neil in the band?

**Dick:** Uh huh.

**Todd:** Did you lend Neil your shorts?

**Dick:** I did. It was my playing shorts. I think it was in Mexico.

**Isaac:** When he was wearing those boots on the beach, looking like an asshole. [laughter] Motorcycle boots.

**Dick:** I don't remember what happened. For some reason, he needed some pants and I gave him what I had.

**Isaac:** Neil used to have this place called the San Francisco Bar and Grill in Tucson, and he used to feed every band that played





# AUSTIN LUCAS

SOMEBODY LOVES YOU

LP/CD/DELUXE SET AVAILABLE MARCH 10TH '09

## IN THE RED

VOLUME 2 LP/CD/Deluxe Set Available March 31st '09



## DRAG THE RIVER

BAD AT BREAKING UP

7"s/CD/Deluxe Set available February 24th '09

The first solo album by  
LP/CD/Deluxe Set available February 24th '09

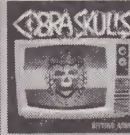
Jon Snodgrass

VISITORS BAND

*Stereotyperider*  
*Songs In The Keys of F and U*  
LP/CD available February '09



WWW.SUBURBANHOMERECORDS.COM  
WWW.VINYLCOLLECTIVE.COM







there. It was a nice restaurant. Seafood and steak. Give them whatever they wanted to drink for free, all night. Neil's a homie.

**Todd:** With the shorts, did you know that Neil had gonorrhea when he returned them?

**Isaac:** He's not my homie. I take that back.

**Dick:** I know that he's got several drip issues and he's got all sorts of other issues, but is that really fair to talk about his sexual diseases in this interview?

**Todd:** This is directly from Neil, Dick, so I think he's cool with it. "I think I told him already. I also wrote 'I pooped here' on them." I'd be freaked out.

**Dick:** Well, I don't have gonorrhea, so I guess it all worked out.

**Isaac:** There's so much more evil stuff in his shorts than gonorrhea.

**Dick:** Gonorrhea probably doesn't have a chance. [laughs]

**Isaac:** It's like gingivitis and Listerine. You can't fuck with that shit. That formula.

**Dick:** That's all love sweat in there.

**Todd:** Isaac, what's the last dance you've invented?

**Dick:** Didn't you just invent one today?

**Isaac:** No, that's Chris Kohler (Sexy). He was doing "The Topsy." I was just trying to learn it. Chris Kohler's topsy all the time... Hey, I'm not hating.

**Todd:** You did invent "The Fish," right?

**Isaac:** No. My friend from Nogales, his name was Carotas, which means big faces, but he was telling us one time, you know, it's when dudes are around, all drunk, talking shit...

**Dick:** Making out.

**Isaac:** Talking about some girl...

**Dick:** Or guy...

**Isaac:** All gang banger, to do "The Fish," like a dick in her armpits, and in her mouth... I don't know, but he did a dance. I can't take credit for that genius dance invention.

**Todd:** Were there face mannerisms involved?

**Isaac:** Yes, there was. The sucking in of the cheeks. It was pretty cool.

**Todd:** So, it was an instructional kind of dance?

**Isaac:** I guess so. It was kind of like a Jazzercise. We actually saw Richard Simmons at the airport when we were going to Japan, and my brother was following him with a camera. "Hey Richard!" and he turns around. He's just carrying a pillow and Richard Simmons is all, "Happy airport!" Awesome. He looks all weird. He does exercise videos. He doesn't look like he's in shape.

**Todd:** One thing I really respect about Shark Pants is that you guys could fly so many different banners to possibly lure fans, but you don't. You're just an excellent band that lets the band's music speak for itself. You don't say, "Listen to us solely because we're rock en Español." And you don't say, as a starting point or focus of the band, "We're going to fly the Mexican American heritage flag."

**Isaac:** I've always hated shit like that. I have really good friends in Tucson who really fly the heritage flag. To them, everything has to have a Latin sound. I hate fuckin' Santana. When you're a little kid, your uncle finds out, "Oh, he's playing guitar. All right, play some Santana." Fuck Santana. I hate that shit. I got traumatized by that shit.

Next question.

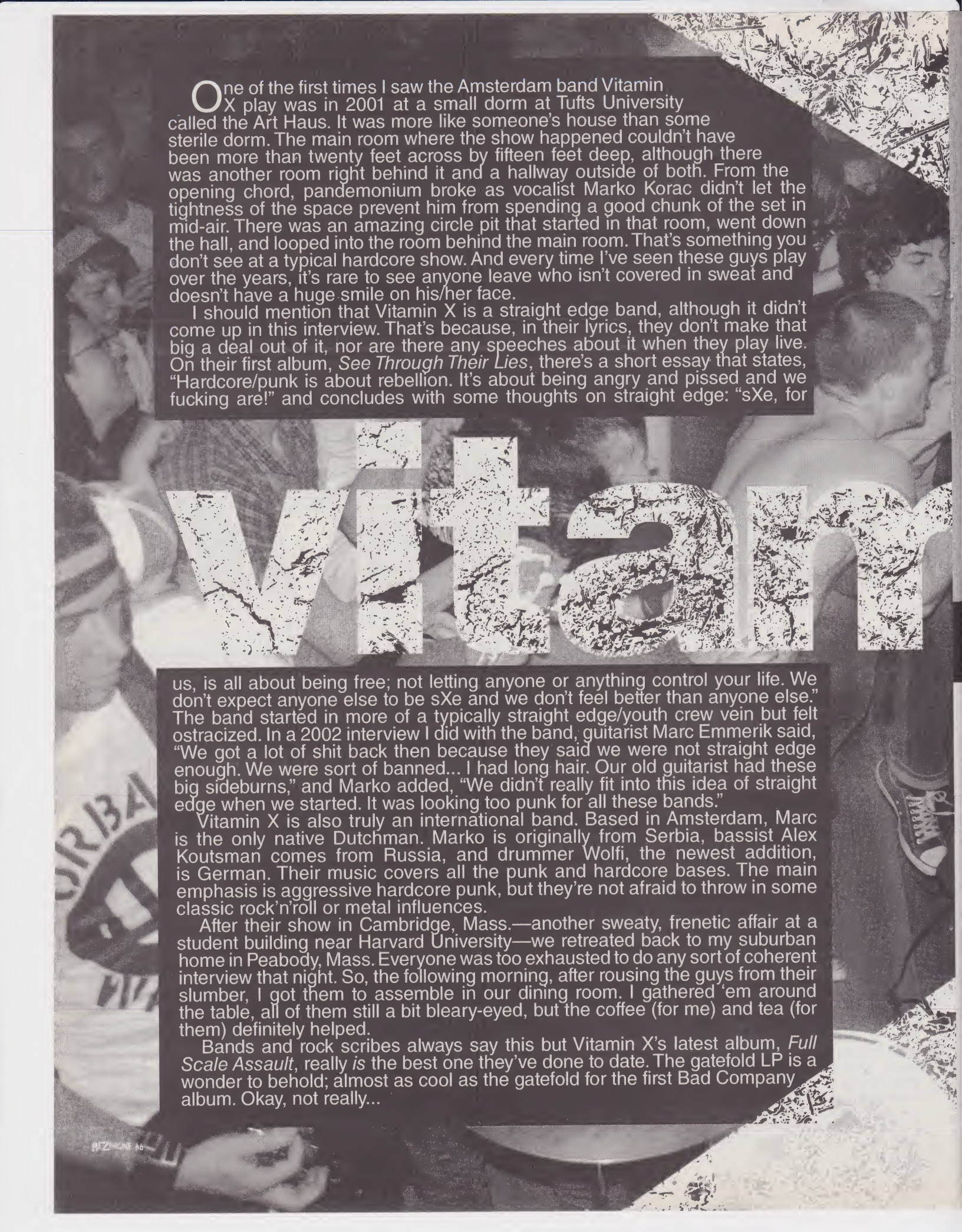
**Todd:** That's my last question.

**Vannessa:** I think it's more like we're just doing our thing. If Isaac writes a song, sometimes we don't hear the lyrics, in English or in Spanish. We just do the music. We don't go, "We should have something that sounds like this," or we should have a song in Spanish to get people who are Mexican to be into us. We were going to do a whole record in Spanish, but we never did it.

**Isaac:** There was talk of doing the *Porno Snakehead* record in Spanish.

**Dick:** But not to want people to like us just because of that, but because we could tour Mexico and people could appreciate it.





One of the first times I saw the Amsterdam band Vitamin X play was in 2001 at a small dorm at Tufts University called the Art Haus. It was more like someone's house than some sterile dorm. The main room where the show happened couldn't have been more than twenty feet across by fifteen feet deep, although there was another room right behind it and a hallway outside of both. From the opening chord, pandemonium broke as vocalist Marko Korac didn't let the tightness of the space prevent him from spending a good chunk of the set in mid-air. There was an amazing circle pit that started in that room, went down the hall, and looped into the room behind the main room. That's something you don't see at a typical hardcore show. And every time I've seen these guys play over the years, it's rare to see anyone leave who isn't covered in sweat and doesn't have a huge smile on his/her face.

I should mention that Vitamin X is a straight edge band, although it didn't come up in this interview. That's because, in their lyrics, they don't make that big a deal out of it, nor are there any speeches about it when they play live. On their first album, *See Through Their Lies*, there's a short essay that states, "Hardcore/punk is about rebellion. It's about being angry and pissed and we fucking are!" and concludes with some thoughts on straight edge: "sXe, for

# vitamin

us, is all about being free; not letting anyone or anything control your life. We don't expect anyone else to be sXe and we don't feel better than anyone else." The band started in more of a typically straight edge/youth crew vein but felt ostracized. In a 2002 interview I did with the band, guitarist Marc Emmerik said, "We got a lot of shit back then because they said we were not straight edge enough. We were sort of banned... I had long hair. Our old guitarist had these big sideburns," and Marko added, "We didn't really fit into this idea of straight edge when we started. It was looking too punk for all these bands."

Vitamin X is also truly an international band. Based in Amsterdam, Marc is the only native Dutchman. Marko is originally from Serbia, bassist Alex Koutsman comes from Russia, and drummer Wolfi, the newest addition, is German. Their music covers all the punk and hardcore bases. The main emphasis is aggressive hardcore punk, but they're not afraid to throw in some classic rock'n'roll or metal influences.

After their show in Cambridge, Mass.—another sweaty, frenetic affair at a student building near Harvard University—we retreated back to my suburban home in Peabody, Mass. Everyone was too exhausted to do any sort of coherent interview that night. So, the following morning, after rousing the guys from their slumber, I got them to assemble in our dining room. I gathered 'em around the table, all of them still a bit bleary-eyed, but the coffee (for me) and tea (for them) definitely helped.

Bands and rock scribes always say this but Vitamin X's latest album, *Full Scale Assault*, really is the best one they've done to date. The gatefold LP is a wonder to behold; almost as cool as the gatefold for the first Bad Company album. Okay, not really...



AMY TOXIC

# AMY

interview by **al quint**  
his lovely wife, **ellen**, participated as well  
graphic design by **albert lam**



**"the basic motivation for anybody making this music is just being angry and depressed with the whole society. That hasn't changed in the twelve, twenty, or even the last one hundred years."**

**Al:** Let's start off with the most important question. Why don't you think baseball's a real sport, Marko?

**Marko:** Same as you think about cricket. It makes no sense to most of us Europeans. [laughs] I wouldn't go too deep into this discussion, though.

**Al:** Why? It's more fun than talking about punk rock. [laughter] All right, I'll ask the real questions. At this point, you've been a band for twelve years. What gives you the motivation to keep doing this? Do you ever get tired of doing it?

**Marko:** Yeah, sometimes a bit. Burning out from too much stress of booking tours, touring. For example, now with the new record, it took us forever to finish the layout and recording to complete the whole thing. And combining it with work and the day-to-day life, I've been freaking out. But then the tour started and the fun started again. Recording the record in our hands gave us the motivation and the energy. Seeing new bands—enough things are happening around me to give me more motivation and love for this music.

**Marc:** Our first practice was twelve years ago, but the first few years we didn't play that many shows. We recorded and released our first album in 2000, and I consider that a starting point. This is also when Alex entered the band, in late 1999. So, if you count from that time, it's nine years. From that time on, we started touring. Every tour and release that we did in those nine years have been better—the response from the people. We also think that each release was better than the previous release. This also keeps us motivated.

**Alex:** I think the basic motivation for anybody making this music is just being angry and depressed with the whole society. That hasn't changed in the twelve, twenty, or even the last one hundred years.

**Al:** It's gotten worse.

**Alex:** Exactly. With the economic crisis looming above us, global warming, the American presidential campaign, and the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, all those things are still very much...

**Marko:** Stimulating punk bands.

**Alex:** ...and motivating us to keep on going and making us angry, just as well as daily routine and peer pressure. Those kinds of things are still there.

**Al:** The last time I talked to you (in early '08), around the time you were recording, you said that you were trying to find a label. How did you end up doing the record (*Full Scale Assault*) with Scotty (from Tankcrimes)?

**Marko:** Scotty offered to do the record for us while we were on tour because he heard from Joe, our driver, that we'd just done a new LP. After all the talks with different labels and different people, we decided that

the smartest move would be to keep doing records with somebody who we can really trust and who is really a friend. Scotty's a friend. We've known him for a long time. Besides that, we all like his label. He's a very hard-working guy and he can definitely be compared with what Felix used to do with Havoc. His label's a fast-growing record label and he's around everywhere; he's got diversity with different kinds of music.

**Al:** How did you end up doing the record with Steve Albini?

**Marc:** I first asked Ian MacKaye. He was actually into it, but he couldn't fit it in his schedule. I wanted to record it in the U.S. to have a less distracting situation, because when we're in the Netherlands, we're recording all the time in the same studio. We've been there for years. The only other person we came up with was Albini.

**Marko:** When Marc started mentioning Albini, I thought he was just joking. And it took a couple of weeks to get serious. He kept saying "Why not? Why not?" Then, in the end, we ended up at a Shellac show in Amsterdam and talked to Albini. He turned out to be a really nice guy, a very normal person. Then I got it in my mind that this really is going to happen with Albini. This is serious. Then we called him and booked the studio.

**Al:** When you were recording it, did he have any sort of creative input in terms of the sound? Did he make any suggestions or did you guys pretty much know what you wanted?

**Alex:** I thought that was the really good thing about working with Steve Albini—he doesn't want to put his stamp on the recordings. He says the band decides what they do and, "I just put the mic and record what they're doing." On the record, he doesn't want it to say that it's produced by him. He wants it to say that it's recorded by him. He has a really great studio and he has a lot of expertise and experience. So, he definitely helped us in some ways, telling us when we should hurry up or telling us when we should use a specific microphone.

**Marko:** He'll give advice, but he's not telling us what to do.

**Alex:** He's a really down-to-earth guy. The first day, we were in awe of him being Steve Albini.

**Marc:** He walks around in his workingman's clothes, plumber clothes. So that separates him from the band immediately. He's got all these tools. [laughter] At first, I thought he was fixing some sink or something, and the next day he was wearing this again.

**Alex:** But then later, he warmed up and started teaching us fart jokes. [laughter]

**Marko:** That was the turning point for me, actually, this whole farting thing. They were downstairs setting up the equipment and trying out everything the first two days. They were recording all the instruments and I was upstairs with Steve Albini, hanging around before I started singing. So I was going to ask Steve Albini all these questions, and I got locked. I couldn't say a word. I was like, "Whoa, Steve Albini" [laughter] and he was actually pretty quiet, very professional, until one moment when he farted, and I farted, and that was the turning point where we started talking. I got more open at that point because I was, like, he's actually human. He's a normal guy.

**Alex:** Marko is such an anal guy. [laughter]

**Marc:** Steve says he's not producing the record, but just recording. Actually, while mixing the record, I never saw anybody have such a big influence in the mixing process because, when he mixes, he starts with the first song and, when he's ready with that song all the settings are back to zero.

**Al:** He does separate settings for each song?

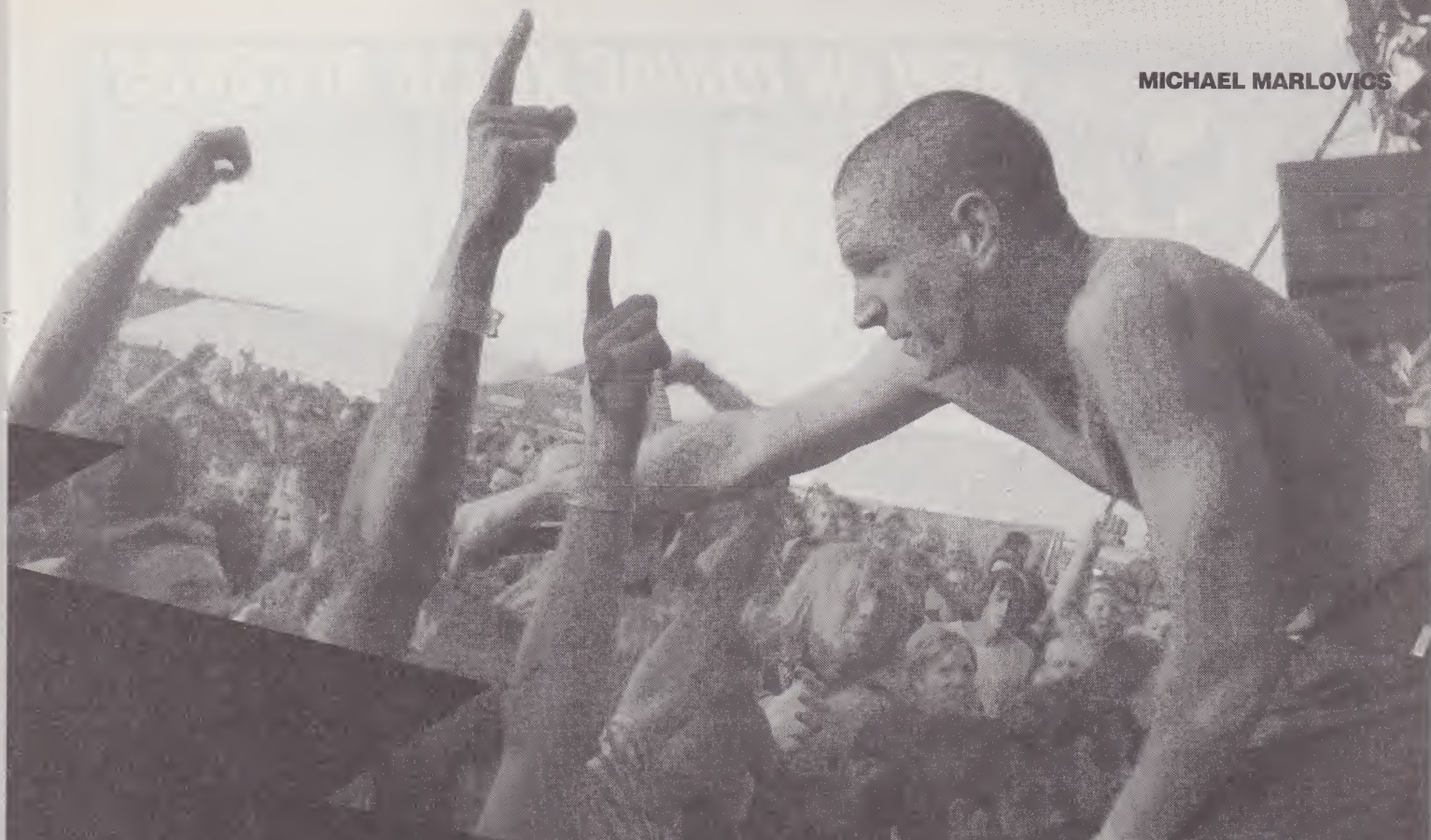
**Marc:** Exactly. At first, I was like, should we do it like this? This is the way he works. He said that every song should sound good on its own. It doesn't matter if, in one song, the guitar is louder or the vocals are lower. Each song should stand on its own. Normally, you just set it up and let it run through. Then, also, everything in the studio is analog. There's no computer there. Little mistakes he just fixes by cutting the tape.

**Marko:** With a razor and [makes a sound like a razor cutting tape]. The speed—how fast he's doing that—it's incredible to watch, very quick.

**Al:** You also got John Brannon (Negative Approach) to sing on the new album. How did that happen?

**Marc:** Negative Approach was doing a reunion in England at the All Tomorrow's Parties fest. It was done by the guy from Sonic Youth (Thurston Moore) and he could invite all the bands that he wanted. So there was Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr., MC5, Stooges, Melvins, Flipper, and Negative Approach. Me, Alex, and Marko really wanted to see Negative Approach because that was the first time they were doing a European show, and we thought that would be the last time. The





other bands on the bill were really good so we decided to go there. It was at some resort and everybody was just walking around. You could talk with everybody in the bands. We spoke with Lou Barlow (from Dinosaur Jr. and Deep Wound), and I had this Deep Wound pin. He was looking at it, and I gave it to him.

**Alex:** And he said, "J. Mascis is going to be so jealous!" [laughter]

**Marc:** The Negative Approach dudes were also walking around. We started talking with them because we wanted to do an interview with them.

**Marko:** For *Last Breath* fanzine.

**Marc:** Somehow, we ended up backstage and we were just hanging out. Afterwards, we were in their bungalow room at the park there. They were really cool guys. Six months later, they did this huge show in Antwerp with 1,500 people showing up and millions of people getting hospitalized. [laughter] Because we already knew them, we ended up backstage and, by that time, we already knew we were going to record in the U.S. I told him we were going to record in Chicago and somehow he said, "I can do vocals." He gave me his phone number.

So maybe two months before the recording, I told Marko I still had Brannon's phone number and, "Shall I give him a call and ask him?" Marko was like, "It's not going to happen." But I said, "Let's call

him and see what he says." I got him on the phone, and he said he was really into it. So, after a few more phone calls we agreed to do it in Detroit, since Chicago was too far away from him. Until the moment that the recording started, which was at noon in Detroit, we didn't know if he would show up. Because every time we had him on the phone, he was like, "Yeah, yeah. I'm going to come do it. It's fucking great, amazing," and I would ask him, "John, are you sure you're going to come?"

**Marko:** And it actually really happened. We couldn't believe it until the real moment and then we went, holy shit, he's actually doing vocals to our music. Same with Steve Albini. It's like a child's dream becomes true.

**Alex:** It's not even a child's dream because you never dream of something like this. It never comes up in your head when you start the band.

**Al:** Last night, we were talking about European attitudes towards the U.S. I was curious to see, considering all the shit that's happened, especially for the last eight years with the so-called "war on terror" and war in Iraq and economic issues, what's the general attitude or opinion about what's going on over here or how they're interacting with the

rest of the world?

**Alex:** Clearly, since the war in Afghanistan and Iraq, the public opinion of the U.S. government has gone down a lot. I think the U.S. is the least popular than it ever was since, basically, the Second World War. Of course, it's easy to hate Bush because he's so ridiculously stupid sometimes. On the other hand, his policies are not just based on stupidity. There are strong, conservative people in his government and lots of lobbyists that are pushing him to do certain things.

**Marc:** For people in Europe, I think both candidates are kind of conservative. Even the Democratic candidate would be a pretty conservative person in the Netherlands.

**Marko:** He would be considered right wing in our country.

**Marc:** The so-called democratic way of U.S. voting, for me, is not democratic. I think people in Europe don't understand

**"That was the turning point for me, actually, this whole farting thing."**





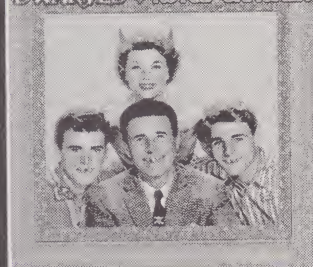
# NEW ON ZODIAC KILLER RECORDS!

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM ZKR:

Electric Frankenstein "Burn Fast, Burn Bright" CD  
 The Specimens "The Quick & The Dead / Fast & Loose" CD  
 H.O.S.S. "Nightsnake" CD  
 Drink Fuck Fight Volume I & II CDs  
 Idol Lips "Too Much For The City" CD  
 Skintight Jaguars "The Curse" CD  
 The Lash Outs Self-Titled CD  
 Brainerd "Animal Mother" CD  
 The Hip Priests / Sonic Negroes "Dogfight" CD  
 Before I Hang "Mississippi" CD  
 Sonic Negroes "Honky Bastard Blues" CD  
 The Boys Self-Titled CD  
 The Lookies / Truckstop Lovechild Split 7"  
 Truckstop Lovechild "A Damn Good 33-52" CD  
 Truckstop Lovechild "Three Chords From The Truth" CD  
 The Steakknives "We Can't Stand This World" 7"  
 Medicated Motherfuckers "Relapsed" CD  
 The Nicotine Fits "Like The Curse" CD  
 Luxury Pushers "Welcome To The Party, Traitor" CD  
 The Living Wrecks "Cheap Heat" CD  
 The Pneumonias "Cheap Trash Rock 'n' Roll" CD  
 Kilego Vert "Journey to the Deepest Part" CD  
 Bad Luck Charms "Bad Luck & Heartbreak" CD

CHECK OUT OUR FULL CATALOGUE AT  
[WWW.ZODIACKILLERRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.ZODIACKILLERRECORDS.COM)

DWARVES & ROYCE CRACKER

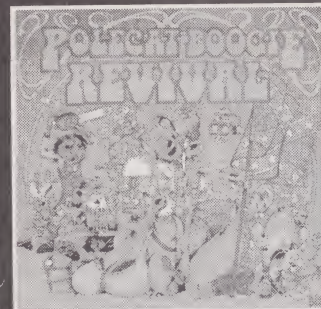


**DWARVES / ROYCE CRACKER**  
 Split 7" - Available Soon

THE CANDY SNATCHERS



**THE CANDY SNATCHERS**  
 7" - Available Soon



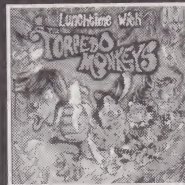
**POLECAT BOOGIE REVIVAL**  
 Self-Titled CD



**SILVER COCKS**  
 "Holiday in Auschwitz" 7"



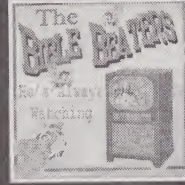
**DISGUSTER vs HITCHHIKERS**  
 Split CD



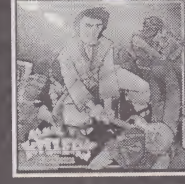
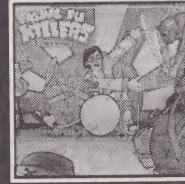
**THE TORPEDO MONKEYS**  
 "Lunchtime With"



**INSOMNIAKE**  
 "No Sleep" CD



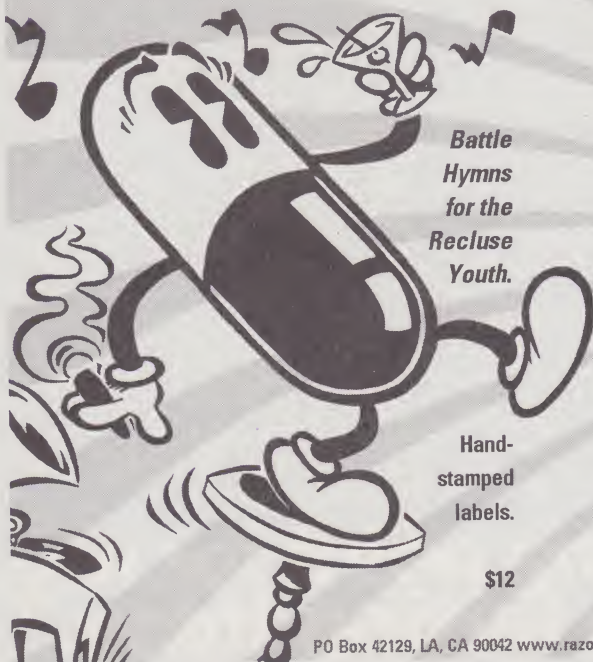
**THE BIBLE BEATERS**  
 Self-Titled CD



**KUNG FU KILLERS - FIVE 7" SET - INTERLOCKING ARTWORK - AVAILABLE ONLY AS A SET - GOING FAST!!**

## RAZORCAKE RECORDS

Re-issue of Tiltwheel's first full-length  
 LP+CD from 1996



Battle  
 Hymns  
 for the  
 Recluse  
 Youth.

Hand-  
 stamped  
 labels.

\$12

Killer Dreamer's  
 3rd 12" EP + CD

1,000  
 Years of  
 Servitude

Hand silk-screened,  
 hand-stamped.

\$10



PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042 [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org). Please add \$1 to all orders for postage increase. Thanks.



with different states. Like, some states don't matter whether you vote or not. Some states are already Democratic, some are Republican. When Al Gore won the popular vote, what is democratic about it when the majority of people vote for you but you don't get to be the president? For people in the Netherlands and the whole of Europe, this is a pretty weird system. To me, it's not democratic at all. It's all about separate states like in Florida eight years ago—that was so unbelievably stupid.

**Marc:** I don't understand how the U.S. can impose democracy on other countries while their own democracy, for me, is worth nothing.

**Al:** One of the big issues in this country has been immigration, especially so-called illegal immigration. There's a lot of prejudice towards any type of immigrant these days. I know that Marko and Alex are both immigrants from Serbia and Russia, respectively. What were the situations where you had to leave your countries and, also,

my stuff, sold some records, and ran away in July. The reason why I moved to Holland, specifically Amsterdam, was I had this whole idea of a very open-minded, liberal kind of city and state. Also, as a kid, I was listening to all the Dutch hardcore bands.

I thought it was going to be a mecca for that kind of music. [laughs] From the first moment, I got really disappointed because the punk wasn't great anymore. It was really quiet when I moved there and, as a refugee,

**DONOTTHEDEAD**



**“The so-called democratic way of U.S. voting, for me, is **not** democratic.”**

**Alex:** If something like this would have happened in another country, in Europe, it could be called a coup.

**Marko:** It reminds me back in the days when I still lived in Serbia. Under the communistic government, we had to vote for different members of the same party. This is what I'm seeing in the U.S. Basically, you only have two parties, and there's not any other possible choice. What I would actually like to see in the U.S. is Ralph Nader taking over five percent and finally having another party independent of those two, which are so interconnected.

what is the attitude towards immigrants in Holland right now?

**Marko:** I immigrated to Holland in 1993. I'd just turned twenty. It was because of obvious reasons. The war had already been going on there for two years and went on for another couple of years until the U.S. and other NATO countries started dropping bombs there, but that's another issue. I didn't have any choice except running away from the country because everything was getting so ridiculous. People were getting vaporized during the night. I was supposed to go into the army in September (1993) and I just took

I had a lot of problems sorting out the (immigration) papers. The good thing about Amsterdam was I could live in different squats. Finding a place to stay wasn't that big an issue as getting the papers sorted out. It took me four years. It can take years. I know people who freaked out just from waiting and for living in some kind of limbo—insecurity about what's going to happen—“Are they going to send me back or not?” If you can't concentrate, try to do some other things, try to put it on the side... if there's too much thinking about it, it destroys people. Everything went okay in the end, but it took me so much money and conversations with lawyers and claims. It wasn't easy at all, and Holland is supposed to be one of the most open countries for refugees.

**Alex:** I was really unhappy with how me and my family were treated as refugees. They put



FROM THE CREATORS OF PUNK ROCK SOCIAL-LIVE  
COMES THE LONG-AWAITED DVD RELEASE:

# The QUEERS

## ALIVE IN HOLLYWEIRD

THE FIRST LIVE CONCERT DVD FROM THE QUEERS!



- ★ 32 SONG SET RECORDED LIVE IN LOS ANGELES
- ★ FEATURING A SIX SONG GUEST APPEARANCE BY DANNY VAPID (SCREECHING WEASEL, THE METHADONES)
- ★ RARE AND NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN VINTAGE FOOTAGE. COMMENTARIES. EASTER EGGS ...AND MORE!

FULL CD  
SOUNDTRACK  
INCLUDED!



STREET DATE: MARCH 24<sup>TH</sup> AVAILABLE ONLINE AT [INTERPUNK.COM](http://INTERPUNK.COM)

[PUNKROCKSOCIAL.COM](http://PUNKROCKSOCIAL.COM)

# TKO RECORDS

(714) 962-0500

BUY - SELL - TRADE  
NEW RECORD  
STORE  
NOW OPEN!!!



Specializing in rare & collectable  
**PUNK ROCK vinyl!**



18948 BROOKHURST ST. - FOUNTAIN VALLEY, CA  
(IN THE CENTER AT THE NORTH EAST CORNER OF BROOKHURST & GARFIELD)  
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY: 11AM - 8PM  
SATURDAY: 12-9PM  
SUNDAY: 12-7PM

VINYL - CDS - DVDs - VINTAGE TURNTABLES

VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT: [WWW.TKORECORDS.COM](http://WWW.TKORECORDS.COM)



us into this asylum-seeker camp. The first camp was an old army base where we had big barracks with huge rooms, and it was our family and two other families living in one room. There's no privacy. I was a kid, so I could go out and play, but they couldn't. The army base wasn't totally empty. Almost every morning, these F-16s would fly over the barracks and land behind them. I was always thinking, "There's refugees here." Most of them come from countries where there's war or there's some kind of struggle and they would have to wake up every morning listening to F-16s flying over their heads. That was insane.

But, to make it more general, it's always been used as a way of lying to the public or distracting them from what's really going on by playing a racist card on voters. In Holland, for the last eight years, we've had quite a right-wing government and, specifically, the last couple of years, we've been worse with the racist talk on immigrants, specifically Muslims. Basically, when things go bad economically and people start looking for who's responsible, the ones who are responsible say, "It's not us. It's those people who have dark skin, look like they have another religion, or look different. They're stealing your jobs. They're occupying the houses that you should be living in. They're taking all the social security," all that kind of talk. It's amazing. To me, it's really flipped the last couple of years in Holland. Before, anybody who would say things like that, "Oh, no more asylum seekers," would be branded as a racist and, nowadays, almost every politician in Holland says things like that. It's become taboo to call somebody racist. It's basically the same in the U.S., as far as we can tell. Mexican and Hispanic immigrants are living in illegal circumstances and they're always scapegoated.

**Al:** How about you, Wolfi? Are you still living in Germany?

**Wolfi:** I was living in Amsterdam for one year but I moved back a few months ago. Germany's always been famous for its countryside racism. In the countryside, all the major parties cannot reach the people as well as local groups of nazis do. So the best indicator for that is the ridiculous votes for nazi parties in the countryside, like thirty percent or something whereas, in the city, they don't even get seats in the Parliament. I see the same pattern like I see in Holland. In Germany, "There are too many Turkish people," that's what they say, "They're not integrated well into society." Maybe it's just a curtain to hide things, but the discussion goes towards how we can integrate them better in society.

**Al:** It seems like the European countries are willing to provide things like education and social programs and all that, but has that changed at all in recent years? I remember the last time I interviewed you (around 2002), you said they were starting to follow the U.S. by cutting back on those types of programs.

**Marc:** In Europe, you still have health insurance. Everybody in the Netherlands needs to have that. In the U.S., people are dying because they don't have health insurance. It blows my mind.

**Ellen:** I work in a psych hospital. I have

like I hope nothing's going to happen to me. Otherwise, I'm fucked.

**Marko:** The U.S. is portraying itself as the strongest and the biggest country in the world and they have the weakest health system.

**Marc:** Is this the country that we should follow?

**Marko:** But, talking about the Dutch health system, it's gotten more expensive but, compared with the U.S., it's way better. Everybody's paying the same amount, from the richest people to the poorest. We're all paying the same amount. It's kind of weird.

**Al:** Let's talk more about the new record.

Do you think you've taken the next step, in a musical or lyrical sense?

**Marc:** To keep it interesting for ourselves, we need to progress. In the past, there have been too many bands repeating themselves or turning into metal.

**Al:** Some people think that's progress—"Let's do more metal stuff or make our stuff more melodic." Some bands totally change their style and get away from the core of what they were doing. On the new record, it sounds a little more rock'n'roll but, at the end of the day, you're still a hardcore punk band.

**Marc:** Within the frame of hardcore punk, we want to progress and do something different with every record. With a 7" EP, it's better to start the song and you end ten minutes later, eight songs later, and it's fast. Bam. But on an LP, you need to have more diversity, so what we tried to do is make it as interesting as possible. That's why we have several different styles. There are some songs that are more hardcore rock'n'roll with '70s-type of intros that Vitamin X is famous for.

**Al:** Like "Detroit Rock City" on "Deal with It." And, on the last record, you had that AC/DC intro on "Free to Kill."

**Marc:** The Cult.

**Al:** The Cult? Well, the Cult stole that from AC/DC, so it's

one generation removed. [laughter]

**Marc:** On the last EP (*Rip It Out*) we had this "Rock Bottom"/UFO type of thing. But we always keep it within the hardcore punk frame. So, there's fast songs, more punky songs, songs with a rock touch, and even some crossover punk.

**Marko:** I agree that this is, by far, the best record that we've done until now. It took us forever to choose which songs. There are four different opinions, and there were four or five months of discussion.

**Al:** The artwork on the new album is pretty amazing. How did that come about?



someone now who has no insurance and she couldn't afford her medication, so she's in the hospital right now to stabilize psychologically. We're kind of holding her until her insurance kicks in. The hospital's not going to get paid for her since she has no insurance.

**Al:** And what's kind of interesting is you hear people say, "Oh, you don't want European socialism. If you have government health care, it's not going to work. Look at Canada and England, it's not working."

**Marc:** If I lived in the U.S. and I didn't have insurance, I'd constantly feel this pressure,



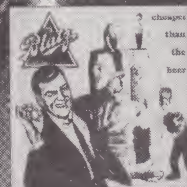
# SILVER SPROCKET BICYCLE CLUB

FALLS DOWN! MAKES STUFF!

SilverSprocket.net



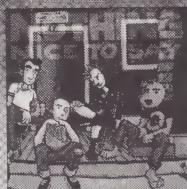
B.C.



Blatz Cheaper Than The Beer EP



Filth Live The Chaos EP



Mitch Clem Nothing Nice To Say BOOK



The New Trust // Pteradon SPLIT EP



Secretions Faster Than The Speed Of Drunk CD



THE ALBERT SQUARE



HARD GIRLS



Big D & the Kids Table Strictly Rude 2xLP



Shang-A-Lang // Brickfight SPLIT EP



The Phenomenauts For All Mankind CD



Ashtray The Power Of Positive Drinking CD

Hard Girls // Albert Square SPLIT CD

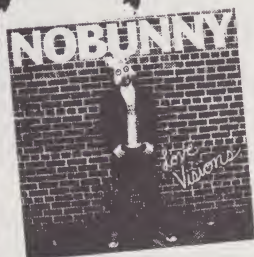
# NOBUNNY

Love Visions  
ON LP & CD

HEY BUNNIES, NOW  
YOU CAN ORDER  
NOBUNNY  
RECORDS AND  
CEE DEE'S



1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS  
419 40TH STREET  
OAKLAND, CA 94609 USA  
[www.1234GORECORDS.com](http://www.1234GORECORDS.com)



"...a rip-roaring good-times party album that comes on like the illegitimate offspring of the Archies, Joey Ramone, Haasil Adkins and Kim Fowley. A mixture of gritty, fuzzy garage rock and giddy, sticky bubblegum music..."  
Magnanimous Collector/LA Times

"...if you've never been hugged by a horny, drunken Muppet, you should seek him out."  
The Tucson Weekly

"Never in my life did I think I'd fall for a gutter-brained, cartoon swipe artiste, but I have. Hard."  
Mitch Cardwell



OUT IN NOVEMBER ON 1-2-3-4 GO! RECORDS. Check out [www.1234GORECORDS.com](http://www.1234GORECORDS.com) for ordering details.  
DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA RECORDS



**Marc:** Well, this is one of the reasons we wanted to go with Tankcrimes. They could offer us this packaging. The drawing was done by John Baizley from Baroness.

**Al:** What's interesting is you put a lot of effort into the packaging and vinyl and all that, but I was on your MySpace page and you also sell digital downloads of your songs. It's kind of ironic that you have a really nice package, good sound and all that but, with digital, the sound is worse, there's no packaging. I was wondering how you felt about digital becoming a way of delivering music?

**Alex:** The digital thing is something that Felix Havoc started at a certain time. I think it was four years ago. He said that the music industry and distribution is going into digital, so he wanted to know if we minded if he sold our stuff digitally. We said, "Fine, go ahead." We never thought we were going to see anything from that but, all of a sudden, we had thing on our MySpace page that Felix arranged. We've been having a lot of discussions on this tour with people about downloading. The most interesting one was with Kent from Ebullition. His opinion was because there are so many bands and everybody's putting out records, it's almost impossible to keep track of everything. Downloading works as a quality control tool. Bands that are really good or are really well-hyped, they will sell a lot of records and all the other bands are maybe not as good, but they still put out the record. People go to the internet and download their songs first and listen to it and then decide whether they like it or not. That's how it works.

**Marc:** The people that really want the records, if they like the download, they're going to buy it. They want the real packaging.

**Alex:** And we always support bands coming through on tour and that's what I think other people do. If you like the band that just played, you buy the record, you buy the T-shirt and then, maybe, when you go home, you're also going to download their stuff because it's easier to listen to when you're at work.

**Marko:** It is true that sales went down, but that also comes because of the economic situation. The CD, for instance, is a format that's dying out. I'm glad that vinyl is coming back. From one perspective, downloading killed a little bit of it because some kids who are new on the scene, they don't even have this habit of buying vinyl and supporting bands. From that perspective, they just want to have the music. But most of the people, I think, they're going to go with the vinyl format because that's real contact with the band. And the quality control that Alex mentioned? From my perspective, bands are going to invest more time and energy to make better music and offer something better

than just recording a four-track demo in five minutes in their basement.

**Alex:** Another thing is sales go down because there are more bands. Everybody's bringing out a record and not everybody can sell it, of course, because there aren't enough people.

**Al:** A lot of people have said that the record is the new demo tape. In other words, instead of putting out a demo, bands will go right to putting out a record. Or they go on MySpace and put up a page. It's interesting how



everything's changed, how the word gets out about bands. It's a lot easier now to find out about bands.

**Marko:** But it's a funny thing 'cause putting out records is not cheap at all, especially 7"s. It's very expensive and it's harder to sell them now than fifteen years ago.

**Marc:** We've toured the whole world and it's pretty cool that this downloading thing provides for people in, like, Indonesia or the Philippines, all those countries that, in fact, could never get ahold of your music. Those kids can actually download a Vitamin X album and listen to it and then we're playing in Jakarta and there's 1,500 people singing along to your songs. That's only because they were able to download the songs. We also put out a cassette afterwards but, still, I think especially for those people, it's really cool to be more a part of the whole hardcore scene.

**Marko:** Definitely. I'm not a fan of MySpace....

**Marc:** You're not a fan of Rupert Murdoch?

**Marko:** No.

**Al:** Neither am I, but it's a great way to promote bands.

**Marko:** Yeah. It connects a lot of people from the scene and makes the network stronger. And people feel also that by getting on a band's profile, there's more of a personal contact with those bands.

**Al:** When we were talking last night, you had mentioned something about possibly working with Alternative Tentacles on this record?

**Marko:** We came to a disagreement with Alternative Tentacles, because we wanted a split release with Tankcrimes. We wanted to be sure to have a DIY label, someone who we can trust who can target the right crowds, where it's going to end up in DIY distributions and not via one exclusive distributor, which is Revolver in the case of Alternative Tentacles. So we disagreed, but the funny thing was we never dealt directly with Jello Biafra. We dealt with other people from Alternative Tentacles. After we told them already that this was

**"If you like the band that just played, you buy the record, you buy the T-shirt and then, maybe, when you go home, you're also going to download their stuff because it's easier to listen to when you're at work."**

not going to happen, one morning Jello Biafra called me on the phone. I was just about to go to my work. He was, like, "Hello Marko, this is Jello Biafra talking," and I was sure that it was Marc or Scotty from Tankcrimes fucking around with me. After five minutes, I realized it actually was Jello Biafra calling me and I was two hours late to my work.

**Al:** You said, "Hi Jello" and, two hours later, he stopped talking.

**Marko:** That was an amazing experience, actually having Jello Biafra call and asking all the questions but, unfortunately, we did disagree with their policy. Jello came to our shows in San Francisco and that was really nice, having a celebrity hanging around with us. [laughs] But it means a lot to us that he actually had interest in putting out a Vitamin X record.

[myspace.com/vitaminxhc](http://myspace.com/vitaminxhc)



# TOP FIVES

## RAZORCAKE STAFF

Adrian Salas

*Five Not Really Tough Punk Bands That Wanna Be Tough Punks Love:*

5. New Found Glory/Set Your Goals
4. Bad Religion
3. Dead Kennedys
2. Toy Dolls
1. Adicts

Albert Lam

*Top 5 Things to Send Amy Adoyzie*

5. Movies
4. Music
3. Money
2. Move Free Advance (joint medication)
1. More Move Free

Amy Adoyzie

*Obsessive Compulsions*

- Must listen to records in its entirety
- Pilot Better Retractable black ink fine point pens
- Eat crust of PB&J sandwich all the way around and move towards the center
- 365days Self Portrait
- *The New Yorker* cover-to-cover

Art Ettinger

- Audacity, *Power Drowning* LP
- Slices, Self-titled 7"
- ANTiSEEN / Brody's Militia, split 7"
- Marked Men, *Ghosts* LP
- GG Allin & the Murder Junkies, *The Best of GG Allin & the Murder Junkies* DVD

Billups Allen

1. The Zero Boys, *History of LP*
2. The Subhumans, *Death Was Too Kind* LP
3. Various Artists, *Bloodstains Across Texas* LP
4. Naked Raygun, *All Rise* LP
5. Nobunny, *Love Visions* LP

Buttertooth

1. *Our Stolen Future*, Colborn, Dumanoski, Myers, book (explains why pesticides are changing animal and human behaviors over the course of time)
2. *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century*, Paul Kennedy, book (Written in '93 and very poignantly describes the world of today)
3. Turbo Fruits, Self-titled CD
4. Thurston Moore, *Trees Outside the Academy* CD
5. Thorns Of Life live at Bar Pink (Blake from Jawbreaker and Aaron Cometbus on drums!)

Chris Pepus

- *F for Fake* (DVD)
- *Dutchman* (play)
- *Religulous* (film)
- Jeff Sharlet's writings on Christian fundamentalism
- *Caravaggio* (film)

Corinne Smida

*Top 5 Bands I Can't Stop Listening to on My MP3 Player*

1. American Steel
2. Cheap Girls
3. Bent Outta Shape
4. Too Many Daves
5. Dr. Bird

Craven Rock

5. *When Water Comes Together with Other Water* by Raymond Carver (book)
4. *The Game* by Neil Strauss (book)
3. *I Ching* (book)
2. Kenneth Patchen, his life and work and *Poems of Humor and Protest* by Kenneth Patchen (book)
1. Muntadhar al-Zaidi throwing his shoes at President Bush

CT Terry

1. Erykah Badu, *New Amerykah: Part One*
2. The Faces, *Ooh La-La* LP
3. Rediscovering my Fugazi albums
4. Wondering why no one ever clued me in to Naked Raygun
5. Finishing *Gullible Zine* #29

Danny Martin

*Top 5 Films...Starring a Punk.*

1. *Clue* (Lee Ving)
2. *Videodrome* (Debbie Harry)
3. *Johnny Mnemonic* (Henry rollins)
4. *Scrooged* (David Johansen)
5. *Mystery Train* (Joe Strummer)

Daryl Gussin

- Sneaky Pinks, *Loner w/a Boner 7"*, Too Many Dudes, 2008 7" (tie)
- "Bought & Sold" Hellnation
- Shang-A-Lang / Turkish Techno split 7"
- Whatever Brains, *Mt. Whatever 7"*
- Cold Shoulder, *The Patriot* EP 7"

Designated Dale

*Top 5 Ocean Fronts of February 2009*

- Ocho Rios, Jamaica
- Panama Canal, Panama
- Puntarenas, Costa Rica
- San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua
- Acapulco, Mexico

Evan Katz

1. Taking up smoking again.
2. Seeing Off With Their Heads and Toys That Kill live in Highland Park.
3. Finally finishing my sleeve.
4. *Autopsy*, a horror film I co-wrote the script for playing in theatres... for a day.
5. Decent new bar in walking distance!

Jeff Proctor

*Top 5 Bands I Would Hire to Play My Birthday Party, Using the Reward Money I Get for Saving Brooke Shields from Drowning:*

1. Night Marchers
2. The Spits
3. Triclops!
4. Underground Railroad To Candyland
5. Shark Pants

Josh Benke

1. Twistin' Rumble 5 & 7, comp LPs
2. Bo Diddley, *The Originator*, LP
3. Nobunny, *Give it To Me 7"*
4. Personal And The Pizzas, Self-titled 7"
5. Listening to all the shit that made my 2008 Top Ten list

Juan Espinosa

1. Sex Vid, *Voyeur* EP
2. CoCoComa EP
3. Retainers EPs
4. Iron Lung / Hatred Surge collaboration EP
5. Young Governor EP

Kari H.

1. Pud, *The One on the Wall Is a Trout. I'm the Shark 12"*
2. Politicians, The, *Good and Dead* CD
3. Bullet Treatment / The Nipples, split 7"
4. Party Girls, The, Self-titled CD
5. Peligro Social, *No Religion 12"*

Keith Rosson

- The Measure [SA], *One Chapter in The Book* CD
- Shorebirds, *It's Gonna Get Ugly* LP

# Muntadhar al-Zaidi throwing his shoes at President Bush



- The Riot Before, *Fists Buried in Pockets* CD
- Off With Their Heads, *From The Bottom* CD & live
- Swingin' Utters, *Hatest Grits: B-Sides and Bullshit* CD

#### Kurt Morris

1. Vacation in Iceland
2. Chad Vangaalen (everything)
3. M83, *Saturdays = Youth*
4. Sigur Ros (everything)
5. Lawrence Frascella & Al Weisel, *Live Fast Die Young* (book)

#### Maddy Tight Pants

1. Barbaras, *Summertime Road* 7"
2. Nobunny, *Love Visions* LP
3. Black Rainbow, Self-titled 7"
4. Dear Landlord / Chinese Telephones, Split 7"
5. Boys Club, 2-D World 7"

#### Matt Average

- It's Casual, live at the Relax Bar "It's Casual is not a band, it's a sport!"
- 16, *Bridges to Burn* LP & live at Art & Mayhem and the Knitting Factory
- Timebombs, *Kill Music* EP
- Hellhole, EP
- Nu Sensae, 12" EP

#### Mike Faloon

- 5 Best Songs on the New *Something Fierce* record, There Are No Answers
1. "Teenage Ruins"
  2. "Modern Girl"
  3. "Hey Houston"
  4. "On Your Own"
  5. "Why Can't I"

#### Mike Frame

1. Vitamin X, *Full Scale Assault* CD
2. Jeff Dahl, *Back to Monkey City* CD
3. Tom Petty, Entire Catalog
4. Dutchess And The Duke LP
5. Something Fierce CD and live

#### Miss Namella

1. LA Mike's Birthday show at Blue Star with The Southbay Surfers (yes, they are still around), Dead Ponies and another band I can't remember.
2. Le Castlevania!!!
3. Coraline

4. Royal/T Japanese cosplay teahouse in Culver City- gimme my petticoat back, bitch!
5. R.I.P. Lux

#### MP Johnson

- Army@Love by Rich Veitch (Vertigo Comics)
- Nevada by Steve Gerber (Vertigo Comics)
- Franz Nicolay, *Major General* CD
- The Wrestler
- The 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*

#### Nardwuar The Human Serviette

1. *Confessions of a Local Celebrity* by Mike Soret (Sooper book about Vancouver BC's The Molestics)
2. The Funhouse in Seattle (Very excellent punk club!)
3. Apollo Ghosts, *Hastings Sunrise* LP
4. Margaret Thrasher, *Moderate Rock* LP
5. Sir Finks (*Tres Mexicanos*) *Del Sur De Texas*

#### Nation Of Amanda

##### Top Five Movies

1. *The Wrestler*
2. *Wall-e*
3. *In Bruges*
4. *Bigger Stronger Faster*
5. *Iron Man*

#### Nick Toerner

- Kintaro, *Power Love* 7"
- Marked Men, *Ghosts* LP
- Radio Faces, *Party at the Bushwick Hotel* LP
- Dopamines, *Soap and Lampshades* 7"
- Full of Fancy, *Sweet Baby Jesus* LP

#### Rene Navarro

- Fucked Up with Mika Miko at The Casbah
- Vacilander Videozine Numero 1
- Soft Pack, The Stitches, ADHD, and Slab City at The Ken Club
- Shorebirds, *Its Gonna Get Ugly* LP
- The memory of a very alive Lux Interior

#### Rev. Nørh

1. Northside Lanes 25 Year Punk Rock Anniversary Show

2. Paul Collins Beat / Gentleman Jesse & His Men / Flips, live in Milwaukee
3. Photobooth, *Da Mes Tus Besos* 7"
4. Nobunny, *Give It to Me* 7"
5. Real Numbers, *Radio World* 7"

#### Rhythm Chicken

- The Like Totally Complete Series...Totally. Square Pegs DVD Box Set (Devo appears on Disc 2, Episode 9...totally).
- Underground Railroad To Candyland and Tiltwheel @ the Bunkhouse, Las Vegas.
- Pepe's Tacos, Las Vegas.
- The Unpossessed City, By Jon Fasman (book)
- Leaving my car back in Wisconsin and LIVING on my bike this winter.

#### Naked Rob (KSCU 103.3FM)

1. Who Rides The Tiger, *Transylvania Baby!*
2. Neon Nights, Self-titled CD
3. Fatal Film, *Thrill* R CD
4. Virgins, *Miscarriage* CD
5. The Sleepwalkers 7" (Wrecked 'Em Wreckords)

#### Razorcake Office 5 Disc CD Changer

- Thee Makeout Party, *Play Pretend* (Teenacide/Recess)
- Marked Men, *Ghosts* (Dirtnap)
- The Nerves, *One Way Ticket* (Alive)
- Hanna Hirsch, *Tala Svart* (Diskret Förlag)
- The Achievement, Self-titled (Self-released)

#### Ryan Gelatin

- Ben Nichols, *Last Pale Light in the West* EP
- Fallout 3 (video game)
- Eli "Paperboy" Reed, *Roll With You*
- The intros to Dwight Yoakam videos
- Melvins, *Dry Drunk*

#### Ryan Horky

1. Flatfoot, *Wild Was Our Mercy* LP
2. Zero Boys, *Vicious Circle* LP
3. Sauron, *Satanic Assassins* CD
4. Darkthrone, *Panzerfaust* CD
5. Bruce Springsteen, *Working on a Dream* LP

#### Sarah Shay

1. Black Houses, *Fury*
2. Ms Led, *Shake Yourself Awake*
3. Ms Led's final show, after nine years, at the High Dive 1/23/09
4. Rediscovering Otis Redding after Todd's article
5. Finally starting a band at twenty-six

#### Sean Koepenick

##### Top 5 Reissues

1. The Middle Class, *Out Of Vogue*
2. The Meatmen, *Toilet Slave*
3. Suicidal Tendencies, Self-titled
4. Zero Boys, *History Of*
5. Volcano Suns, *All-Night Lotus Party+The Bright Orange Years* (bundle pack!!)

#### Steve Larder

1. Valhalla Pacifists / Burning the Prospect, split "7"
2. Mob Rules, Self-titled 7"
3. Fix Me, Self-titled 7"
4. Needles, *Twisted Vision* 7"
5. Dead In The Woods / Diet Pills 7"

#### Todd Taylor

- Marked Men, *Ghosts* LP
- Too Many Daves, 2008: *A Shirt Faced Odyssey* 7"EP
- The Nerves, *One Way Ticket* LP
- Hanna Hirsch, *Tala Svart* CD
- Audacity / Pterodactyls, Split 7" EP
- Various Artists, *Den Magiska Cirkeln Presenterar Stolt en Vinylsingel Fem Band Fjorton Minuter: 7"EP*

#### Ty Stranglehold

- Top Five "G" Bands:
1. Gang Green
  2. Germs
  3. Gas Huffer
  4. Guns N Wankers
  5. Goat Boy (Victoria BC)

#### Vincent Battilana

- Godflesh, Self-titled 12"EP
- Sleepies, *Join the Shark* CDEP
- The Cuntifiers, *Never Coming Out* CD
- Monikers, *Wake Up* CD
- Despise You, *West Side Horizons* LP



## ACCIDENTAL GUN DEATH: *Skies Are Blue: 7"*

If the Reese's Peanut Butter Cups situation (two guys, one with chocolate, the other peanut butter) were music, this would be the equivalent of: "Hey, you got your pop punk in my hardcore!" The result is almost like the two ingredients were made for one another. The music's not as tasty as say, a peanut butter cup, but it's just as worth the time. And, no, Reese's did not pay me to write that incredibly delicious metaphor. —Bryan Static (Blind Spot)

## APACHE: *Boom Town Gems: Tape*

A Flaming Dr. Pepper is a party shot where beer, amaretto, and 151 rum are mixed to somehow taste like Dr. Pepper. Apache is a rock band from California who mix power pop, '70s party rock, and gratuitous guitar noodling to somehow sound like...the first Poison album. Ouch. I just remembered that I don't like Dr. Pepper, either. —CT Terry (Burger)

## ASHTRAY: *Operation Ashtray: CD*

This is a recording of a live set of Op Ivy covers. The vocalists (a guy and a girl) sound like they belong in Blatz more than Op Ivy. The instrumentation is okay, but the band as a whole doesn't bring as much vigor live as Op Ivy does recorded. The set comes from a birthday/cancer research benefit show where all the bands were doing covers, which explains why the band performed this in the first place. I'm sure it was a real hoot to do for the band and for some of the people at the show to see, but I just don't know why anybody would want sub par versions of these songs covered live on disc. (Some money from the sales of this disc goes towards cancer research.) —Vincent (Silver Sprocket)

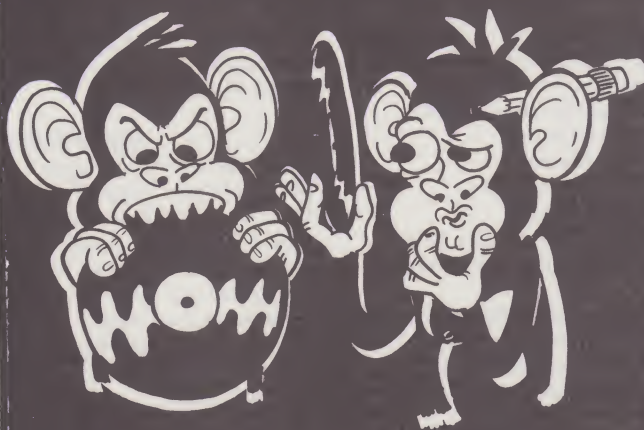
## AUDACITY / PTERODACDUDES: *Split 7" EP*

Somewhere between Bob Dobbs and Joseph Stalin, mushrooms, and Burt Reynolds' chest hair we can trace the influences and common denominators between these two bands. Probably not very helpful. Pterodactyls: Jammy and weedy, but not hippie. More like old rock'n'roll hooks filtered through well-worn denim and thrift store flannel. ("G2" is a meaty, catchy song with a soaring guitar. Audacity: A crunched-up, snapped cover of Red Cross's "Annette's Got the Hits" that stands up to Neon King Kong's take. Their original, "Desert Man," is just as antsy pantsy; a chaotic smudge of a song that has a nice "Ack, Ack, Ack, Ack" (both Urinals and Bill The Cat) anxiety to it. —Todd (Small Pool)

## AUDACITY: *Power Drowning: LP*

I definitely wasn't as instantly won over by this release as I was with their

# RECORD REVIEWS



"What has obeying standard audio conventions ever gotten us other than a lifetime of fear, pain, and shame?"

—Rev. Nørp

GOTHIETS, THE: *Hongkong Rocks / Limited Applied: 7"*

split 7" with Thee Makeout Party. I'm thinking it could be one of the following reasons: the cover art is pretty dumb, the vocals are much more fuzzed out, and the sequencing of the album isn't very fluid. But in lieu of those flaws, by the fourth listen I was completely won over. This record is crammed with beautifully epic pop melodies that come and go and punch ya and kiss ya and roll around in the mud with ya. And kinda why I appreciate technical metallic hardcore bands like Curl Up And Die and Genghis Tron I also hear in Audacity. They're completely unafraid to mix it up and throw some completely new part into a song that's high enough quality to be the chorus and yet only play it once. And it slays! But Audacity is, of course, not playing tech metal, they're playing rock'n'roll in that way that only scrawny DIY punks can play it. A bag of sugar from Thee Makeout Party for the poppy '60s rhythms and a flying scissor kick from the Pterodactyls (both bands they've played and done splits with) for the finely executed power-rock kamikaze attack. There are no bones about it, Audacity has the heart to make this music in a genuine way and, on top of that, they make it sound fucking good. —Daryl (Burger/Recess)

## AUDACITY: *Power Drowning: LP*

The Audacity/Makeout Party split

7" almost made me piss my pants. I wasn't expecting a.) anything from Audacity—as I hadn't heard them before—and surely b.) I didn't expect Thee Makeout Party to be matched up with a serious contender on whose side I would play first when I spun the 7". Unfortunately, this LP doesn't quite live up to the promise of that one song. But all is far from lost. These Audacity dudes are young. (Between seventeen and eighteen.) And it's not as kitschy as Mad Society, nor does it sound as parent-manufactured and heavily guided as something like The Diffis. I think *Power Drowning* has some really great parts: Urinals-y noise bits sift into jammy, sunshiney bits reminiscent of the Abi Yoyos. But, the overall effect is a record that's a little too loose and trying too many things. It's like it loses its own character by trying on so many other people's pants... instead of staying in one pair and pissing in them. This record is this side of good, and it's full of promise. —Todd (Burger)

## BAD LUCK #13:

### *The Rocky Road to Ruin: 7"*

Name reminds me of Good Luck, title reminds me of the Ramones and ice cream, music reminds me of Street Dogs if Mike would stop singing like he's got a fist in his mouth. Anyway, not bad for something I thought was going to be a

shitty horror punk release, but made me think these guys are local legends and dizzly squat anywhere else. —Bryan Static (Buy Canadian/Disques NIM)

## BE MY DOPPLEGANGER:

### *Sonic Annihilation: 7"*

Decent pop punk, but, sadly, not as good as their *Convertible Girls* 7. This sounds like one of the lesser-known Mutant Pop bands of the late '90s, with a little more rock and a little better production. If this were a cereal, it'd be Frosted Flakes. Decent, but not super exciting. —Maddy (It's Alive)

## BESTIES, THE: *Home Free: CD*

I'm sure I'm not the only one who's been in this situation; you hear about a band, happen to see them randomly at a show, hear a song or two, and think "Man, this is great," only never following up for whatever reason. Such is the case here. They play indie pop with dual keyboards and lady vocals, with a decent-ish pop punk edge to it ("What Would Tim Armstrong Do?" reminds me of one of my favorite Green Day songs). Recommended if you like poppier stuff. —Joe Evans III (Hugpatch)

## BITTER TEARS, THE:

### *Jam Tarts in the Jakehouse: CD*

Apparently, these guys have an incredible live show: they wear bizarre costumes, intimidate the audience, and just generally raise some hell. I wish that same atmosphere was captured a bit more on the record though. We get some quirky, sort of country-influenced, sort of cabaret-influenced indie rock. I don't dislike it but it's a bit too sedate for my tastes. A couple of the songs do carry a genuinely eerie edge though, and whenever they kick up the guitars and the aggression, as on the menacing track "The Companion," the record really comes to life. —Evan Katz (Carrot Top)

## BLACK TIME: *Double Negative: CD*

Considering Black Time's Lemmy Caution never saw Crime in San Francisco or scored a bump of speed for Peter Laughner—the legitimacy of his group's catalog is something of a mystery. *Double Negative*—Black Time's third release—is more musical dissonance, yet a bit more refined. The Monks and Rocket From The Tombs are still there in the music. But there's more experimentation, like phasers, sirens, and music played backwards (Fucking check "Backwards in Blacks"—really close to the genius of a *Metal Box* track!). I'm constantly tickled fucking pink by these Black Time kids; they're refusing to produce music that's irrelevant. But, I mean, what do you

## RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQs

• The address to send all review material is Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.

• Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash. Don't treat us like second-rate citizens. We're all volunteers here.

RAZORCAKE 78

• Are you really sending us a download card to review? Seriously? That's weak. Many of our contributors don't have fancy computers. Nope, we won't review 'em.

• You're sending us a CD-R of a piece of vinyl you're releasing to cut on costs? Please don't pull that stunt with us. We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your address is provided).

• It is very important to put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

• Over five years of music reviews can be found at [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org). Use our handy "search" function on the site to see if your music has been reviewed. Tight.

• Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.



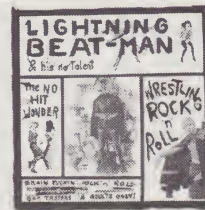
WWW.VOODOORHYTHM.COM



PIRATE LOVE LP/CD  
BLACK VODOUN SPACE BLUES  
FROM OSLO, NORWAY HEROIN  
GARAGE JOHNNY THUNDERS  
RAW NASTY OVERDOSE 60's 08 PUNK



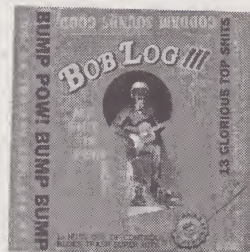
THE GUILTY HEARTS LP/CD  
FROM LOS ANGELES COMES THIS  
ENQUISITORS OF BLUES AND GARAGE  
PUNK FEAT MEMBERS OF THE LORDS  
OF ALTAMONT AND FUZZTONES  
WITH THEIR 2ND ALBUM, A MESS OF  
NOISE AND GARAGE JEFFREY LEE  
PIERCE WOULD HAVE TEARS IN HIS  
EYES WATCHING THIS GUYS FOLOWING  
HIS FOOTSTEPS, DEFFENETLY THE  
FRESHEST AND BEST OF THE US TODAY..



LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN LP/CD  
WRESTLING ROCK'N'ROLL  
REISSUE FROM THE 94 10" ALBUM WITH 3  
BONUS TRACKS, RAW ONE MAN STYLE BRAIN  
FUCKING WRESTLING TRASH ROCK N ROLL  
SEE REVIEW IN THIS MAGAZINE



MOVIE STAR JUNKIES LP/CD  
MELVILLE  
FROM TORINO ITALY, OUT OF CONTROL  
SAILOR BIRTHDAY PARTY THE FALL  
MIXED UP EXOTICA N GARAGE SURF  
AND RAW DARK SLOW DIRTY ROCKN'ROLL



BOB LOG III LP/CD  
THE HI PRIEST  
OF ON MAN  
BANDS, A ICONE  
FOR LOTS  
TEENAGE  
BANDS  
GENERATIONS  
OF YOUNG  
GIRLS HAVE  
SAT ON HIS  
KNEE

PIPPED THEIR ROSY NIPPLES IN HIS DRINK AND  
EVEN TOM WAITS WANTS TO BE LIKE HIM..  
AFTER 4 YEAR RECORDING BREAK AND AFTER  
FAT POSSUM THE FIRST ALBUM ON  
VOODOO RHYTHM.... THE FASTEST SLIDE GUITAR  
PLAYER IN THE WORLD IS BACK !!!!

VOODOO  
RHYTHM  
WWW.VOODOORHYTHM.COM

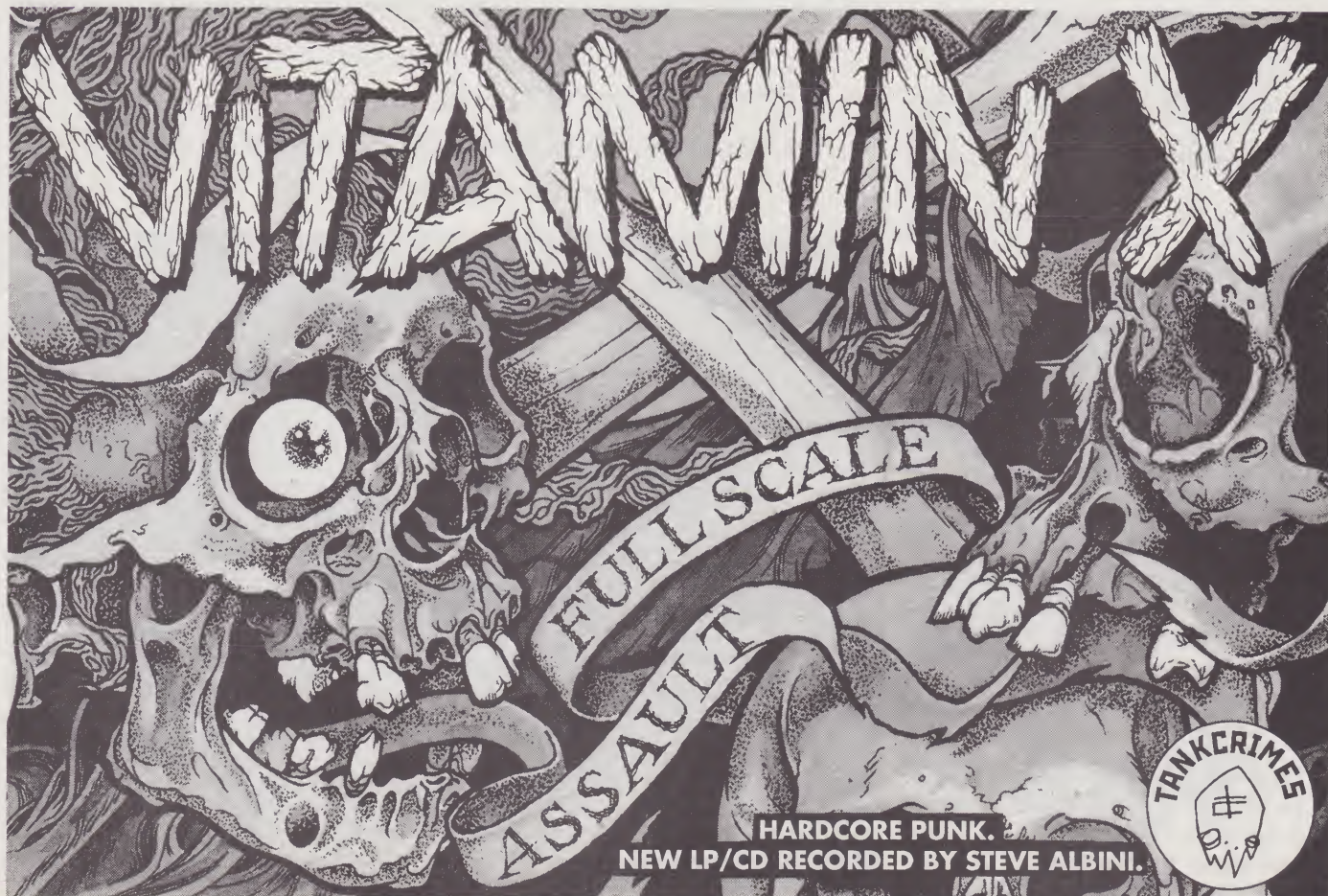


DISTRIBUTION

USA: GET HIP  
JAP: CR JAPAN  
EU: CLEAR SPOT  
CH: IRASCIBLE  
D/UK: CARGO  
S: BORDER

MERCHANDISE:  
BLANK UND BLEED

VINYL, CD'S, PATCHES T-SHIRTS  
RECORD BAGS GUITAR PICKS  
KEY CAPS, GIRLIE BAGS BELT BUCKLE  
HATCH PRINT POSTER BOLO TIE

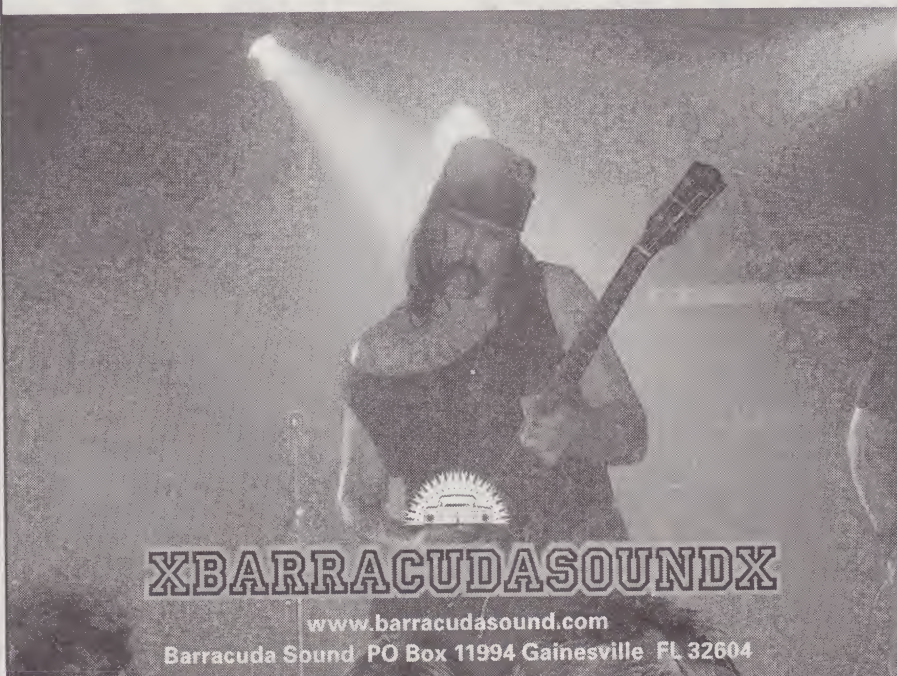


HARDCORE PUNK.  
NEW LP/CD RECORDED BY STEVE ALBINI.





Hey, I just wanted to say that the Averkiou  
"Throwing Sparks" LP is out now. Also, stop by  
No Idea and buy Ninja Gun records all day or  
some shit like that...



**XBARRACUDASOUNDX**  
[www.barracudasound.com](http://www.barracudasound.com)  
Barracuda Sound PO Box 11994 Gainesville FL 32604



highlight, in my opinion, is "Dopefiend," which recalls some of the sweeter Beach Boys-inspired Queers material. If you like your punk rock offensive, or if you realize that, like the Queers and Angry Samoans and others before them, the lyrics are clearly satirical, then what you will have here is one of the better (and dumber) punk albums in your collection. —Jeff Proctor (World)

**BULLDOZER: The Hammers: CD**

Jokey punk rock in the vein of Guttermouth, or a less musically tight Face To Face. Honestly, I wasn't crazy about this. For the most part, the songs tend to bleed into each other and the songwriting isn't anything special. The best song is "Guido Beach," a hilarious ode to Jersey Shore meatheads. If the rest of the songs on the disk were able to reach that level of quality, the album would be a keeper. —Evan Katz (Motherbox)

**CACTUS'S: Tropical Terror: CDEP**

Six songs, fifteen minutes, too many damn hooks. Too catchy. I wanted to dislike this (mainly because the band name is so ridiculous), but the songs are actually pretty good and infectious. The trio that makes up Cactus's says their influences range from the Pixies to Converge and, for once, I can actually hear their music taking that full range of sound and making it coherent on the EP. (Normally, when a band says who their influences are, they can come off sounding rather delusional.) There's a little bit of screaming on the album but it's not contrived; it comes across as

mixing well with the energy of the songs. Mostly, the vocals are sung and the music is straightforward rock and roll. Other times, I may find this kind of thing as being ridiculous, but Cactus's approach their sound with such an aggression that it's hard to deny they're sincere. I'm sure they'd be great live. Their lyrics make little to no sense and their name is stupid, but, other than that, I think we might have a winner. —Kurt Morris (Beat Crazy)

**Call It Arson: Moth Wash: The Old Flames: 7"**

Vinyl makes you wait. It makes you analyze the packaging on your lunch break. I am a huge fan of free downloads coming with an album, so that was very pleasant. I am a big fan of Kurt Ballou, who recorded and mixed this in his studio God City. This 7" has dark artwork mixed with the fact that Converge's guitarist was steering things along led me to the preconceived notion that Call It Arson were going to be super dense and very heavy. Call It Arson's A side is very reminiscent of *Orange Rhythmic Dictionary*-era Jets To Brazil. Both sides of the record have the first line of lyrics printed on them, but they're on the wrong side. The B side is nowhere near as good as the A side which, in and of itself, isn't worth buying the 7", so I would say, don't. —Rene Navarro (Kill Normal)

**CANDY SNATCHERS, THE: Self-titled: 7"**

The A-side is "Doin' Time," which is a good, steady, rocking song, the kind the Candy Snatchers have mastered. But the B-side is the reason to pick this up.

"Dead Wrong" has more swagger and fuck-all attitude. Even has a harmonica in it! Another great record, yet again! —M.Avrq (Zodiac Killer)

**CARS CAN BE BLUE: Doubly Unbeatable: CD**

Upbeat pop punk with some truly mean-spirited, venomous lyrics. The sixteen tracks fly by, but pretty much all of them are solid. The band comes off like a faster Lemuria, with a punk rock Sarah Silverman as a vocalist. I think they've even opened up for some comedy acts, which makes sense, because some of the lyrics are just completely fucking hilarious. Probably one of my favorite discs this month. —Evan Katz (HHBTM)

**CITY OF SHIPS:**

**Live Free or Don't Tour: EP**

Amidst the ocean of drone, post-rock, post-hardcore clones, there are only a couple bands that catch my attention. It's a hard genre to accomplish that because the songs tend to bleed together, feedback overshadows the details, and I'm usually exhausted by the time I get through an entire album. City Of Ships had me hooked from the beginning to the end of their vinyl-only release. The band crushes, no question about it. But, they aren't just here to be the loudest, or the slowest, band; each song has its own personality. Some consist of eerie instrumental passages that lead to more hardcore dirges, while others come across like a heavier Quicksand, which is never a bad thing. The vocals are pretty varied, but always fit the song. Fans of Jesu, Cult

Of Luna, and Isis should definitely invest their time and money in this release. —Evan Katz (Forcefield)

**COLD SHOULDER: The Patriot: 7" EP**

Seven-song 45 of killer hardcore punk with both fast and slow parts. The pacing of this record is near perfect. It's unrelenting, making the sides go by quick as hell, considering how many songs are on each of them (three and four). The release is angry and alienated ala Out Cold, while still politically conscience, yet un-preachy. This Hammond, IN (Pop. 83,048) five-piece has got its hands on something good. A debut 7" that is definitely making me want to hear more. —Daryl (Cowabunga)

**CONNIE DUNGS, THE: I Hate This Town!: 7"**

Yay! Yay! Yay! This is one of the best 7"s of all time! This is so good that not even my traditional overuse of exclamation marks can do it justice! Ack! Ack! Ack! Prose fails me! Since 1996, at least one of these gloriously perfect pop punk songs has magically entered into my brain, unannounced, at a rate of no less than once per month! Plus, it's brought to you by Mutant Pop, one of the best (the best? Would it win a fight against Superteam?) record labels of all time! This is a reissue of the original 7", however: POP PUNK NERD ALERT! If you bought the original 7" and, like me, missed the repressing in 1999, you need to buy this again because it contains a bonus song that was supposed to go on the original

**NEW FROM CRUSTACEAN RECORDS**



*the*  
**von ehrics**

**Loaded CD • \$12**

The third and most ass-kicking record yet by this blazing Texas cowpunk trio.

**the giraffes**

**Prime Motivator CD • \$12**

The fourth full length record by this raucous punk/metal/surf quartet from Brooklyn, NY.



**Crustacean Records: Drown Out The Daylights DVD**

**DOUBLE DVD ONLY \$10**

**ALSO AVAILABLE**

KILLDOZER, DROIDS ATTACK, SCREAMIN' CYN CYN & THE PONS, THE GUSTO, THE SOVIETTES, BIRTHDAY SUITS, MAD TRUCKER GONE MAD, OUIJA RADIO, AWESOME SNAKES, DRUNK DRIVERS, HAZARD COUNTY GIRLS, THE SKINTONES, THINGS FALL APART, PEELANDER-Z AND MANY OTHERS!



**crustacean records**

PO Box 829 • Madison, WI 53701-0829 • crustaceanrecords.com

Available on iTunes and other download services

No shipping charges in the US and Canada and all orders include a free label sampler. Foreign orders add \$3 and \$2 per add'l item.

**m y s p a c e . c o m / c r u s t a c e a n r e c o r d s**

**The Happiest Place On Earth**

**LAS VEGAS**  
4640 Paradise Rd

**NEW YORK**  
14 Avenue A



**doubledownsaloos.com**



but, for various reasons, did not! If this were a cereal, it'd be Lucky Charms, the highest honor I can bestow! If you do not own this, you are the gastronomic equivalent of someone who's never tried pizza! —Maddy (Mutant Pop)

**CONNIPTION FITTS: *Shart Sandwich: 7"***  
Able-bodied rock'n'roll. I just wish there were a few fingers missing. Cover of the Sonics here, but can't hear the influence on the original songs. —Speedway Randy (Let's Pretend)

**CROWS FEET: *Concertina: Tape***  
If one were to peek under my bed, one could see in a few boxes there that I have yet to relinquish my tapes, and I still make mix-tapes on actual cassettes rather than on CDs, so I was happy to get this tape to review. Fun! The artwork on the cover is nice—a bright blue background with a cool drawing of a guy holding a baby that actually looks like an old man—loads of teeth grimacing in some kind of skull's grin. The insert that came with it is unfortunately kinda hard to read—the background is gray/black and the writing is white, so it's difficult to make out. There aren't any lyrics anyway, though. The recording is not great; it sounds warbling and messy. The music is kind of folksy, with a solo acoustic guitar and some whistling in the very beginning. There are occasional forays into blues and rock. He might be a good guitarist but it's a little bit hard to tell. I admire his enthusiasm but it's not a genre I'm particularly into and this tape didn't win me over. —Jennifer Federico (Let's Pretend)

**CUSTOMS, THE: *Really Long Gone: CD***  
After one of Boston's mightiest bands, DMZ, split up, there is a murky history of Lyres and DMZ cross-references; the lineage of which is confusing at best. In there, somewhere, is DMZ guitarist Peter Greenburg's band The Customs. *Really Long Gone* is a reissue of the long-out-of-print album *Long Gone*, itself a twentieth anniversary collection of the long out-of-print 7"s. The twentieth anniversary collection, now ten years gone, is as rare as the 7"s, and so, once again, the world has access to The Customs. The Customs classic song is "Long Gone." They have a superior version of the rock standby "Strychnine," and the rest of the album rocks in that avenue. And too long has the world gone without it. *Really Long Gone* is an indispensable compliment to the DMZ and Lyres legacy; a must for fans thereof. —Billups Allen (Shake It)

**DILLINGER FOUR: *Civil War: CD***  
Completely takes me back to the bands that saved me from puberty in the '80s when I finally realized that regular dudes who don't look like idiot rock stars and don't live on a coast can make rock'n'roll greatness. To share that with the world, I have put Paddy half-naked in print ads at the place I work for. —Speedway Randy (Fat)

**DILLINGER FOUR: *Civil War: CD***  
I like the fact that they write lyrics that make you think. You could probably guess that just by looking at the song titles. But dig deeper and you'll see that

the topics should hit home with just about anyone. Heartbreak, depression, and failure all pop up from their sullen heads. However, there always seems to be a light at the end of the tunnel. This is music that will make you mull over the passage of time—"and it feels like summer in October" and "December drags on—it's thirty one days too long." But I also nominate this band for best song title of the year: "Minimum Wage Is a Gateway Drug." This a mature, solid, rollicking good time from these Minneapolis boys. Brave the elements if they come to your town. Paddy will thank you and then ask you to buy him a shot. Why wouldn't you? —Sean Koepenick (Fat Wreck)

**D.O.A.: *Northern Avenger: CD***  
The album title comes from the name producer Bob Rock gave to Joe Keithley's beat-to-shit guitar. It fits. This record also features the return of Randy Rampage on bass, but, apparently, he left the band again shortly after this recording. "Human Bomb" blows stuff up right from the get go, but strap yourself in. There's a lot more. "Police Brutality" warns all of us to watch out for the fuzz. "Still a Punk" makes the case in point that the spirit of punk rock is still alive and well. This CD grabs you by the throat and doesn't let up. I really, really like this one; a consistent release from start to finish. Don't worry—Rock didn't talk Joe into playing any Hammett-style licks. This is just one hundred percent pure D.O.A. No filter required. —Sean Koepenick (Sudden Death)

**DAS KAPITAL: *Ben, We're Jealous: 7"***  
Nervous and disturbing lyrics take center stage on this badass Chicago band's 7". I'm almost reminded of The Freeze and their dark tales of human nature gone wrong. The song "Johnny Gosch Was Here" deals with the true story of a young boy who was abducted by a network of religious leaders and Washington politicians who flew children to Washington D.C. for sex orgies. The band even includes a website where you can find out more information on the victim (screwed up stuff). The music itself is distinctly Chicago, think Naked Raygun or Effigies in style, with even a bit of that Big Dipper jangle. There were only two hundred of these sweet clear disks pressed, so I'd highly suggest you try to get your hands on one. —Evan Katz (Johanns Face)

**DEFIANCE, OHIO / ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH: *Split: 7"***  
The song "Collecting Complaints" by Defiance, Ohio left me feeling very awkward. I don't know if I've ever heard a song that critiques collecting records and fliers. Maybe I am sitting in my room and hiding, but it's the only place I feel safe. Two very solid songs by Defiance, Ohio. Environmental Youth Crunch cover "Fortunate Son" by John Fogerty, and it really gets the blood flowing. I like this version better. Punk is the hot sauce to Fogerty's burrito, the right flavor added to the right foundation. This 7" kicks major ass. It makes me smile inside. —Rene Navarro (Dead Tank)

# In-de-pend-ent (adjective)

1. Not subject to another's authority or jurisdiction; autonomous; free.

GIVE YOUR BAND THE INDEPENDENCE IT NEEDS TO GROW,  
FREE FROM SLIMY, CONTROLLING, CORPORATE HANDS  
THAT HAVE DESTROYED OTHER WEB COMMUNITIES.

GET CONNECTED WITH THE BANDS, FANS AND INDIE LABELS THAT HELP TO MAKE UP OUR AMAZING COMMUNITY.

CREATE A NEW PROFILE ON INDIEPIT.COM & BE A PART OF THE RAZORCAKE MAGAZINE SPONSORED  
GEYKIDO COMET RECORDS 100 MP3 GIVEAWAY!

**RAZORCAKE**



**INDIEPIT**

indiepit.com

a community for true musical independence



**DEREK LYN PLASTIC:*****She's Got a U.T.I.: 7"***

Finally, a musician willing to tackle everyday medical problems! Of course, there are some historical precedents (Screeching Weasel's "Jeannie's Got a Problem with Her Uterus" and the Quincy Punx's "Dumpster Diving at the Abortion Clinic"), but hopefully this will spur a renaissance of medical themes. Could This Is My Fist record a song about herpes? Or maybe Teenage Bottlerocket could tackle the difficult issues posed by Type 2 Diabetes? The possibilities are endless! If this were a cereal, it'd be Honey Nut Cheerios! Sorta The Dickies mixed with Jay Reatard, but, unfortunately, this one's a little bit more on the general rock end of things. But if you haven't checked out Sir Plastic and you like music, you should! -Maddy (NMG)

**DISCO ASSAULT:*****Saturday Night Bleeder: 7"***

Since trends seem to go full circle, there has been a resurgence of early '80s-influenced hardcore bands in the last few years. Some have been brilliant, some mediocre. This band from Windsor, Canada seems to be doing it right. Nice, raw production and songs that charge forth but also have an infectious melody to them. The vocals have an Ian MacKaye delivery that punches through the music. This is straight-up punk rock with no fluff or overproduction. Good stuff. Funny note: I thought my record was messed up because it kept slowing down. I turn

around to look at the turntable and my youngest cat kept putting his paw on the spinning slip mat that the record was on. Cats are so easily entertained. -Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

**DISGUSTER / HITCHHIKERS: Split: CD**

This apparent debut release for both bands, on Zodiac Killer Records (who seem to primarily put forth bicep-flexed bar punk...their flagship comp is titled *Drink. Fight. Fuck.*), comes, goes; is decent and boring in turn. Disguster put forth eight well-written, well-played, and ultimately flat songs. The blame is, in large part, on the production—crisp and mixed well, but lacking for it. It needs some gut, but the variety of gut they offer up isn't exactly palatable. The sexual chauvinism/misogyny of the lyrics in Disguster's half was the nail in the coffin for me. Choice cuts: "domestic violence means nothing to me," "meet me on the other side of the glory hole," "the more you try, the worse I treat you," blah blah blah. I've got a younger brother, too. Summations later. Onward. Hitchhikers retain some dirt and gristle compared to Disguster and is less prone to chucking out Crüe-style pussy declaratives. Plus these guys have "Neckbone Stomp" on their half, the most bare bones song on the album, and rockiest for it. Sure, singer Jorge E. Disguster's voice grates my brain-cheese; too much pruned strut for my taste, but my delicate sensibilities vis-à-vis objectification weren't affected either. Ignoring everything I've said so far, ultimately, this split just doesn't

really stretch. Nothing is moved forward, tweaked, expounded, or refracted. It's an album equivalent to horse blinders. -Andrew Flanagan (Zodiac Killer)

**DISSIMILARS / SLAB CITY: Split: 7"**

Motards. Oblivians. Supercharger. Spits. Scared Of Chaka. To complete the garage rock, no-fi, crushed-beer-cans-of-destiny, loser-as-lifestyle pentagram: Dissimilars. Slab City add an organ and it becomes a hexagram. Plenty great. Their geometries are tight. -Todd (Green Door)

**DISSIMILARS: Hit Record: Tape**

Dirty-ass, lo-fi garage punk from San Diego. It has the broken down basement sound that could only be made by young kids who don't give a fuck or old bastards with nothing to lose. The tape consists of all covers, (Consumers, The Lids, Ramones, The Pagans, The Kids, Reatards, Oblivions, and Supercharger). It's hella fun and has definitely got some rotation in my tape player. It's kind of weird, though, to listen to a tape of covers without already having an idea of the original personality of the band covering them. Don't get me wrong, it totally shines through, but if I were going to get something by this band I'd hunt down some of their original stuff first. But once you have, don't overlook this. The "Teenage Lobotomy" cover rips ass. -Craven Rock (Green Door)

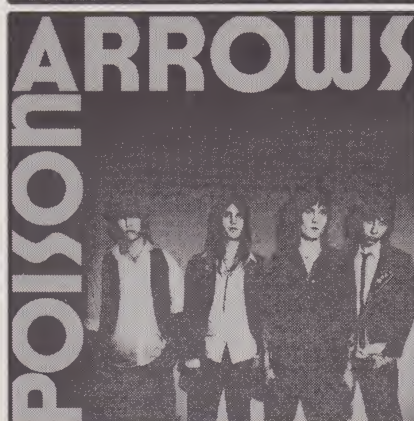
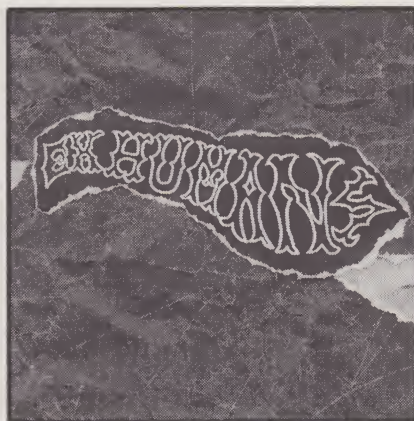
**DOOMHAWK: Self-titled: LP**

On occasion, I'm fine with bands fucking with expectations, as long as it

doesn't feel like they're laughing at, or behind the backs, of the listener. It also doesn't hurt if the band doesn't come across as masturbatorial pretentious instead of involved in intrepid songwriting. Doomhawk play long-ass songs (four long ones, one short one on a 33 RPM 12" LP) that genre-skip from circus metal to electronica to disco to orchestral to spoken Speak-n-Spell to ska to industrial to gypsy to Hobbit vs. Orc to Middle Eastern whathaveyou. Granted, it's not every day or every-type-of-situation music for me, but it's got a nice heft and grit to it, even in the quieter parts. My depth of knowledge is shallow with this type of stuff, but I'd say fans of Praxis, Smegma, and the "getting right with the earth" magick set would like it instantly. -Todd (Rumbletowne)

**DOPAMINES / TILL PLAINS: Split: 7"**

The Dopamines play poppy Midwestern sing-a-long punk, that sounds to me like it could have been the long lost third side to the Digger/Weston *Wilum to Pennsylvania* split 7". Competently played, with perhaps a bit of spit polish, a busy bass line intersects peppy guitar that occasionally breaks into well-timed chugga chugga starts and stops while cue-the-background-vocals come in to save the day. This is the kind of thing that the 1996 me would have eaten up. 2009 me is looking for a little bit more than what the Dopamines have to offer here. Sharing the 7" with the Dopamines is Till Plains, who, like the Dopamines, are from Ohio, and also

**FULL BREACH KICKS**

*new releases*

**EX HUMANS "CHICANE" 7"**

First hard-hitting single from these New York City rockers - the Brooklyn way.

**PLEXI 3 "TIMEBOX" 7"**

New single from Milwaukee's finest power pop stars.

**POISON ARROWS  
"STICKY SITUATIONS" 7"**

Catchy as all hell,  
in your face Atlanta power pop.

**THE JONESES "CRIMINAL HISTORY  
REVISITED" CD / 2xLP/digital**

Best of & rarities from these newly reformed,  
infamous '80s L.A. trash punk rock 'n' rollers.

**DOWNLOAD ALL RELEASES DIRECT  
FROM OUR NEW ONLINE STORE!  
SKIP THE CORPORATIONS!**

Come visit the FULL BREACH 77 online store for original  
punk rock & rock 'n' roll t-shirts, leather jackets, music, & more.



recall bits of '90s pop punk, though with a bit more depth, channeling The Jack Palance Band before meandering off into Hot Water Music territory. The two Till Plains songs here foretell potentially interesting future offerings from the band, and help carry some of the weight to give this 7" a passing grade. And it comes on a nice slab of blue marble vinyl, too. —Jeff Proctor (It's Alive/Soapy Hand)

#### DRIPFEEDER:

##### **The Cure Is Fatal: Demo CD**

How they describe their sound: "Mix equal Parts Black Sabbath and Black Flag in a burned-out squat in the most impoverished neighborhood in town." How I describe their sound: Take a bunch of dudes who listen to the stuff Relapse put out around 1998, shove them in a dumpster, shake it around until they're really dizzy and really pissed off, and then tell them to record a demo. —MP Johnson (Self-released)

##### **DUMBS: Rocket from Poland: CD**

As far as I can tell, this is a Polish Ramones cover band. Needless to say, it's pretty amazing. Lyrics are sung in Polish, but you'll definitely recognize most of the songs pretty instantly. Sure, it's kind of a novelty, but you can't help being charmed. The fact that the playing is extremely tight doesn't hurt either. The cover and insert feature some really cool comic art featuring the band flying around on a rocket. Fun stuff. —Evan Katz (Pasazer)

##### **DWARVES / ROYCE CRACKER: Split: 7"**

First, I'd like to take a moment to comment on the artwork. I don't mean to be a jerk, but it's really kind of ugly. It looks like someone got a hold of a copy of Photoshop 3.0 and thought it would be neat to make Ozzie and Harriet look like they've got rotting teeth. More pictures of rotting teeth (and a meth lab, to boot) are found on back, as well as on the insert. Meth is the predominant theme here, with (by my count) four of the five songs on the two sides dedicated to meth in some way or another. The record starts off with a live version of the Dwarves song "Speed Demon," which originally appeared as a Sub Pop single. This version, recorded in the U.K. in 1995, is kind of quiet and kind of muddy sounding. Aside from the audio quality, it's not a bad song. For those not familiar with the original version, think of your favorite New Bomb Turks song given a little bit of a metal makeover. The second song kind of threw me for a loop. Titled "Tweek," Blag here raps over beats created by 7" mate Royce Cracker and DJ Marz. The rap is meth-inspired paranoia and, frankly, it's quite good. Sonically, it is reminiscent of nerd-core MC's (MC Chris in particular) with Blag's high-pitched, nasally rhymes and schizophrenic cadence, alternating from the spastic to the subdued. Royce Cracker picks up where Blag's rap left off. First track, "Doin' Watcha Say," is a short burst of what sounds like samples taken from a campy war movie, marching band and flute included. The second track, "Meth Stop Calling," is an

angry phone call from what appears to be an ex-girlfriend, ranting and raving over unsettling beats. Blag returns on the last track, "Who Put the Methamphetamine in Mr. Everything?" which is more of a lazy, lounge-y rhyme and rhythm than "Tweek," though, of course, still about their narcotic du jour. Pleasantly bizarre, this comes recommended for Dwarves completists, meth aficionados, and nerd-core devotees. —Jeff Proctor (Zodiac Killer, www.zodiackillerrecords.com)

##### **EEGOS, THE: Self-titled: 7"**

I really liked their other self-titled 7" (this one has the brain on the cover) and was hoping they would be on a path going up, from a cool power pop group I wouldn't mind hearing to the essential listening of The Marked Men, and this 7" is about there. The first song, "If You Ain't Shaking," is great pop pop pop pogo fun with silly words. Then the next song, "Daddy's Money," is what I was hoping for. Really driving, edgy snotty brilliance that I can't stop playing and head nodding to. I think it's about a greaser kid who takes a rich girl out on a date and swears to not love her, or something. Pretty perfect. I don't want to say the B-side is filler; it's really fun. It's just that I'm still bopping on that one song. —Speedway Randy (Felony Fidelity)

##### **ENDANGERED FECES: Number 2: CD**

Endangered Feces is the Pooplo Picasso of scat songs. What's that? You say you've grown up? You're too old for

poop jokes? Liar! Your taste for poop jokes has only matured like a fine wine. Well, maybe not like a fine wine, but like a perfectly acceptable wine, a wine that you drink so much of that it gives you the runs. The truth is that you still crack up when an old person walks by and accidentally lets a big wet one slip. You'll crack up just as much when you hear the lyrics to "Deuces Wild," about the moral quandaries that arise when people are hit with turtle heads when they're in their cars. "When deuces are wild, toilet paper is like gold." Indeed. But this CD, which flies by like a healthy post-burrito blast, does not sound like shit at all. The songs are tight and catchy. It's pop punk with a hardcore education, just rough enough around the edges to give it some urgency. And, of course, life can't revolve around poop (although, to some extent, it does), so the band throws in a quick cover of "On the Road Again." Buy this and stop pretending that your sense of humor is any different now than it was in fifth grade. —MP Johnson (Overdose On Records)

##### **ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH:**

##### **Vicious Fishes: Cassette**

Environmental Youth Crunch is an awesome, sloppy pop punk band from Florida in the vein of The Bananas. The crunchy lyrics are a bit much at times, but this cassette got me excited enough that I'm definitely going to check out their other releases. The folksy words won't make you start recycling if you aren't already, but

**Dirt Cult Records**  
713 Stagecoach Dr  
Las Cruces, NM 88011  
myspace.com/dirtcultrecords


**OUT NOW!!!**  
Turkish Techno 7"  
Get Bent 7"  
Dirt Cult Mix Tape Vol II  
Unwelcome Guests 7"  
Shang-A-Lang/Jonesin 7"  
God Equals Genocide 7"  
and more...

**coming soon**  
Jonesin/Dude jams 7"  
UGRTCL/Shark Pants 7"  
and more...

	
shorebirds "it's gonna get ugly" lp/od	lights out! "destroy create" od/lp
	
deny everything "speaking treason" 7"/od	attack! vipers! young livers "split" 7"
	
lemuria "first collection" lp/od	lights out! "out! out! out!" 7"

www.yoyorecords.de  
www.myspace.com/yoyorecords  
coming soon: bridge & tunnel 7",  
down & outs, offshore radio 7"

amyadoyzie.com  
words · art · junk





the rocking tunes will remind you of a time when cassettes and pop punk ruled the earth. This killer split label release from Dead Tank Records and The People's Republic Of Rock And Roll is well worth seeking out. —Art Ettinger (Dead Tank/People's Republic Of Rock And Roll)

#### **EVACUATE: Self-titled: CD**

Blazing hardcore punk with a real axe to grind! Evacuate utilize a myriad of styles: some early '80s L.A. punk ala The Adolescents, all the way to faster, more aggressive stuff like Poison Idea. The lyrics focus on dissatisfaction with the current state of hardcore, the futility of living a life vicariously through the internet, and bulimia. Very cool, aggressive stuff. The songs are short and fast, but are each unique enough to distinguish themselves from the rest. I'd really like to see them live. Look for this disc when it drops! —Evan Katz (Taang!)

#### **EVERYBODYOUT: Self-titled: CD**

I grabbed this mostly because I was surprised to see that Taang! was still an active label. Although, judging by the copyrights on the package, this might have come out in 2007. Everybodyout reminds me of what one would get if they mashed the accessible Boston bands from the nineties (Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Avoid One Thing, Dropkick Murphys, etc.) together and maybe sprinkled it with a Duane Peters band minus all the grit. The band takes shots at folk ("Billy Cole"), ska ("Yeah, Yeah,

Yeah, Yeah"), NY Doll-ish rock and roll ("All I Got"), and a lot of gang-chorus, sing-a-long punk. In the process of trying to tackle so much, it tends to sound like the band lacks an identity of its own. It's like listening to a competent but non-stimulating cover band. Putting this CD on really makes me want to listen to a US Bombs or Bosstones album instead. —Adrian (Taang!)

#### **EYE FOR AN EYE: Cisz: CD**

A nerdy thing I do when I go to Razorcake HQ is to first ask if Jimmy Alvarado has come in yet to pick up review material. If he has, the review material has been picked through. If he hasn't, I dive into the bin of unsorted and unassigned records and CDs. First thing I see of interest while going through piles of CDs is this release. Yes! I reviewed the *Gra* LP last year by this band from Poland and it was one of my favorites. Same as their previous release, the songs jump out immediately and pummel you with a wave of sonic energy: fast hardcore with hints of guitar melody that highlights the power chords. Female vocals are yell/sung and that puts the vocals in the forefront with her unique and distinctive delivery. The recording production is superb and crisp. This and their previous release sound like they were recorded at a top notch studio. You can hear the vocals and guitars mixed in perfectly with the thundering drums and well executed, punchy bass. I like this band so much now that I'm sending an email to the label to order the early material. —Donofthedeath (Pasazer)

#### **FITT, THE: Hawk Eyes: 7"**

At first I was surprised by how metal and heavy The Fitt is for someone on Big Neck Recs., but, then again, the Neck always has some hard-hitting trash and this is like The Mistreaters on a Sepultura kick, which is fun, dirty fuzz, and fast at times. A little too much "hey, batter batter, hey, batter batter" pounding for my tastes, but a couple songs burn fast, and those are tasty. —Speedway Randy (Big Neck)

#### **FLIPPER**

**Generic: CD**

**Gone Fishin': CD**

**Sex Bomb Baby!: CD**

**Public Flipper Limited: CD**

This set reissues most of Flipper's catalogue except for the live *Blow'n Chunks* album and the post-Will Shatter *American Grafishy*. This is a great thing in light of how everything but the subpar *Blow'n Chunks* album has been massively out of print for years. Flipper are an acquired taste, but, at the same time, are completely essential, if that makes sense. Flipper has a remarkable ability to make songs that are anti-musical, yet catchy. *Generic* and *Gone Fishin'* are Flipper's first two studio full-lengths. They both showcase how Flipper are able to channel things like ugliness or depression and turn it into something that ultimately feels cathartic and renewing. The genius of Flipper lies partially in the accessibility of their inaccessible music. This isn't the sound of a dude with overblown testosterone issues bellowing about pain, or of

maddeningly pretentious-sounding indie dudes. Rather, vocalist/bassist Bruce Loose and Will Shatter sound like relatable, if perhaps off-kilter, people.

The classic songs to recommend are many: "Life," "Ever," "I (Saw You) Shine," "First the Heart," "Sacrifice." All these songs feel like they pull you into dark areas with bleak lyrics, guitar that's mostly ambient noise, and repetitive, muddy bass that often ends up being the lead instrument. The trick is that you come out the other side feeling better. Oddly enough, about the only song on the two albums I'm not completely crazy about is the semi-hit "Sex Bomb." *Public Flipper* is a double live album that has recordings spanning five years. Most of these recordings are actually as good as the studio versions, plus there are a few songs that aren't on any studio albums. This is totally worth getting for the absolutely transcendent version of "Life" on disc two and the awesome Flipper board game that can be made out of the packaging. *Sex Bomb Baby!* is a rarities compilation. Some of the stuff is lackluster, like "Lowrider" and the really odd version of "Ever." This is the least essential of the CDs—except that it has one of the most essential Flipper songs on it, "Ha Ha Ha"—so get this one too. To paraphrase Krist Novoselic in his liner notes for *Generic*, the first several times someone ever hears Flipper they might sound like just a raw, distorted, ugly wash, but then one day they may suddenly click and you realize that they may be one of the best bands in the world. —Adrian (Water)

**DR. STRANGE RECORDS**

Responsible for making your kids dress like shit since 1988.

**THE BIGGEST SELECTION IN ALL OF CALIFORNIA FOR RARE RECORDS, CDS, LEATHER JACKETS, CREEPERS, BOOTS, STUDED BELTS, BEN SHERMANS, STUDS, BULLET BELTS, BUTTONS, PATCHES, T-SHIRTS AND WAY MORE!**

**OPEN EVERY FUCKING DAY 10-7**  
7136 AMETHYST AVE.  
ALTA LOMA, CA  
PHONE (909)944-1778  
EVERYTHING'S ON-LINE  
(YES, IT'S SECURE)  
WWW.DRSTRANGE.COM



**PEDAL PRINTING**

CUSTOM SCREEN PRINTING

(716)725-0938

APPAREL • RECORD PACKAGING • STICKERS • FLATSTOCK •

**BRAND NEW WEBSTORE!**

Ltd. edition screen printed gig and tour posters, art prints, stickers, and more!

[Pedalprinting.com](http://Pedalprinting.com)





**FRANTIC CLAM: *Anatomica*: CDEP**

This CD is filled with artsy singer songwriter fartsy pop music. Guitarist/singer Zack Hadley's voice is pitchy and often backed with falsetto (do beware), but it's unique. The secret track nicely finishes the album out. It's a short, stripped-down, moody tune with keyboards that sound like bagpipes. Overall, it's interesting but none of the tracks make me want to keep hitting the repeat button. —N.L. Dewart (Exemplary)

**FREEZE, THE: *Land of the Lost*: LP**

I don't know who the bigger Freeze fans are, Dr. Strange? Schizophrenic? Both labels are keeping The Freeze's name alive and music available for the masses. Dr. Strange has been doing it via CD, but Schizophrenic is the choice for the vinyl collector nerd. If you get the mailorder copy of their reissues, you get added packaging and always-cool colored vinyl. This copy I have in my hands is a cool orange with black splatter. It's so beautiful to look at. Regardless of the packaging, the music here is essential. This is the first LP originally released by Mother Method Records in 1984 from these Massachusetts hardcore legends. It is every bit as good back then as hearing it now. It definitely has stood the test of time. When bands of their era were getting faster, they maintained their control and went out to just rock you the fuck out. This is a classic that shouldn't be overlooked. —Donofthedeat (Schizophrenic)

**FUCKED UP:*****The Chemistry of Common Life*: CD**

When it comes to Fucked Up, I can't but help think it's a case of the "king has no clothes" going on. Their singles were just okay. Nothing classic or really groundbreaking. The *Hidden World* LP was okay. It's definitely not as edgy as people made it out to be. Yeah, they were breaking away from being a run-of-the-mill hardcore band by extending their songs and adding different sounds, etc., but still, nothing mind blowing or exactly reshaping music. This new album is the sound of a band who is trying too hard to be "out there." Everything sounds forced, and done for the sake of doing it, because it's expected. The experimental side they have been angling for is overdone, which detracts from any power the songs may have. It's almost as if they're hoping listeners will sit around, "Did they just add pop vocals to this song ("Black Albino Bones")?!" That's like, so whacky!" Layers of keyboards, feedback, and more, and it all goes nowhere. The songs drone on and on; no energy or charisma. "Royal Swan" is beyond ridiculous. The first song, "Son the Father" is decent, but, for the most part, this album is boring. I found myself thinking the songs were lasting forever, and then I would check the disc player and see I was only four minutes into a song. This is prog rock lite. Convuluted is a good superlative to describe this. —M.Avrq (Matador)

**GABRIEL HART: *The Nightlight EP*: 7"**

Gabriel Hart of Los Angeles area bands the Starvations and Jail Weddings plays solo here (with minimalist drumming by bandmate Ian Harrower) on this 7", with four haunting, howling acoustic songs (three originals, one Masonics cover). Spanish-tinged guitar and a little bit of echo in the vocals give the songs a slight, spooky feel. The strumming and crooning seems to recall long-gone voices of the American pop and rock and roll catalogue—people like Roy Orbison and Ricky Nelson come to mind—without this being a tacky and tasteless throwback or some other novelty of Americana. —Jeff Proctor (Red Wine)

**GOTHTIEFS, THE: *Hongkong Rocks / Limited Applied*: 7"**

I've always had nothin' but respect for bands that completely thumb their noses at the established theology of audio recording ((which should not be confused with bands who fail to observe those same conventions owing to sheer ineptness))—after all, what has obeying standard audio conventions ever gotten us other than a lifetime of fear, pain, and shame? In any event, few combos thumb more proboscis at established audio convention than the Gothiefs ((although I am a bit concerned over whether it is GO or GOTH which they thieve)); one assumes that the lights in the control room of whatever hapless studio in which they deigned to record were nothing but a mass of solid red squares, and every femtosecond

of silence ((i.e., time when there's no pounding going on)) is conveniently filled with feedback squeals. Kinda reminds me of the sonic qualities of a few of those older Guitar Wolf records, but more punk-ish and less UFO Rock-ish. I believe my attention has been duly gotten. Good day to you. **BEST SONG:** "Hongkong Rocks" **BEST SONG TITLE** "Hongkong Rocks" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** "Gothiefs" is an anagram for "Hoe Gifts," "Heist Fog," "Fie Ghost" and "Fetish Go," among others. —Rev. Nørb (High School Refuse)

**GUILT LUST: LP**

Beefy hardcore punk with bilious vocals, slowed down a bit for added hard rock swagger. If Pig Champion's passing left a hole in your heart, this record will make you feel the darkness all over again. The eight songs go by fast. By the time I was done making my sandwich, side A was done. I had to pause my eating during side B to fully take in their left-field hardcore cover of "A House Is Not a Hotel" by Love. They made it fit on their record without compromising the menace of the original. There's nothing trendy or bullshit about this record. I get the idea that these guys are doing it for the love of it and don't give a damn if no one watches. —CT Terry (Fun With Smack)

**GUILTY FACES: *Nightmares*: 7"**

Straight forward early to mid-'80s L.A./O.C.-style punk. I was hearing a



**NOW DENIAL**  
**FACEMELTER**

NEW WEBSTORE NOW ATTACHED TO OUR SITE!!  
OTHER RECORDS, CDS, POSTERS, VIDEO, AND MORE!!!

CD AVAILABLE NOW  
LP ALSO AVAILABLE FROM  
KAT ENDSURE ANCHOR  
AND  
HI FROM CAMP (CARLOS RECONQUER)

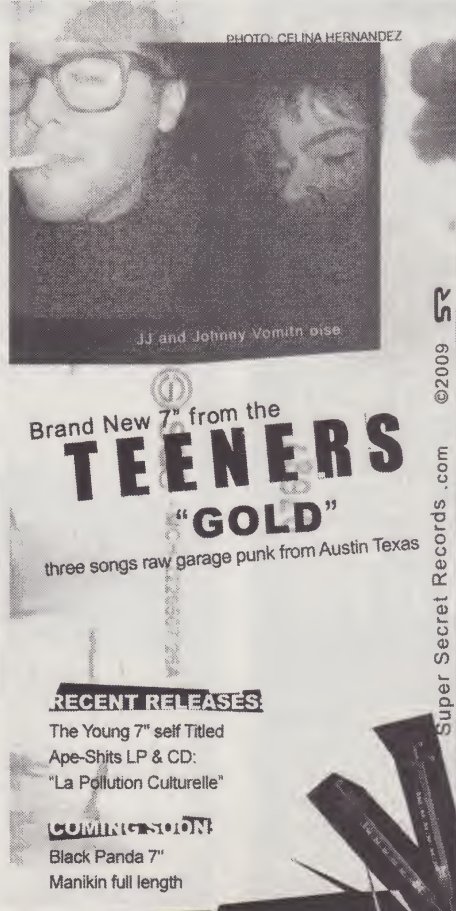


PHOTO: CELINA HERNANDEZ


JJ and Johnny Vomutn oise

Brand New 7" from the  
**TEENERS**  
**"GOLD"**  
three songs raw garage punk from Austin Texas

**RECENT RELEASES:**  
The Young 7" self Titled  
Ape-Shits LP & CD:  
"La Pollution Culturelle"

**COMMISSION:**  
Black Panda 7"  
Manikin full length

©2009  
Super Secret Records .com



**TRUST**

WWW.TRUSTZINE.DE

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

**"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"**



bit of D.I. and even some Wasted Youth. Songs are short and to the point. The vocals are, at times, maybe too snotty for their own good and might have carried the songs better if they were a little less stylized. Still, this does pack a nice, nostalgic punch if you dig on that sound. —Evan Katz (Room 101)

#### HANNA HIRSCH: *Tala Svart*: CD

The Sugarcubes, apparently, started out as a punk band. This was way before Björk became a venture capitalist. What does this have to do with Stockholm, Sweden's Hanna Hirsch? Hanna Hirsch is bridled to a similar undeniable pop sensibility—like a river of silver—pulsing in the heartbeat of these undeniably contemporary punk songs. The recording sounds icy; shattering icy, like it was done in a vacuum, in space. It's that infinity that gives the entire record a stretched-out, palpable desperation. *Bladerunner* android vocals, stainless steel-sounding synthesizers, organic, thudding drums, and glistening, serrated, barbed-wire-of-the-future guitars crash and crunch together. Even when they slow down and get quiet, it's tense and pretty as all hell. Excellent. Well worth a long hunt. —Todd (Diskret Förlag, [www.diskretforlag.com](http://www.diskretforlag.com))

#### HEAD HOME:

##### *Outside My Window*: 12" EP

Daryl said that I would probably like this because it's shoe gaze. Well, he was right on both counts. It's shoe gaze and I like it. It's shoe gaze that is more concerned with rocking and melody than

experimental soundscapes. In fact, you aren't going to find anything you might think of when you hear "experimental soundscapes" on here. Don't get me wrong, there is a big, atmospheric sound on here quite frequently, but it's free from any bullshit. It's kinda reminiscent of Swervedriver's *Ejector Seat Reservation*. The little catalog that accompanies this 12" makes a comparison of the Head Home to Dinosaur Jr., and I'd be hard pressed to say that it's a bad comparison. The guitars are big and rockin' and aren't afraid of pop and melody; the vocals are smooth yet slightly distorted and meld perfectly into the rhythm. This is good stuff! —Vincent (Wallride)

#### HELLHOLE: *Self-titled*: EP

Whoa!! This is a great record! Hellhole cranks out some mid to fast hardcore that has a lot of low end and hits hard. I like how the bass sounds on "Under Control." It has this menacing sound with a pace to match. The song erupts into a slightly faster tempo but the presence of that bass remains. They maintain their power by never going full tilt thrash. Instead, they write songs that are memorable, structured solidly, and with breakdowns and time changes to keep things moving. The vocalist has a bellow that allows the words to come through loud and clear, which also allows for the tone of the song to come through, instead of the usual straight screaming we get too often these days. Great dual guitar sound on here as well. Solid record the whole way through. This band could very well be a force to reckon with as of right now.

Clear vinyl, if that's your thing. —M.Avrq (Off The Books)

#### HERE COMES A BIG BLACK CLOUD:

##### *Pompeii*: LP

The record opens with a bunch of strange sounds, screeches, and then an ominous organ cuts in, making way for some dirty, bizarre, garage rock that sounds as if it was recorded in a subterranean recording studio. Scratch that... a subterranean recording studio that has been set on fire. The cover art features what appears to be satanic Teletubby—and the liner notes seem to be written by either a very hateful fan or, possibly, a jaded member of the band. This genre usually isn't even my thing, but I was honestly blown away by this weird slab of plastic. —Evan Katz (Recorded)

#### HEXTALLS, THE: *Call It a Comeback*: CD

Their drummer's name is Nikki Stixx. Does anyone else besides me think that is fucking hilarious? But that's not the only thing that will make you laugh on this record. Sit down and read the lyrics sheet like you're cramming for a final exam. Eat a coffee sandwich if you have to. Once you have them down, sing along and try not to spit out your beer at the same time. Trust me—it's fun! "On The Third Day, Axl Rose" has the super catchy chorus of "Scott Weiland is an asshole." I just wish the bonus tracks had the lyrics listed. No worries though, "Martin Lawrence" will quickly become your new favorite song. I promise. —Sean Koenick (Self-released)

#### HI RED CENTER: *Assemble*: CD

It seems like every time I get a batch of CDs to review there is always one album with which I don't know what to do. This time around it would be Hi Red Center's *Assemble*. I am familiar with their label, Joyful Noise, and Hi Red Center sounds akin to some of the other material on there: kind of quirky and odd, but retaining something almost endearing within that weirdness. In that sense, they are very similar to Deerhoof but without the tiny Japanese voice. The range of instruments (vibraphone, keys, clarinet, trumpet, and bassoon as well as guitar and bass) is welcome and gives Hi Red Center some solid artistic ground to state their claim for being slightly unique. The vocals are male with some good harmonies, but after repeated listens and mulling over the nine tracks, I can't help but think of those cute Japanese vocals of Deerhoof instead. It hits me how much this reminds me of the West Coast quartet except different vocals and Hi Red Center isn't quite as spastic. Thus it comes down to this comparison of West Coast and East Coast (Hi Red Center is from NYC) quirkiness. While I respect their attempt at artistry, the interest in listening to bands like this on a frequent basis might require pretty tight jeans and a better haircut on my part. —Kurt Morris (Joyful Noise)

#### HUNCHES: *Exit Dreams*: CD

*Exit Dreams* is a bittersweet record: The Hunches are now defunct. Too much Peter Laughner living was the culprit here; The Hunches parted and fucked

**Dirt Nap Records**  
2615 SE Clinton St.  
Portland, OR 97202  
[www.dirtnaprecords.com](http://www.dirtnaprecords.com)

**Marked Men - Ghosts LP/CD**  
their best one yet. no shit.

**The Ergs - Hindsight Is 20/20, My Friend double LP/CD**  
bloated, monstrous 33 song singles comp.

**The Girls - Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes, No LP/CD**  
return of Seattle's fave twichy keyboard punks.

coming soon: Mean Jeans - License 2 Chill 7".  
spring 2009: The Estranged - Singles Comp LP,  
Autistic Youth LP, Potential Johns 7"

When in Portland, stop by our record store!  
[www.greennoiserecords.com](http://www.greennoiserecords.com) entire inventory  
available online!



shit up like Phoenix's Consumers. And that's too bad because The Hunches were great. Traditional Hunches trash is found on *Exit Dreams*, not to mention some excellent *Flowers of Romance* (that's PIL) style drumming and strong narrative on "From this Window." In The Red Records comes through again, probably why all the indie-giant labels are pillaging Larry Hardy's roster (LAME). Consumer Guide Rating: A+. —Ryan Leach (In The Red)

#### I MADE THIS MISTAKE: *It's Okay: LP*

Is emo folk a genre or did I just make that up? This kinda sounds like Against Me, sorta sounds like it could be on Plan-it X (in a Ghost Mice, not Future Virgins, kind of way). Sadly, it didn't pass the jump-up-and-down-like-a-crazy-person test. If this were a cereal, it'd be Apple Crisp. Not horrible, just not my thing, but I'm sure there are a lot of Apple Crisp fans out there, so, who knows? —Maddy (Anti-Creative/The Cottage/Covert Coercion)

#### IMPULSE INTERNATIONAL, THE: *Hollywood Underground: 7"*

These guys have been prolific this past year. These two songs have more of a U.K. '77 punk sound than the other records. Still power pop, but there are strains of the Undertones, the Flies, and bands like that coming through. "Hollywood Underground" is the punkier and more upbeat number of this single. I like how the organ comes in toward the end. "Gotta Run Home" is my favorite of the two cuts. The chorus is slightly melancholic. Maybe

it's the way they sing "ho-o-o-ome" or something and how the song winds down later on. A summertime sort of record. A full-length LP is in the cards for these gentlemen and I can't wait to hear it. But, for now, get this and play it, play it, play it. —M.Avré (Killer)

#### IMPULSE INTERNATIONAL, THE: *Hollywood Underground: 7"*

I don't know what the schedule was, and if they recorded a ton of songs and went the multiple 7"s instead of a full length route, but they seem to be coming out with new records all the time for three dudes who don't live in the same state, which isn't a bad thing. This is more of what they've put out so far, edgy power pop, with a touch of some late '70s bands like The Jam, Undertones, maybe even a little Vibrators. —Joe Evans III (Killer)

#### JOHNNY VOMIT:

##### *Extreme Championship Drinking: CD*

Not for the politically correct crowd, this Chicago punk band still may put a smile on your face with songs like "Boozehound" and "Beer Bong Barf Bag!" A cool mix of punk and metal, these guys are pros, having been in the biz for twenty years now. So you know the chops presented here are tasty. Kudos on the bonus tracks too—any band that covers Gang Green and Girlschool on the same CD is top banana in my book. —Sean Koepenick (NGS)

#### JUVENTUD CRASA / MENOSVALIDOS: *Split: CD*

Both sing in a language that might be

Spanish or an "I Can't Believe It's Not Spanish" Spanish brand substitute. Both bands use male/female dual vocals. Both bands play in a style not unlike later '80s hardcore (you know, when it started dicking around with metal and caught all those weird STDs). Now here are the differences: Juventud Crasa is entirely forgettable. Menosvalidos' last three songs almost make the disc worth it, but it seems that these efforts are wasted and they should just put out a 7" instead. Also, isn't there a rule where splits are supposed to be two not entirely similar bands? This felt like I was eating two pieces of bread disguised as a sandwich. —Bryan Static (Valle Miseria/Southkore/Rocanolperu/Discos de Hoy/Cabeza e Vacas)

#### JUVENTUD CRASA / MENOSVALIDOS: *Split: CD*

Very solid split album featuring two female-fronted punk rock bands from Latin America. Juventud Crasa hail from Puerto Rico and are the more experimental of the two. They play passionate punk rock with a strong rock en Español influence. The songs move and switch up styles, but carry a consistent emotion that ties them all together. Menosvalidos from Mexico are definitely the more straightforward of the two, but they make up for it in spades with aggression and spitfire. Male and female vocalists switch duties throughout the very tight and short tracks. I can't read the lyrics in the booklet, but I'm guessing that they're political in

nature. Highly recommended. —Evan Katz (Southkore)

#### KENTUCKY KNIFE FIGHT:

##### *The Wolf Crept, the Children Slept: CD*

KKF exhumes the shriveled-up corpse of '70s punk, cuts it open, and stuffs it full of swaggering rockabilly rhythm. For good measure, it throws in a touch of honky tonk. The lyrics skim through the vulgar lives of shady men driving to places they shouldn't go, hanging out with the wrong women, drinking too much, and then going back and doing it all again. All that and a killer piano solo. —MP Johnson (Self-released)

#### KEVIN RHEAULT: *Disarray: 7"*

"Alone on Friday night, so much wrong, so much life, lit up like the Fourth of July" and "You got nothing to despise... so come on!" I must have got those lyrics wrong, but I hate bar rock too much to listen again and find out. —Speedway Randy (Bampf!)

#### KING GENERATOR: *Self-titled: 12" EP*

I try to stay away from using words like "brutal" to describe music these days. However, I have to make an exception for this record. King Generator (members are Jamie Thomson (Shank, The Process), Dave Witte (Discordance Axis, Melt Banana, Municipal Waste), and Mike Hill (Tombs, Anodyne)) certainly crank out brutal hardcore that is blistering at times and slow and anguished at others. "Out Of Time" sounds like the sky is collapsing and everything is bursting in slow motion. "My One Regret" is the

PSYCHED TO DIE  
STERILE WALLS  
7" out in March!  
FIRESTARTER  
GRAVE MISTAKE

MICROCOSM PUBLISHING  
NEW BOOKS TO POUNKE ON!  
MAKE A ZINE!  
A starting point for launching your own zine. A virtually read more... endless supply of hints makes this an indispensable guide and the appendices add extensive directories of stores, libraries, reviewers, and zine distributors. \$7  
ZINE YEARBOOK #9  
An annual anthology of small press writing and artwork. Each edition collects excerpts from zines and minicomics printed in a given year. Instead of categorizing or analyzing this movement, this series allows you to decide for yourself by providing excerpts from current publications. \$12  
MAKE YOUR PLACE  
Raleigh Briggs teaches us how to craft a sustainable domestic life outside of consumer consciousness. From creating tinctures and salves, to concocting all-natural cleaners, to gardening basics, this book is great for anyone looking to live more simply and truly do it themselves. \$7  
NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND  
From their origins in early 20th century sci-fi cults to their rapid proliferation in the wake of punk rock, zines have established themselves as vital political and social networking tools. Fundamentally utopian in ideology yet confined to a subculture, can self-publishing effect social change? \$12  
MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM  
many other books, zines, etc to choose from!  
222 S Rogers St | Bloomington, IN 47404



slower of the songs; the sort of song you listen to and stew in your hate and alienation. This is seven songs of ugliness and despair. Embrace the darkness. —M.Avg (Tank Crimes)

**KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW:**  
**Animal Party: 7"**

Two long and jammy songs from this consistently bad ass duo. And as much as I loved *What's for Dinner?*, it didn't come with a coloring book containing pictures of oddly human-looking animals. And, sure, I'm probably never gonna color this coloring book, but you can guarantee that this single is getting a decent amount of spins on my turntable. —Daryl (Fat Possum)

**KNIFE PARTY:**

**Just Like You, Only Better: CD**

Look, kind folks at *Razorcake*, I'm not really into hearing any more bands with that basic '77-'80s punk sound. I mean, this might make me seem like a dick, but, really, I've got this area pretty well covered and there's not much more...wait...this rocks! This totally kicks ass! This guy's voice, so spastic. Those riffs, so punchy. You just can't argue with good rock'n'roll. *Just like you, only better?* Indeed. Indeed. —Craven Rock (Superbob)

**LARSONS, THE:**

**Fictitious Disorder: CD-R**

Straight-forward, late '70s/early '80s style punk, with lyrics about zombies and horror movies and such. The most obvious influence is the Angry

Samoans, as the last of these five songs is a cover of "Lights Out." The fact that this was recorded on a four-track and fairly lo-fi only helps, though I feel it starts to lose energy towards the end, and I like it a little more when the songs are *really* short, like roughly around the minute mark. Otherwise, this is pretty neat. —Joe Evans III (Hands Of Fate)

**LE FACE: Isolation: LP**

Whoa—desssssssperate. Amazing minimal punk so anxious that it's energetic way past its simplicity. Coming from outside L.A., Le Face describes themselves as "neo-dada noise." This could be The Urinals with Charlie Feathers added on as front man. Contagious rhythms, jittery vocals pushing and pulling it forward. You can hear despondent '80s sensibilities in songs like "Isolation," "Manic Depression," and "Tylenol Killer"—spooky, sharp edges. This is as good as anything else coming out of this city of a thousand small towns. When I was in ninth grade and saw *Suburbia* on VHS, I was transfixed and saved from my own suburbs. Who were these outcast kids in L.A.? When they walked in to the kid's bedroom and The Germs' "No God" was screeching from the record player, I had to find it. Got the same feeling when I started this record. "Who are these guys?" If you order the LP direct from the label you can also buy a (limited to 350) bonus 7" with three new songs (two non-LP and one alternate version) that were produced by The Screemers' Paul Roessler. —Speedway Randy (Dead Beat)

**LIBYANS: Self-titled: 12" EP**

This band released one of my favorite 7"s of 2008. The *Welcome to the Neighborhood* EP fucked my shit up, and this 12" is just as seeped in punchy, old school riffs and hardened, unremorseful melodies. Though this record was written in the middle of a line-up change, the songs are consistently pissed, and the difference is hardly noticeable. I think it's pretty safe to say The Libyans are not only one of the best female-fronted hardcore punk bands around today, but also put together some of the best packaging. Spray paint on translucent paper in front of a full color cover is wicked awesome. —Daryl (Upstate Chamber of Commerce)

**LOLLIGAGS, THE:**

**Out of Perversity Join Hands: CDEP**

This seven-song EP from Athens, Georgia's The Lolligags is pure synth pop joy reminiscent of Ladytron, or a band I reviewed a few issues back, UV Protection. Female vocals lead the way and are layered throughout the album with danceable beats backing them up. The music isn't overly cheery; it retains a dark, thick side to it (I can hear Depeche Mode and Joy Division similarities at times) but that doesn't mean this wouldn't get you shakin' your ass. Still, it would be cool to hear them explore some more of that darker synth sound that would piss off the kids on the dance floor. —Kurt Morris (HHBTM)

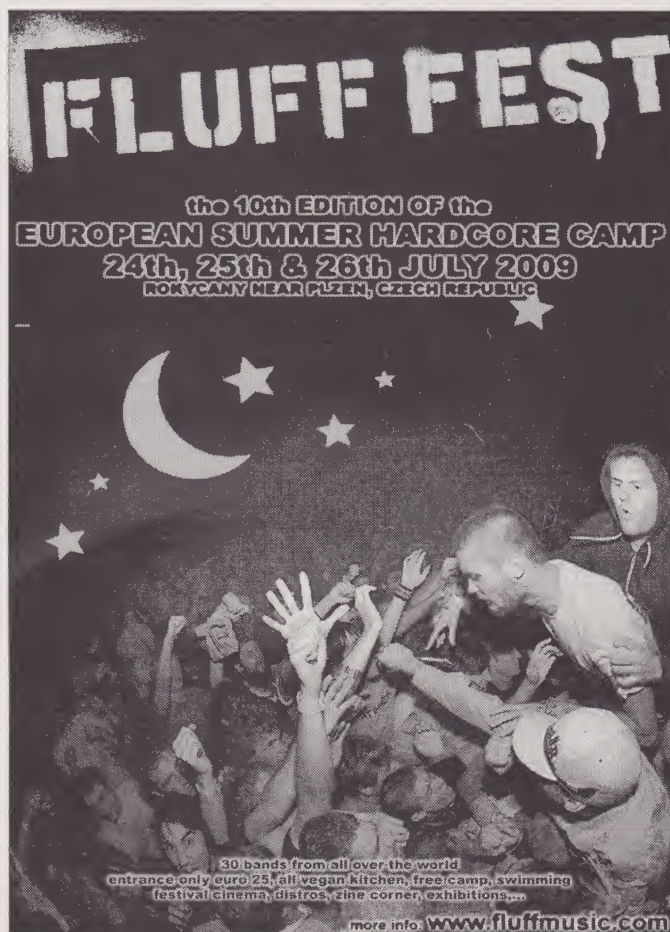
**LOVE BOAT:**

**Imaginary Beatings of Love: CD**

I don't think I'm alone when I say that I was disappointed with the Clorox Girls' last record, *J'aime Les Filles*. I'm totally fine with punk bands discovering pop, but when it's a complete divorce from their previous efforts into a lighter pair of loafers, it makes me feel like a musical orphan. Love Boat, like Thee Makeout Party and Mojomatics—although they don't sound too much alike on the surface—take that jangly, gutsy pop that's a cross between the Beach Boys and the Beatles and jump into this quickly aging millennium, never forgetting the importance of keeping the contemporary crunch and tackle in their songs. *Imaginary Beatings of Love* is bright, crisp, and very listenable. —Todd (Alien Snatch, [www.aliensnatch.com](http://www.aliensnatch.com))

**LOVE ME NOTS, THE: Detroit: LP**

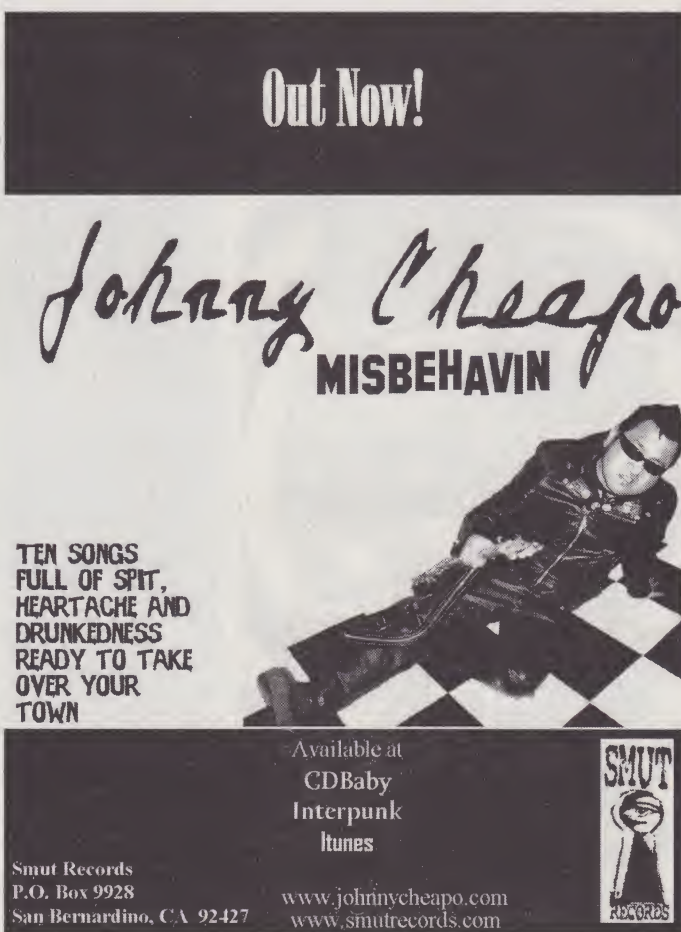
Classy, tasteful farfisa-driven garage rock from Phoenix. Think of a mix of the easier-listening Dirtbombs (Jim Diamond's sonic trademarks are all over the recording process) and the Detroit Cobras: a chanteuse in white Go Go boots, leading a band whose chops are precise, meaty, and swaggering. What makes it stand up are all the small elements that give The Love Me Nots their own fingerprints on the crime scene: surfy reverb; bright, slippery guitar tones; and Crampsian swagger. It's forward-thinking retro that's custom fitted and tailored down to the last note, the last detail (the cream



**FLUFF FEST**  
the 10th EDITION OF the  
**EUROPEAN SUMMER HARDCORE CAMP**  
24th, 25th & 26th JULY 2009  
ROKYCANY NEAR PLZEN, CZECH REPUBLIC

30 bands from all over the world  
entrance only euro 25, all vegan kitchen, free camp, swimming  
festival cinema, distros, zine corner, exhibitions...

more info: [www.fluffmusic.com](http://www.fluffmusic.com)



**Out Now!**

**Johnny Cheapo**  
**MISBEHAVIN**

TEN SONGS  
FULL OF SPIT,  
HEARTACHE AND  
DRUNKENNESS  
READY TO TAKE  
OVER YOUR  
TOWN


Available at  
CDBaby  
Interpunk  
Itunes

Smut Records  
P.O. Box 9928  
San Bernardino, CA 92427

[www.johnnycheapo.com](http://www.johnnycheapo.com)  
[www.smutrecords.com](http://www.smutrecords.com)

**SMUT**  
RECORDS





*Born And Raised In East L.A.*


**LOS DIFUNTOS**  
"S/T"

"Spin this one with that: Social Distortion, Rancid, Throw Rag, any Hellcat label sampler, classic Sun Studio Rockabilly, and it's Cramped/ Misfitted up gruesome offspring Psychobilly."  
LOLLIPOP Magazine  
CD/LP Available Now!!

**PLAN 9**  
"ManMade Monster"  
16 track CD/LP  
"This is a rock-solid record that should be a necessity for all MISFITS fans."  
No Front Teeth Magazine

**Still Available:**  
PLAN 9  
"ManMade Monster" CD  
Motorcycle Boy  
"S/T" CD/DVD  
Bad Samaritans  
"Re-gur-gi-tate" CD  
RHINO 39  
"S/T" Double CD  
Adolescents  
"Brats in Battalions" LP (Red & Clear)  
D.I.  
"Horse Bites Dog Cries" LP (Blue & White)  
HELLBILLYS  
"Torture Garden" CD  
The Mormons  
"statement of no statement" CD

**Coming Soon:**  
PLAN 9 "Manmade Monster" LP  
D.I. "Team Goon" LP  
D.I. "Live At A Dive" LP  
D.I. "Ancient Artifacts" LP  
All on colored Vinyl.

**NICKEL AND DIME RECORDS.**  
PURVEYORS OF FINE PUNK ROCK SINCE 19XX

[www.interpunk.com](http://www.interpunk.com)  
[www.myspace.com/lostdifuntos](http://www.myspace.com/lostdifuntos)  
[www.nickelanddimerecords.com](http://www.nickelanddimerecords.com)  
[www.myspace.com/nickelanddimerecord](http://www.myspace.com/nickelanddimerecord)



American Football, and Cap'n Jazz, the songs are super tight and catchy as all hell. The balancing act of the different vocalists complements the music perfectly. Gritty guitars with screeching vocals interplay with a second warm and sweet jangly guitar and flitting naïf-like vocals. Personal, poetic lyrics are included on liner notes that were handwritten, photocopied, and cut to fit into an envelope included with the records. The record also appears to be hand-numbered, however it is also possible that the band members were simply amusing themselves by numbering this record as number 69 of 420. Regardless, it seems like extra special care was spent in creating the music as well as the packaging. The effort, and the final product, are both met with sincere appreciation. —Jeff Proctor (Self-released)

#### MORAL CRUX:

##### **Pop Culture Assassins: LP**

Extraordinary re-release alert! On super heavy and colored (half black, half white—it's crazy!) vinyl, no less! Lookout released this in 2003, but I don't recall it being released on vinyl. (Record nerds, please issue a correction letter, if needed!) But let's stop beating around the bush! If you don't like Moral Crux, THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU. And not in the cool, "Man, I was weird in high school" way. No, in the legitimately wrong, fan-of-Eddie-Vedder kind of way. In fact, I plan to be filing an amicus brief before the International

Criminal Court, which is currently investigating the criminal nature of this band's underrated stature! Moral Crux have continually done what some might have thought impossible: create the perfect combination of political punk and pop punk. If you haven't heard the song "Firing Squad," then you need to put down your Cherry Coke and Wii controller (yes, even Mario Kart can be paused!) and take a rickshaw down to your local record store post haste! If this were a cereal, it'd be Lucky Charms! Yes! Buy this! —Maddy (Jailhouse)

#### MORAL CRUX:

##### **Top 40 Hits and Pop Favorites: CD**

Moral Crux! You are tampering with my very existence! Did you underestimate my complete and total love of your music? Did you not understand the very real consequences of putting all of your best songs on one CD? Did you not realize that I may not be able to handle this, physically, psychologically, and, dare I say, spiritually? The pressure mounts in my brain! The uncontrollable desire to dance! One amazingly political (and pop punk!) song after another! It does not stop! The questions arise! Does everyone feel this way about music? Were 7" inches created to dole out songs in reasonable doses, so as to avoid this very problem? At any rate, it goes without saying that if this were a cereal, it'd be Lucky Charms...several boxes of Lucky Charms, given to you all at once, with an empty stomach and a large spoon! —Maddy (Jailhouse)

#### MYSTERY GIRLS: *Incontinopia*: CD

Considering The Mystery Girls' incredibly mediocre last effort (*Something in the Water*)—which at even five dollars from the discount record bin, the album's still a rip-off—the brilliance of *Incontinopia* is blindsiding. In four years, The Mystery Girls have developed precipitously in musical and lyrical development. In particular, Michael Zink on bass is shit hot; just check the lines on "Quit Your Flyin' Around" and "I Took the Poison." Main songwriter Jordan Davis is penning stuff worth remembering. And Casey Grajek's sole contribution ("We're So Illegal") is also noteworthy. Forget *Something in the Water*; pick *Incontinopia*—a little Compulsive Gamblers and Flash Express influenced—and give these kids a second chance. Well worth it. —Ryan Leach (In The Red)

#### NERVES, THE: *One Way Ticket*: LP

Especially over the past fifteen years, The Nerves' 7" has become more and more recognized as a mythical Ebay artifact/holy grail of late '70s ('76-'79) L.A. power pop. And for good reason. In the years between then and now, everyone from Blondie to the Exploding Hearts have found much to admire from what Peter Case (who would go on to form the Plimsouls and re-record versions of these songs), Paul Collins (The Paul Collins Beat), and Jack Lee created over a four-year stint. I don't know if I've ever said this about a band, but The Nerves make delicious

songs, especially the studio tracks. They're fun, yet substantive, infinitely listenable, crafted immaculately, and just cool to listen to. They've got an inimitable style about them and they make the listener feel good. (They remind me of a band like The Saints, who, for some reason got largely overlooked when they were active, but you can't second guess their early catalog.) But to merely pigeonhole The Nerves into power pop requires either an expansion or reconsideration of its current definition. More likely, The Nerves are much more than "just a power pop band," as evidenced by the variation on their approach to music on this record: acoustic guitar-driven songs; songs with Beatles and Buddy Holly sinew; and muscled and lean ballads fill out the grooves next to their best-known raveup, "Hanging on the Telephone." The A-side has nine studio recordings. It's the gold. The B-side is nine live and demo tracks (like how the Dils record was released). It's the gravy. Thirty years after its initial release, revel in the first-ever non-bootleg LP of The Nerves. It's safe to say that the band finally got the release their status and reputation deserves... and at an attractive price non-collectors are able to afford. Great stuff. —Todd (Alive, aliveenergy.com)

#### NO CONNECTION: *Second to None*: 7"

The cover of this slab is pretty neat. It has a drawing of the four members of the band running (or maybe circle pitting?) in the background and a stressed-out

**PINK LINCOLNS**

BACK FROM THE PINK ROOM

OUT NOW CD/LP

Remastered/Bonus Tracks, Original 1988 artwork!

Distributed Worldwide Through independent Retailers

JAILHOUSE RECORDS

JAILHOUSE RECORDS.COM PINKLINCOLNS.COM

**we sell soul.**

**not content. soul.**

**Pere Ubu. it's called music.**

**download the good stuff.**

HEARPENCOM

An Irony-Free™ Site



nun in the foreground, who is clenching her fist and teeth. Maybe they're about to bum rush the nun from behind. I'm not quite sure. Anyhow, it looks like some fun hardcore punk. Upon pulling this from the bin, I was informed (by Daryl) that the I Object vocalist sings for this band. I haven't listened to too much I Object, but, from what I have heard, No Connection is pretty different. NC is female-fronted melodic pop punk without being overly melodic or too pop. A Discount comparison seems unavoidable, but Barb (NC's vocalist) is a bit harder sounding than Allison Mosshart (formerly of Discount). The insert includes brief explanations of the songs, which is kinda all right. The lyrics are good, dealing with various topics such as the metaphysics of love, the sex industry, stem cell research, and four other subjects. All things considered, this is a great seven-song EP. Just turn it up because it's mastered kinda low, and, well, you should listen to this loudly anyhow. —Vincent (Barbarossa, Nothing Solid, Redhead, Successful Sex #1)

#### NOBUNNY: *Love Visions*: CD

The cliché: Sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll. The Nobunny interpretation: Bestiality, a substance that makes one crawl naked through a parking lot to slither up on stage, and blown-out speaker, one-channel, grease-and-sawdust Casio and microphone. In the best spots, like "Not That Good," Nobunny reminds me of The Kassos, Scared Of Chaka, Okmoniks, and a lower-fi, lower-budget King Khan at a strip joint with

cracked mirrors and fingerprints all over the brass. At worst, it can get a little annoying, like if Atom And His Package had taken on budget rock. Word is that people who are on the fence with Nobunny tend to fall under his charms live, so I'll wait on my final judgment. I can see tons of people getting into him, though. —Todd (1234 Go!)

#### OMENS, THE: *Make It Last: 7"*

Synthesizer—check. Fuzz—check. High pitched singing—check. Not enough flying saucers, though. —Speedway Randy (Hipsville)

#### PANGEA / HARVEST MOON SOCIETY: *Split: 7"*

Pangea and Harvest Moon Society share both sides of the split, with one song by each band on both sides. Both bands share more than the sides of the record, in that both play indie folk/folk pop/folk punk and various other genre-splitting variations thereof. And though no details are included, both also seem to adhere to strict lo-fi recording techniques. I would venture that both bands recorded onto a 4-track in somebody's living room, possibly live, as well. Pangea provides the big hit for this summer's punk rock mix tape, with the incredibly catchy sing-a-long "Golden Arches," with its chorus of "You are what you eat so/I ain't no god damn golden arches," while Harvest Moon Society brings a perhaps, slightly more mature sound on "Boat Song," with its use of non-traditional (in the punk rock sense) instruments (mandolin? ukulele?) and a simple,

straightforward, lazy laidback strum-a-long. While bedroom recordings are often just as ear pleasing as fancy pants studio productions and are often symbols of the artists' labors and love for music (not to mention the whole DIY aspect), I still wouldn't mind hearing what these songs could be if someone were willing to invest some time and money into the recording of these songs. I think what is here now could possibly represent the frame to a much larger, richer, fuller sound that maintains all of the heart displayed here. —Jeff Proctor (Stress Domain/Griznar Music)

#### PARTY BY THE SLICE:

##### Self-titled: Cassette

When Ben Crew, the singer of Minneapolis hardcore band In Defence, told me there was a war going on between those who champion pizza as the ultimate party food and those who believe tacos should truly be bestowed that honor, I didn't entirely believe him. I didn't understand why In Defence was so adamant about proclaiming the power of tacos. Then I got this tape. Freshly baked from the streets of Milwaukee, Party By The Slice has obviously picked its side in the pizza vs. tacos battle. Not only is this tape dripping with sizzling mozzarella and robust red sauce, the picture of the band members shows them all wearing anti-taco T-shirts. Through rough, pizza-centric thrash songs like "Zombie Food Fight," they take a stand, really the only stand that a proud Wisconsinite could take: That pizzas beat tacos hands down

every time. They had better step up the guitar solos and make sure they aren't getting that bullshit fat-free cheese on their pies, because they've got a hell of a battle in front of them. —MP Johnson (Self-released)

#### PHENOMENAUTS, THE:

##### *For All Mankind*: CD

This CD comes in a complicatedly folded cardboard sleeve that turns into a rocket ship. It's pretty cool, but a major pain in the ass to fold back together afterwards. I recommend you slip the CD into a spare jewel case or something. There was also a cool die cut Phenomenauts pin that came with the CD. Musically, the Phenomenauts are best described as "space cadet rockabilly pop punk." This could be a mess, except that the Phenomenauts actually write great, catchy, songs, continuing the excellence of their previous album *Re-Entry*. Having also seen them live several times, I can say that they are a genuinely mind blowing experience that shouldn't be missed. This is the perfect music for cruising your '50s-era spaceship to the malt shop and flirting with cute aliens. Since the Groovie Ghoules are no more (although Kepi is still going strong solo), I would say that the Phenomenauts are tied with Gogol Bordello for the best pure fun punk band around right now. —Adrian (Silver Sprocket)

#### PIRATE LOVE:

##### *Black Vodoun Space Blues*: CD

This self-described black punk band from Oslo, Norway comes correct on



their debut album. Tracks range from ragged Birthday Party-influenced grooves to more surf'n'roll oriented tracks. It never falls victim to outright homage or camp; there's an authentically dangerous vibe here. Lyrics deal with love gone murderously bad, to outright insanity. If this band was stateside, there's no doubt that they would be huge right now. Seek this out! —Evan Katz (Voodoo Rhythm)

**PIST, THE: *Ideas Are Bulletproof*: LP**

Does The PIST still hold up in a post-Fucked Up world? Coming from someone who's spent very little time actually listening to The PIST and has absolutely no fond memories of the '90s hardcore scene, I'd say this record has its moments. Angry, oi-inspired, hardcore punk that tells tales of angry, hardcore punk life. "Street punks in the city / And street punks at the show / The kids are here and the kids are pissed / Yeah, the kids are ready to go." Yeah like gang vocals? —Daryl (Havoc)

**PIST, THE:**

***Input Equals Output Albums 1 & 2*: LP**

Double, but separately packaged and sold, set of material from the long gone, late, great PIST. Essentially, this is their discography of EPs, splits, comp tracks, demos, and live recordings from 1993 to 1996 (*Ideas Are Bulletproof* is reissued now as well). I remember seeing these guys open for Rorschach at Your Place Too in Oakland in 1993. A friend and I were totally surprised to hear a band like this at that time. When just about

everyone else was delving into metal, or emo, or limp pop, these guys were playing pure punk, and their stage presence was honest, free of shallow posturing and played-out fashion. The music was well played, but it had this raw and gritty quality about it as well. They could thrash it out then play it slightly slower and never lose any momentum. These guys didn't play punk to be cool, they played it because they meant it. I thought I had everything they put out, but seeing these two albums and all that is in here, there was quite a bit I was missing. Never knew they had a split with Malachi Krunch, which has the great song, "Mutual." Then there were the comps I passed over back then; now it's all here and easily accessible. This stuff holds up quite well twelve years later. Maybe it's even better now than it was then. Like a fine wine. —M.Avg (Havoc)

**POINT JUNCTURE WA:**

***Heart to Elk*: CD**

How this came to Razorcake, I'm not sure. This sounds very coffee shop to me. I mean that it's something that one of your local baristas would probably enjoy, but it's not anything that would scare off the morning rush who are there only to get their coffee (or whatever) on the way to the office. It's kinda drone-y and ambient indie rock while not forgetting to have some aim at pop. Nothing on here gets out of control, but nothing gets too accessible, either. —Vincent (Self-released)

**PUSH-PULL / PRIZZY PRIZZY PLEASE: PEPPEP: Split 7"**

Prizzy Prizzy Please is a strange but cool mix of synth, peppy drums, fuzz bass, and surprising sax—maybe even accordion or something else weird in there. Vocals are speedy and gruff then pop up to high pitches, too. For a split second, I thought of the noodling of Joe Satriani. No shit. It's fun but a little too produced for me. Could be more dirty. Gotta have some mistakes in there to keep it exciting. Push-Pull have the same strange effect on me—not as fast but a weird mix of produced electronics, slap fuzzy bass, some jazz prog rock noodling—I swear I heard Dinosaur Jr. on this side. If you are in the mood for all this, you'll be thrilled. —Speedway Randy (Joyful Noise)

**RATS, THE: Self-titled: LP**

Much light has been shed on The Rats since the *Unknown Passage: The Dead Moon Story*. For fans of garage and punk music, the footage of The Rats is the highlight of the film. Fred Cole has been outside the music business, playing for many years. While his playing has spanned a *Spinal Tap* range of styles, his DIY ethic is impressive. The Rats is his most punk rock outing from the early '80s. This re-issue of the first album proves their relevance. The Rats' dry, lo-fi recordings and repetitive, driving drumming is similar in style to The Urinals. The Rats lyrics are perfect trash melodic: simple vocal melodies with a high-pitched yell for backups. Simpler songs like "World War III" and

"Teenagers" are perfect, straightforward, angst-ridden art punk songs. The song "Flash Dogs" features a punchy, Farfisa-sounding organ, giving the song a budget-rock 1960s feel. Fred Cole was in a psych pop band in the '60s called The Lollypop Shoppe. This sparse brand of '60s influence is most prevalent in the vocal melodies. Sloppy, drum-driven '80s punk is always appreciated, and The Rats do not disappoint. This album, along with a recent collection of songs by Florida's The Eat, proves that there are plenty of forgotten punk bands to unearth. —Billups Allen (Mississippi)

**RAZOR BOIS: Self-titled: CD**

Very good oi from Russia with great lyrics and a really tight sound. While the music itself isn't that surprising, the approach is, and it really brings the album to life. Original cover art, a worthy cause, and a very surprising final track make this a must have for fans of street punk that colors outside the lines. —Rene Navarro (Boycott the Fencewalkers!, daddydamage@gmail.com)

**REALICIDE / CAPITAL HEMORRHAGE: Split: 7"**

This split pairs up two seriously brutal, inventive bands. Both throw a noisy, industrial wrench into their scream-filled hardcore machines. Neither band is very accessible. Both appear to be in the first wave of an as of yet unlabelled subgenre. I could feasibly hear this blaring at some dance club, but I can't imagine seeing it performed on stage at a bar. The experience of listening to these bands

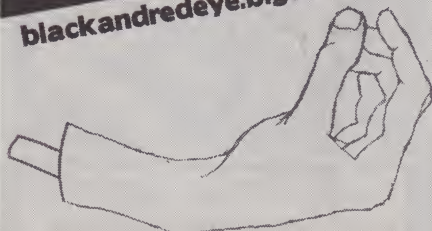
# BLACK & RED EYE

**new site**

**blackandredeye.com**

**new store**

**blackandredeye.bigcartel.com**



**ARTDESIGNMERCH**

## MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL PRESENTS



25 songs recorded in 1983, nearly all previously unreleased - a blazing mix of Black Flag and early DRI showcasing a relatively unknown American hardcore band at their peak.

available on LP & CD  
distributed by Revolver USA  
[www.midheaven.com](http://www.midheaven.com)



is kind of like tasting an exotic, kind of gross dessert: it's nothing I'd hunt for intentionally, but I have to admit that it was a unique experience. —Art Ettinger (Realicidic Youth/Outfallchannel)

#### REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY: *Destroy All Evidence: CD*

Blistering return from these punk rock veterans, now with added firepower from Erik Denno (ex-Kerosene 454). This is a varied release, with acoustic interludes tempering the harsher passages. Bondi and Robbins trade off vocals and songwriting efforts, and the end results are stellar. And if you haven't ever heard Zentek play drums—you're in for a treat. The man kicks serious ass on the skins. "Bush Is Brezhnev" is definitely the most rocking Bondi composition here. "The Loyal Opposition" is the best Robbins pen to paper on this one. But all the songs are vicious here; it just depends what mind frame you are in. When your eardrums have receded into your skull, play "Blue Fade Grey," a mellow tune from Robbins that will make you think as it lulls you to sleep. —Sean Koepnick (Alternative Tentacles)

#### RESONARS, THE: *That Evil Drone: LP*

If the past forty years didn't happen in music, if digital didn't 0 and 1 itself into existence, Matt Rendon would be right at home. It's far from a diss. *That Evil Drone* conjures up memories of the Yardbirds, Zombies, Roky Erikson, and The Peanut Butter Conspiracy—pure '60s AM gold—subtle in its complexity, humble in its presentation, thickly produced. The

Resonars is an odd moniker because it's singular; just Matt in his studio, playing every instrument, recording every track, adding everything up, bringing everything down. And far from waxy idolatry, acid reflux from regurgitating semi-digested chords, or sounding like a dusty-jacketed Goodwill scratch-up, Matt has the feel of someone totally inside of songs, excited, expert, and from another era. As per my character, my favorite tracks are the fastest ones. "Black Breath" could have easily been placed into any of Matt's former band, the Knockout Pills, albums. This is his fifth release as The Resonars. —Todd (Burger)

#### RESONARS, THE: *That Evil Drone: LP*

One of Tucson, Arizona's best kept secrets, The Resonars play a style of '60s psychedelic pop that is reminiscent of the Beatles' early experimental stage. The Resonars have an excellent grasp on the high-flying vocal harmony over driving guitars and slightly distorted bass. The Resonars are following up 2007's *Nonetheless Blue* and appear unstoppable in their category. "No Black Clouds Float By" is an example from *Drone* of multiple layers of "oh" traveling up and down a melodic bass line. "No Horizon" has a catchy, Fab-Four-sounding chorus that fades into a psychedelic riff. *Drone* features a couple of instrumentals that are neither here nor there; but, *Drone* overall is an amazing album, considering that their music is technically complicated and their current output appears to be annual. The Resonars feature, and appear

to be exclusively Matt Rendon from the punk rock band The Knockout Pills: a band who also worked with superior vocal harmonies in more of a Dead Boys vein. Fans of '60s music would do well to give the Resonars a listen. Since the band appears to be mostly Rendon with a few guests, it seems unlikely that you will see them play. But their albums are a noble homage to a specific era of psych and well done. If you think that psych can no longer be expounded on, think Resonars. —Billups Allen (Burger)

#### REVENGINE: *Demo: CD-R*

Not my cup 'o tea commercial metal that sounds like the band Disturbed. —Donofthedeath (Revenge)

#### RISE UP HOWLIN WEREWOLF: *X-Mas Lights Plugged in: 7"*

Aside from having an amazing name, these guys bring a kickass blend of punk rock and dirty blues to the table. The songs manage to be ragged and tough while still leaving room for melody and nuance. There's even an anthemic quality in parts; the vocals, while stark, manage to cut through the wall of sound. —Evan Katz (Vertical House)

#### SAVAGE LAND:

##### *Honor Among Thieves: 7"*

Modern day Bridge Nine style hardcore that reminded me a little of the band Strife. —Donofthedeath (Tension Head)

#### SAY UNCLE!: *Self-titled: CD-R*

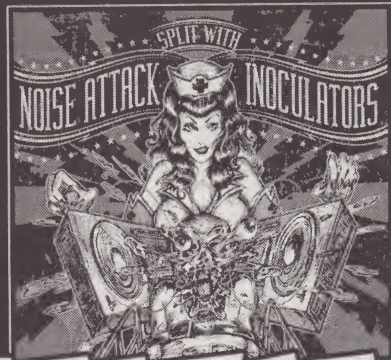
The vocalist/guitarist is twelve-years-old and the drummer is thirteen-years-

old—the bassist is twenty three years old. Their glossy, full-color one-sheet has a picture of the three of them from an extremely low angle lookin' hella serious and tough; it also mentions that they are "punk rock prodigies." There are two dancing skeletons and six skull and crossbones gracing the cover. Needless to say, my expectations weren't exceptionally high. Regardless of my expectations, these dudes hold it down instrumentally—and the vocals ain't horrible, especially considering that the average age of the band members is sixteen. Anyhow, these dudes could give The Distillers (*Sing Sing...*) a run for their money. I don't care for The Distillers and I doubt I'll ever listen to this again, but for two hella young dudes to break out some shit this solid is fucking surprising. Also, there are two covers: Bad Brains' "Big Take Over" (not so great) and the Gits' "Second Skin" (not so bad). —Vincent (Self-released)

#### SCREAMING FEMALES / HUNCHBACK: *Split: 7"*

Hunchback: Make me re-think my not liking Neil Diamond. My mom loved *The Jazz Singer*. Just joking. It's a Neil Young cover and in Hunchback's able hands, I can see what others see in Mr. Young, even though I feel no compulsion to buy, or listen to, any of his records directly. Screaming Females: apparently another Young cover and it reinforces what I was thinking with Hunchback. People with wider ears than mine can interpret him for me; I'm cool with that. I totally bonered my last Screaming

# NOISE ATTACK • INOCULATORS



Split 7-inch vinyl-only release

Two Southern California bands  
with 6 tracks of all new material

available at:

www.inoculators.com • www.interpunk.com  
or through the snail mail for \$5 ppd:  
Murphy Lynch/Inoculators, P.O. Box 291806  
Los Angeles, CA 90029

# 2 0 0 9

WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT:

TIME TO ESCAPE - "COST OF LIVING E.P." 7"  
PSYCHED TO DIE - "STERILE WALLS" 7"  
SPLIT W/ FIRESTARTER RECORDS  
LOGIC PROBLEM - "NO CENTER" 7"  
DEEP SLEEP - "PARANOID FUTURES" 7"  
DEEP SLEEP - "THREE THINGS AT ONCE" CD  
BAD ADVICE - DEBUT 7"  
SOUTHSIDE STRANGLERS - DEBUT 7"  
SPLIT W/ NO WAY RECORDS  
THE ERGS - "THRASH COMPACTOR" 7"  
SPLIT W/ FIRESTARTER RECORDS  
GOVERNMENT WARNING - NEW 12"  
SPLIT W/ NO WAY RECORDS  
WASTED TIME - NEW 12"

GOVERNMENT WARNING / WASTED TIME  
EUROPEAN TOUR MAY/JUNE 2009

## GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS

STILL AVAILABLE FROM 2008:  
GRAVE027: VIOLENT ARREST "CRIMINAL RECORD" 2 x 7"  
GRAVE028: DIRECT CONTROL "S/T" 7"  
GRAVE025: CLOAK/DAGGER "WE ARE" 12" (BACK IN STOCK)  
GRAVE024: IRON BOOTS "DEMO 2004" 7"  
GRAVE023: NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE "CLAUSTROPHOBIC" 7"  
GRAVE022: CLOAK/DAGGER "KAMIKAZES" 7"  
GRAVE021: DEEP SLEEP "MANIC EUPHORIA" 7"  
GRAVE020: UNSEEN FORCE "IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH" CD

FULLY LOADED WEBSTORE FOR YOUR MAILORDER NEEDS:  
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

## THE WRETCHED ONES



SIDE A: "RUT" / SIDE B: "LADY BOSS"



order your copy today! from  
www.headacherecords.com  
or www.interpunk.com



Females review, saying that Miranda was Marissa, and she's not; she's two different people. Marissa has a great, shaky, watery voice, but she's not in Full Of Fancy. That would be Miranda, who was also in Hunchback, Neil Young's first band, before the one where he was with that ill-tempered, fat, mustachioed hippie. -Todd (Freedom School)

#### SCUDWORTH: Demo: CD-R

The cover of the demo is of Max (*Where the Wild Things Are*) alone and depressed at a party. It's been hella long since I've even seen the book, so I can't say if the drawing was lifted or not. Either way, it's nice. The recording quality is not so nice. Forgetting that, the band seems full of energy and into what they are doing. But, what they are doing is very Lifetime. It just reminds me that I haven't listened to *Jersey's Best Dancers* in a bit and that I really should. -Vincent (Self-released)

#### SEDATIVES: Self-titled: 7"EP

It's strange to not be able to think of the last band I've listened to that took such a liking to "New Rose"-era Damned and the first track, "Cannot Calm Down," starts off with an unwinding church organ until the drums gallop in and the guitars slide into their dark places. I've always enjoyed the charred-remains, desolation-at-dusk feel of the Damned and the Sedatives nail that feeling and atmosphere. When they speed up the tempo, the references jump forward in time to the cretin cheering of the Spits and the tense, creased power pop of fellow

Canadians, Statues. A nice, unexpected surprise. -Todd (Going Gaga)

#### SHANG-A-LANG / TURKISH TECHNO: Split 7"

Turkish Techno's first appearance on vinyl and, boy, is it a great start. Like a drunken boy's choir of Riverside, these four dudes belt out two songs of Leatherface/Stiff Little Fingers/Jawbreaker punk rock. A mainstay in today's DIY Riverside scene, these guys always put on a lively, energetic show. Shang-A-Lang: these Las Crucians know how to put together poppy, self-examining songs of substance. Two more songs that will make your work week a little more tolerable or your hangover a little less excruciating. Highly recommended. -Daryl (Muy Auténtico, myspace.com/totallyofficial)

#### SHANK / THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE: Split 7"

A good pairing for a split, since bass player Andy Nolan is/was in both bands. Limited to three hundred copies pressed total and one hundred mailorder copies are on white vinyl with special hand stenciled second cover and a bonus 7" with stenciled band logos. That second 7" is unplayable but looks cool, if you were wondering. Shank: They do a cover of Citizen's Arrest *Number* that has the same production sound of the last two Victims records. Absolutely powerful and yet raw at the same time. One of the last songs recorded before their break up. The Endless Blockade: A cover of Judge's "Fed Up" is presented

on their side. The band definitely put their own spin on their contribution. It's a dirtier and harsher version which, I believe, is much faster than the original. -Donofthedeath (Schizophrenic)

#### SHIRKS, THE: Self-titled: 7"

The Shirks help destroy the community's idea of what goes on in the Washington D.C. punk scene with one of the most driving 7"s of the year. "Dangerous Girl" features loud rock riffs played at a blistering pace. "Young and Filthy" and "Get Out" are more of the same. The Shirks deliver Saints'-style singing from the singer/guitar player of the long-gone and great Problematics. He even sings a little better. Much needed for fans of the golden age of Rip Off Records. -Billups Allen (Big Neck)

#### SIRS, THE: Self-titled: 7"EP

Seems that I've heard variations of The Sirs over the years: regional bands with someone in the band that has a good enough job on the side to put out some vinyl. Melodic, but not pop punk or melodic hardcore. Sorta garagey in the guitars, but not a garage band. Slight delay in the vocals, so the quality of the vocals has an up-front Pennywise feel; and I have a feeling a Pennywise reference is not what they're going for. It's fine for a band to not be genre-locked, but The Sirs just don't leave much of an impression on the ground they occupy. I have a feeling that they can see much more interesting points, but they're just not there as a band. Sorry to say, but pretty generic stuff. -Todd (Psychic Volt, no address)

#### SLAPENDEHONDEN / SAUL TURTLETAUB: Split: 7" EP

My personal take on hardcore—in the short hair / boots / eight-or-ten-songs-on-a-seven-inch-record sense of the word—is that it was "good"—in the "not sucking" sense of the word—from about summer '81 ((or whenever that Teen Idles EP came out)) 'til about New Year's Eve, 1982. 1983 was okay in the sense that it let the third tier cities ((like Green Bay)) catch up a bit with the second tier cities ((like Detroit or DC)), who had, for most intents and purposes, already caught up with the first tier cities ((like SF and LA)). 1984 equates with "metal contamination" in my mind and 1985 is right out, so reasonably, if you wanted a quick and easy non-calendar-based rule of thumb as to when hardcore ((in whatever sense of the word I was just talking about)) was, like Gillette®, the Best a Man Can Get, I think you could make a case for it being the period starting five seconds after the Teen Idles EP came out and ending about a week and a half before the first Suicidal Tendencies album was released. That said, since the first song on Saul Turtleaub's side of the record—"Moe"—reminds me of the reckless young Canadian micro-squall of the Neos, that makes it late '82-ish, thus, by my reckoning, "good." The other three songs ("Larry" "Curly" and "Shemp," if you haven't guessed) strike me as a bit more '83/'84-ish, maybe kind of Imminent Attack-ish, and, since Imminent Attack were better in '82 than they were in '84, you can probably see where I'm going with this

#### UNDERGROUND COMMUNIQUE RECORDS

"MAKING INCREASINGLY BAD ADS SINCE 2004"

GET MY STUFF THROUGH NO IDEA DISTRO, VINYL.Collective.COM & INTERPUNK...

OR GO DIRECT...WWW.UNDERCOMM.ORG

#### NEWEST RELEASES!



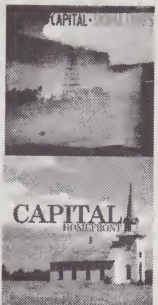
#### OLEHOLE "HOLEMOLE" LP/WCD

DESTRUCTIVE, MELODIC EAST BAY POST-HARDCORE.

THINK HOT WATER MUSIC IF THEY WERE AN AMPHETAMINE REPTILE BAND.

FEATURES EX MEMBERS OF THE GHOST, BURIAL YEAR AND QUEST FOR QUINTANAROO.

"OLEHOLE CAPTURES THAT ENERGY [AN ELEPHANT STAMPEDE] OF CONSTANT POUNDING, SWELLING, TENSION AND QUICKNESS AND TRANSFORMS IT INTO BEAUTIFUL CALAMITY." - SQUID PRO QUO BLOG



#### CAPITAL "SIGNAL CORPS" LP & "HOMEFRONT" LP

BOTH ALBUMS AVAILABLE ON VINYL FOR THE FIRST TIME!

Is "OLD-DUDE HARDCORE" A WAY TO DESCRIBE BANDS YET? IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE BURNING FIGHT BOOK RELEASE SHOWS IN MAY '09, THEN THIS BAND WILL BLOW YOUR MIND AND REMIND YOU WHY YOU LOVE HARDCORE ALL OVER AGAIN.

THINK AVAIL MEETS DAG NASTY WITH TOMMY CORRIGAN'S UNMISTAKABLE VOCALS.

EX MEMBERS OF SILENT MAJORITY, THE REFORMATION AND CURRENT THIEVES AND ASSASSINS.

"...ONE OF LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK'S BEST-KEPT SECRETS IN MELODIC HARDCORE" - BRIAN I PUNKNEWS.ORG

#### COMING IN 2009 ...EVENTUALLY:

AMBITION MISSION "DISCOGRAPHY" RE-ISSUE CD

THE BHOPAL STIFFS "1985-1989" (PRE-PEGBOY) RE-ISSUE ON LP

CHANNELS "WAITING FOR THE NEXT END OF THE WORLD + OPEN EP" 2xLP

THE METHADONES "NOT ECONOMICALLY VIABLE" LP (MIGHT END UP BEING A 2xLP TOO)

SHOT BAKER "TAKE CONTROL" LP

SHOT BAKER / SERIF COMBAT "CHICAGO VS. LONDON" SPLIT 7" (CO-RELEASE WITH HOME OF THE BRAVE RECORDS)

...AND THERE'S ALWAYS A FEW NEW PROJECTS IN THE WORKS TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES!

PLUS ALL THE PAST RELEASES FROM BANDS LIKE: O PIONEERS, NEW BRUISES, ANGEL EYES, BLACK CROSS, MEXICAN CHEERLEADER, VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL, IRON REMINDERS, FOURTH ROTOR, FOUR STAR ALARM,

X ONE WAY X, ROLLO TOMASI, REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY, HAUNTED LIFE, MY BIG BEAUTIFUL,

FEW AND THE PROUD, THE METHADONES, J CHURCH AND A FEW MORE...

**"Maniacal! AN aggressive, in-your-face picture at what life is like for the people who struggle along in our stalled and uncaring economy. I WISHED I'D WORKED WITH THIS GUY!"**  
**—Iain Levison, author of A WORKING STIFF'S Manifesto**

**2ND EDITION • REVISED & EXPANDED**  
**INTRO BY JIM GOAD • 5 1/2 X 8 1/2 • 396 PAGES**  
**\$18 PPD. (US & CANADA) / \$25 PPD. (ELSEWHERE)**  
**Read the WHISKEY REBEL'S ONLINE DIARY:**  
**WWW.WHISKEYREBEL.COM**

STEEL CAGE BOOKS PO BOX 29247 PHILADELPHIA PA 19125 • WWW.STEELCAGEBOOKS.COM



one. Slapendehonden's ten songs are reminiscent of a cross between Anal Cunt and Government Issue's "Legless Bull" EP, if G.I. were completely undecipherable—i.e., twenty seconds of spastic metal barfing interspersed with some fast ((but surprisingly un-heavy)) punk bits. Any misgivings I have about my potential square-ness in not fully appreciating this band is offset by their stunningly daft portrayal of Wire's "12XU" as an "MT cover" (MT as in "Minor Threat," duh), after which I mentally downgraded them from "sounding like 'Legless Bull'" to "sounding like that Youth Brigade 7?" Take that! BEST SONG: Saul Turteltaub, "Moe" BEST SONG TITLE: Saul Turteltaub, "Shemp" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Saul Turteltaub's side of the record is called "Hey! Ho! Brasciole!" —Rev. Nerb (Geet)

#### SLEEPPIES: Join the Shark: CDEP

I really don't know if I can convey the radness of this to you in words, but I'll try. Do you remember the scene in *Rock'n'Roll High School* where Riff Randell blasts the Ramones over the intercom? Imagine that scene in fast forward. That's pretty much how my insides feel when this disc is on. This disc contains seven noisy indie punk tunes that don't abandon melody or sense of song and are all fun as hell, clocking in at just under sixteen minutes! The vocals are tense and assertive and easy and inviting. Lyrically poetic or insane or otherwise, I'm not sure and

I really don't care. This shit is fucking great! (For a point of reference, think McLusky (but not that smartass) with a wave hello from Les Savy Fav (but not pretentious at all)—but faster and more aggressive and more punk and better than that sounds.) This'll have ya bouncin', buzzin', sloshin', and spillin' all over the place in wild abandon! So good!!! —Vincent (Doom Songs)

#### SNEAKY PINKS: "Loner with a Boner" b/w "We're the Punkles": 7"

Described to me as the Milli Vanilli of Tucson punk (due to the fact that much of what they're playing is pre-recorded so they can jump around more), these two precious tracks were originally released in the (correctly maligned) cassingle format years back. The Sneaky Pinks are amazingly retarded, the Einsteins of garage-stupid, but holy fuck if I'm not humming these songs days later when I'm squeezing bread in the supermarket, making sure it's fresh, muttering the dumbest shit to the checker and bobbing my head along to the song inside my skull. Well worth the international postage. —Todd (Bachelor)

#### SOMETHING FIERCE:

##### There Are No Answers: CD

"Teenage Ruins" is a perfect song. Something Fierce take a great hook and beat the tar out of it—it's as catchy as the Undertones' "Teenage Kicks" but it's a different kind of perfection, faster, louder, more frantic. Fifty listens (and counting) it's still holding up. That's "all-time great" in my book. Now let's

say, for sake of argument, that *There Are No Answers* subsequently faltered, failed to scale those lofty heights, never again took in that rarified air. Would it be a record worthy of seeking out? Yes. "Teenage Ruins" is that good. But Something Fierce wouldn't pull that one-hit wonder crap on you. Time and time again they uncork songs I turn up as a matter of reflex. Guitar lines that are simple and infectious. Lead vocals that melt into backing vocals as they hold the vowel sounds at the end of the lines. I almost never understand the lyrics and I howl along anyway. (Isn't that a symptom of Marked Men Syndrome?) There are nine excellent cuts here. It's like a greatest hits record. The remaining three cuts, the relative stragglers, sound like Pete Shelley and company. That's right, at its relative weakest, this disc reminds me of the Buzzcocks! *There Are No Answers* is the heart of my 2009 soundtrack. —Mike Faloon (Something Fierce)

#### SOMETHING FIERCE:

##### There Are No Answers: CD

Although I've never felt that louvered sunglasses have ever delivered on the vast promise they've always seemed to extend, and "Something Fierce" makes a better Gatorade™ flavor than a band name, this be-badged trio does a swell job of crossing the hop-around-your-room-like-you've-got-bugs-such-as-walking-sticks-inhabiting-your-shins bop-and-slam of the first Donnas album ("Teenage Ruins") with spring-wound Marked

Men-isms ("Second Son"), Clorox Girls/Busy Signals garage-Buzzcock-isms ("Passion is a Fashion"), and even updated Screeching Weasel-isms ("On Your Own"). I rarely say ((let alone think)) this, but I think I'd enjoy a lyric sheet. Go figure. BEST SONG: I was thinking "Teenage Ruins" but now I'm thinking maybe "Modern Girl." BEST SONG TITLE: I was thinking "Teenage Ruins" and that's what I'm still thinking. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Band states they love the Returnables, and so should you if you know what's good for ya. —Rev. Nerb (Something Fierce)

#### STRANGER KIDS: Demo: CD-R

Stranger Kids is made up of three dudes from Inglewood. This demo was recorded two years ago, so I don't know if it's a proper reflection of their current output (if they're still outputting). This is definitely a demo, but it ain't too bad—especially if you can put the recording quality, or lack thereof, aside. It's kind of Toys That Kill/F.Y.P. derivative in a melodic, less intense way. I'm interested in hearing what they're doing now, but not enough to find out for myself. —Vincent (Self-released)

#### SPIDER BAGS, THE: Hey Delinquents: 7"

What you get on this slab of wax is a healthy serving of lo-fi indie rock served up the way it should be. The a-side track is a Lou Reed/Iggy Pop sounding number (think after time spent with VU and the Stooges, respectively, but before the late '70s)

**Radical Cassettes  
For Radical People**

**FUTURE VIRGINS**  
**UNDERGROUND RAILROAD**  
**TO CANDYLAND**

**TRICLOPS!**  
**ENVIRONMENTAL**  
**YOUTH CRUNCH**  
**NERVOUS DOGS**  
**LANDLORD**

**BRAINWORMS**  
**TODD CONGELLIERE**  
**JACOB HAMILTON**  
**THE WINSLOWS**  
**ALLIGATOR**

**The People's Republic  
of Rock and Roll**  
wordpress.com

**Small Pool Records**  
637 W. Woodcrest Ave  
Fullerton, Ca 92832  
www.myspace.com/smallpoolrecords



SP-00—Small Pool 4 Way Split—Ch 1—LP  
(Featuring: Underground Railroad  
To Candyland, Off With Their Heads,  
Drinkers Purgatory, and No People  
SP-01—Drinkers Purgatory—S/T—CD  
SP-02—Off With Their Heads/Tiltwheel—7"  
SP-03—Killer Dreamer II—LP  
SP-04—Pterodactyls/Shred Savage—7"  
SP-05—Pterodactyls/Audacity—7"  
SP-06—Danger Straner—7"  
SP-07—Shred Savage—7"  
SP-08—White Night/Street Eaters—7"  
All 7"s—\$5  
All LP's—\$9  
All CD's—\$7

**RIPPING RECORDS**

**Run Amucks**  
"UNTOUCHABLE" B/W "WHITE FACES" LIMITED TO 75!  
"CLAWING BACK" CD/LP ON SIX WEEKS

**SUPER AIDS** SELF-TITLED 7" E.P.  
THE SOUND OF GG ALLIN VS. BLACK FLAG, WITH SOME  
OF THE FEES LANDING ON CHUCK BERRY'S SHOE  
LIMITED TO 300 ON BLUE VINYL!

**ghost aquarium**  
"LIGHT CANNOT ESCAPE" B/W "SPIRITUAL CRAMP"  
LIMITED TO 300 ON MARBLE VINYL  
FOR FANS OF EARLY DINOSAUR JR. AND EARLY CHRISTIAN DEATH

**LHS** LIBYAN HIT SQUAD "FIJI" LP  
EARLY MEAT PUPPETS MEETS  
MINUTEMEN/DEAD KENNEDYS  
LIMITED TO 300

**THIS SUMMER: "THE RIPPING RECORDS REVUE"**  
4 BAND TOUR HITS THE US IN JUNE  
GO TO [MYSACE.COM/RIPPINGRECORDS](http://MYSACE.COM/RIPPINGRECORDS)  
FOR BOOKING AND DATES  
ALL EP'S—\$5 PPD, LP'S/CD'S—\$10 PPD  
ALL 3 EP'S FOR \$10!  
121 E. KING ST. ORLANDO FL 32804 USA  
PAYPAL AT [MYSACE.COM/RIPPINGRECORDS](http://MYSACE.COM/RIPPINGRECORDS)



with a dash of Pavement twang. It's remorseful, melancholy, and truthful. Fucking great! The track on the b-side has a twist of Pavement psychedelia filtered through Lou Barlow's cacophony producing machine. The mood on the b-side is in line with the mood on the flip, and it's just as rad. —Vincent (Dagger Man)

#### **SUBHUMANS: *Death Was Too Kind*: CD**

The Canadian one predates the U.K. one. Here is a band I had no appreciation for when I picked up their *No Wishes, No Prayers* LP back in 1983. I bought it at a time when all I thought was faster is better. Twenty some odd years later, I came to see the light. This is a great band in their own right who wrote some great, catchy songs. This CD compiles their first 7" *Death to the Sickoids*, the *Firing Squad 7"*, the self-titled 12", and two unreleased songs. I'm not one to pay ebay prices to get originals, so this is a heaven sent gift. A definite must have to fill in holes in the timeline of punk history. —Donofthedeath (Alternative Tentacles)

#### **SURRENDER: *Paper Thrones*: LP**

Political-minded punk rock from the Bay Area. It's melodic and tuneful in execution. A bit like a mellow Signal Lost. The dual vocals work well with each other. Instead of grunting or growling, they actually sing, and sometimes speak the lyrics. They stay away from clichéd sloganeering, and instead offer poetic viewpoints to war, manipulation, sexism, and a list of other worldly ills. The opening song is a little dramatic, but, on

the whole, this is not bad and a welcome change from the usual in this genre. —M.Avr (Thrillhouse)

#### **SURRENDER: *Paper Thrones*: LP**

This was a pleasant surprise. I thought I was going to get something totally different before I dropped the needle on this one. What came through the speakers was a modern version of early '80s U.K. anarcho punk in the vein of Crass, Flux Of Pink Indians or Chumbawumba. I wasn't a fan back then of those bands but I am way more receptive now. I like the modern take of this with a better production and the use of dual female/male vocals. But the music is more modern with its stronger emphasis on musicality and melody with a tribal-esq drumming backing the music. The songs don't drone on and keeps a good pace all the way through. I think this band will have a broader appeal and will be appreciated more by an indie audience than the sometimes rigid tastes of the average punk rocker. Hope they make some travel plans down south from their Bay Area home. I would love to see how they perform live. —Donofthedeath (Thrillhouse)

#### **TANGLEFOOT / ILL-EGO: *Split*: 7"**

A 45 split between the acoustic alter egos of Milemarker members Timothy Remis and Al Burian. Remis is Tanglefoot and he does two country songs: one acapella, one with guitar and banjo. It sounds nice, but the second song gets repetitive and the lyrics start to reek of an indie guy trying to "capture

the quiet desperation of the common man." Burian is Ill-Ego, which I initially misread as "Lil' Ego," and hoped for a hip hop parody. I was wrong. His wordy song twists and meanders like an anxious Robyn Hitchcock, glued together by proto-metal riffs, and there's even a breakdown in the psychological sense of the word. It sounds like early Black Sabbath, if Ozzy was really and truly flipping out. The screenprinted cover features two cartoon animals arguing about the point of doing a record. —CT Terry (I Love Drugs)

#### **TEENAGE KICKS:**

##### ***4 Pasos Al Power Bailes*: 7"**

I don't know what Teenage Kicks you're thinking of, but this is the punk band from Tijuana, Mexico. Four aggressive, driving tunes that aren't afraid to slow down, open the flood gates, and let a little feedback enter the situation. Sung completely in Spanish and with hand-screened covers by the band, this one's a keeper. —Daryl (Nuestra Lengua)

#### **TEENERS, THE: *Gold*: 7"**

The artwork for this seven inch has a whole bunch of very crudely drawn rats strewn all over it. It looks like a little kid could have done them and it makes me giggle. It looks like the kind of record where, if you happened to be browsing somewhere, you would never buy. However, your guess would be that it would either be complete garbage or it would totally kickass. What you end up getting is three songs of fast, sloppy

hardcore in the vein of early Die Kreuzen. They're from Austin and like most things from Austin, it rocks hard, is completely unpretentious, and really doesn't give a damn what you think. Now when you see this record, you know you should pick it up, because I said so. That's why you read these things, right? —Craven Rock (Super Secret)

#### **TEN VOLT SHOCK: *6null3*: CD**

Maybe a bit too intellectual for me to appreciate completely, but I can hear the potential of this being awesome live. This band from Germany reminds me a lot of Savage Republic. A noisy, dissonant group who have a under layer of melody beneath their pulsating din of tones and beats. They have a rhythmic effect that make me feel like zoning out. Interesting, to say the least. —Donofthedeath (Dead Tank)

#### **THINGS, THE: *Some Kind of Kick*: CD**

I tried to just concentrate on the music here, but there were a couple other distractions that I could not pull my eyes away from. First, the packaging sucks. The liner notes are so small they might as well have been written in Latin for all I can make out. And the bassist is wearing a super skintight shirt on the inner cover. It's beyond regular Swiss cheese. The music is serviceable, but nothing that will kill any brain cells. Unless all your Cramps (R.I.P. Lux Interior) records were destroyed in a fire, you probably don't need this one. —Sean Koeppenick (Nicotine)

**OUT NOW!**

**\$5**



HEART OF THE  
LAKES RECORDS

**COMING SOON: ugly fat kids**

"post mortem rock and roll" CD  
amen & the hell yeahs

"greatest hits vol. II" CD

AVAILABLE ON ITUNES AND

[WWW.MYSPACE.COM/HEARTOFTHELAKES](http://WWW.MYSPACE.COM/HEARTOFTHELAKES)

**ADD RECORDS**

ALL A.D.D. RELEASES NOW AVAILABLE ON ITUNES

**VAGINASORE JR**

"This Here Peninsula" CD/LP

**PRETTY BOY THORSON**

HOWLING! with Pretty Boy Thorson & Friends 7"

**BLOTTO • CONNIPTION FITS**

**SASS DRAGONS • PROHIBITON**

4 way split 7"

coming soon:

**TIM VERSION • USED KIDS**

**PRETTY BOY THORSON • NINJA GUN split 7"**

**TIM VERSION**

"Prohibition Starts Tomorrow" LP

**THE ANCHOR • TURKISH TECHNO split 7"**



order online at:

**WWW.ADD RECS.COM**

[noidearecords.com](http://noidearecords.com) • [littletype.com](http://littletype.com)

[kisssofdeathrecords.com](http://kisssofdeathrecords.com) • [interpunk.com](http://interpunk.com)



**THURNEMAN:****Don't Guess It's GHS: 7" EP**

I first heard of this band through the DMC: Hardcore Compilation 7" and it's nice to hear their earlier material. Sorta-fast, Swedish hardcore punk with multi-vocalists and melody to boot. This 7" is good, but I've heard where this band is going (via the DMC comp and a CD-R of a future 7") and I really like it. I can't wait for the *Luggsliten Levnad* EP to be released on vinyl. -Daryl (DMC)

**TIJUANA KNIFE FIGHT: Self-titled: CDEP**

Seven songs on this CD EP by the Long Beach band, released on their own record label, Stab! Stab! Stab! What you will find here is more of the *Automatic Midnight* era Hot Snakes style stuff that Tijuana Knife Fight is aggressively claiming stake to as their own, with a hint of Toys That Kill here and a dab of Shark Pants there. The songs are honest, full of passion, full of soul, and entirely worthy of your attention. -Jeff Proctor (Stab! Stab! Stab!)

**TIMEBOMBS: Kill Music: EP**

Looking at the low rent art (Robocop clutching a decapitated head) and dumb lyric sheet, it appears this band doesn't have much going for them. That's part of what makes this work so well. Pressed on this record are five songs of raw, early '80s-style hardcore punk rock that musically recalls Teen Idles, Neos, and a host of other bands of that era. Jagged and abrasive guitar sound, chaotic drums, a vocalist with a voice that cracks. The

songs are speedy, urgent, and go for broke every time. No obtuse lyrics, just teen angst. Easily the best band on the Flat Black label. I've played this record about twenty times today. So f'n good. It's pretty near mind-blowing that a band today can tap into that energy of old bands and make it sound legit. This is one to get. -M.Avrq (Flat Black)

**TIPPER'S GORE: Unsettling Loss: EP**

A lot of hype around this band. While they're certainly not the second coming of Christ, this record isn't shabby. It's actually quite good. Standard hardcore punk that holds its own quite well with all the other bands out there kicking up the same storm. A definite early '80s influence, but still more modern than retro. The vocalist spits the words out in a frantic pace, which makes me think he's frothing and slobbering all over the place like a rabid dog. The music is frantic as well, at times verging on total thrash. "Talk for Me" cranks away, and the repetitive chorus reminds me of the early thrash bands that sounded fast then, but not fast now, yet still good. I like that you can hear the bass in the mix, even when the songs get a bit hectic. "I'm Disappointed" is slightly slower and still a burner. "Get Up" is a good mix of mid and fast. Starts off with a foreboding mid tempo then kicks in the speed, as well as throwing in some stop-go breaks. -M.Avrq (Flat Black)

**TODD CONGELLIERE:****People in the Sand: 7" EP**

Todd C., of FYP, Toys That Kill, Underground Railroad To Candyland, and

Recess Records is a humble guy. When I saw this record sitting around and asked him if I could have a copy, he became embarrassed. He's super comfortable with getting excited about bands he's put out, like The Arrivals and the Bananas, but turn the conversation directly to his personal music, and... let's just say we both get uncomfortable. I hate words like "genius" (unless you figure out cold fusion or discover a sustainable model for DIY punk worldwide, where musicians get paid as well as plumbers), but I think Todd's a really, really smart guy, a creative and courageous musician. When I'm talking about him and say, "This is great singer-songwriter stuff. If you liked the feel of *Bird Roughs*, this isn't that far from it," please don't picture Todd being a douchenozzle, petting his ego with a feather while glazing himself in self-importance like a winter ham, but a guy playing stripped-down, slower songs that are pleasing, odd in Todd ways, and a nice, "makes sense" addition to his catalog. Imagine a movie like *The Life Aquatic* without the preciousness but all of the charm and wit. Are there really only fifty of these or is this part of a limited press? -Todd (Ol' Tennis Shoes—try Steinbeck's old address in Salinas?)

**TOM GABEL:****Anna Is a Stool Pigeon: 7" EP**

It's sometimes easy to forget that recorded music's not that old. That electric instruments took prominence in the 1950s. And that for thousands of centuries, music was acoustic, familial, tribal, and immediate in vicinity. I

don't know if Tom Gabel's a historian of music, but what I do know is that he has an ageless sensibility on how he approaches his songs. "Dude and guitar" music, more often than not, sucks hard, probably because it's music at its most bare, and so many musicians mistake over-inflated egos with talent. Sweet lord, Tom Gabel can write and sing a song. These three cuts are him stripped down to the waist: voice, acoustic, friend Chuck Ragan on backups and harmonica on the title track. These recordings are crystalline, personal while remaining universal in intent, and full of protest that's as much Woody Guthrie and Bruce Springsteen as Crass and Crimpshrine. -Todd (Sabot)

**TOO MANY DAVES:****2008: A Shit Faced Odyssey: 7" EP**

Stupid is a slippery slope. Too Many Daves have golf shoes on. It's just the right degree of stupid—astronauts-with-bongs, pizza-eating, Pabst-at-the-dawn-of-time stupid—but played with a self deprecating smirk and true, songcrafted hooks. "Fat Doodles" is both an anthem and a way of life distilled to three of four lines, with a guitar lead that snakes around and squeezes the best of its "song juice" out like a python. How many songs can you say do that? A guilty pleasure without the guilt. -Todd (Kiss Of Death)

**TRAP THEM:****Seizures in Barren Praise: CD**

Saw them at Murderfest last year and I was truly blown away by their power.

**KILLED BY THE BULL**

**NEW LIMITED 7" OUT NOW.**  
(includes digital download)



**"THE RETURN OF THE SPELL"**

[www.myspace.com/killedbythebull](http://www.myspace.com/killedbythebull)  
[www.koirecords.com](http://www.koirecords.com)

**KOI RECORDS**

**LONGSHOT MUSIC** YOU CAN ORDER THESE RELEASES AT [www.myspace.com/longshotmusic](http://www.myspace.com/longshotmusic)



**INTENSIVES + PANIK ATTAK** split 7" EP  
Punk fuckin' rock'n'roll!! On this split you get 5 songs... blistering UK/chaos-style punk meets annihilistic punk rock.  
\$5 N.A. / \$7 R.O.W. incl. postage



**KNUCKLEHEAD + HOSTAGE LIFE** split 7" EP  
This is the 4th release in the Longshot Split EP Series and features 2 of Canada's best current streetpunk bands.  
\$5 N.A. / \$7 R.O.W. incl. postage



**HARRINGTON SAINTS + SLICK 46** split 7" EP  
Released in support of their US tour together last year, this is yet another killer split EP - 2 great bands, 4 great songs!!  
\$5 N.A. / \$7 R.O.W. incl. postage



**ALTERNATE ACTION** 'Thin Line' Digipak CD  
This collection includes every song released by Alt. Action so far, as well as three previously unreleased bonus tracks.  
\$12 N.A. / \$14 R.O.W. incl. postage



**MARCHING ORDERS** 'Last Train Home' 10" EP  
5 great new songs from one of Australia's best skinhead bands... This is so good that it merited a 10" release!!  
\$8 N.A. / \$10 R.O.W. incl. postage



**SLICK 46** 'I Don't Wanna' CD  
Slick 46 is one of Australia's hardest working bands - this is the fourth release from these punk/Oil vets...  
\$10 N.A. / \$12 R.O.W. incl. postage



**ALTERNATE ACTION** 'Not Like You' 7" Picture Disc  
This is a limited edition Picture Disc repress of this amazing four song EP. This is pure brickwall Oil at it's best!!  
\$7 N.A. / \$9 R.O.W. incl. postage



**RUM RUNNER** 'Dead Men...' 7" Picture Disc  
With the first pressing now sold out, this is a limited edition Picture Disc version of this amazing single!!  
\$7 N.A. / \$9 R.O.W. incl. postage

**LONGSHOT MUSIC • 980 HARRISON STREET • SAN FRANCISCO, CA • 94107 • [www.longshotmusic.com](http://www.longshotmusic.com)**



Now, finally hearing a recorded product, they really know how to take that live energy and bottle it up in the studio. They are a mixed bag, taking bits and pieces from here and there to create their inferno of noise. You hear everything from punk, hardcore, grind core, d-beat, crust, sludge, and metal in their recipe for music. It's like dissecting bands like Holy Mountain, The Victims, and Kylesa and sewing them together to create a new angry entity. From start to finish, I felt like I was being taken for a ride through a vacuum. The intensity which came across immediately kept me at attention throughout the entire listen. Hope to catch them live again and experience these songs with more familiarity. —Donofthedeath (Deathwish)

**TRUCKSTOP LOVECHILD:  
A Damn Good 33:52: CD**

Truckstop Lovechild is an awful cock rock band, somehow trying to fit in as a grimy punk act, since even metal types are likely to shy away from such lameness. One of the most irritating albums I've heard in ages, this shit is full of '80s lead guitar lines. If it's kitsch they're going for, it isn't funny. With witless lyrics about devil worshipping, liquor, and trucking, it all falls flat. They're good at what they do if what they're doing is trying to clear the room. —Art Ettinger (Zodiac Killer)

**USELESS ID: The Last Broken Bones: CD**  
Mid-'90s style pop punk in the vein of No Use For A Name. Their claim to fame is that they're the biggest punk band to

break in Israel, which, admittedly, is an interesting detail. Lyrics are introspective and there's a gloomy tone. My problem with the record is that it straddles the line between decent melodic punk and that bland corporate emo sound that I really can't stand. I think they're good at what they do, but maybe I'm just a little too old for this style of punk. —Evan Katz (Suburban Home)

**VAGINASORE JR:  
This Here Peninsula...: CD**

My first introduction to Vaginasore Jr (other than chortling at their name) was seeing them at this year's Fest. What I remember, in particular, is seeing guitarist Dave being floated through the crowd, while playing guitar, as people poured Sparks down his gullet. They also played "Don't Change" which is, in fact, the greatest song INXS ever wrote (as if there was any doubt). I didn't remember much else about the band, as after about five days of swilling cheap beer in the prolonged Northern Florida summer, bands and specific details all kind of mesh together after a while. So, from the limited memory I had from seeing them at Fest, I was excited to give this a spin and re-acquaint myself with the band. What we have here is some real solid, sincere and gruff, fun punk rock akin to singer/guitarist Russ's other band, the Tim Version and other Floridian cohorts such as Grabass Charlesons and Billy Reese Peters. A dozen songs that are quite remarkably like lyrical essays; they tunelessly fit a dictionary's worth of words into songs that are social commentaries

on our scene, life, relationships with friends and family and more. What is particularly pleasing is the absence of the twang-y bro down that's infested itself in this part of the punk world like a parasite, thanklessly feeding off of its host, leaving behind a trail of zombified Hot Water Music/Merle Haggard mash-ups. None of that stuff here, friends, just dudes ripping shit up and having fun doing it. Thankfully, they let us in on some of their fun with this album. —Jeff Proctor (A.D.D.)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Den Magiska  
Cirkeln Presenterar Stolten Vinylsingel  
Fem Band Fjorton Minuter: 7" EP**

A compilation of contemporary Swedish hardcore. I think the title means: *The Magic Circle Presents Something in Vinyl Single from Bands Fjordcore Minute and I couldn't agree more.* The comp instantly reminded me of regional comps that were coming out in the U.S. in the early '80s, especially in the Midwest, (like the *Master Tape* comps.) where not only does there seem to be fifty songs on a single 7" (there are really twelve), there's more than one would expect in variation (although to have a tuned hardcore ear wouldn't hurt to realize this fact), and that, on the first several listens, all you can do is hope to hold on to the speeding bullet and enjoy the whizzing-by scenery and then, later, try to match up Svartenbrandt, Bad Amputation, Instäng, Förmögenhet, and Thumeman with their tracks on the vinyl. Well realized, executed in a way that I'll definitely keep an ear out for all of the bands, and a

handy snapshot of a part of the world I'll probably never get to visit. I feel lucky that I got to sample "typical Swedish music" (said in travel brochure voice) in the comfort of my bedroom thousands of miles away from the nearest glacier. —Todd (DMC, myspace.com/dmc\_rec)


**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Mad Mike  
Monsters Volume 2: A Tribute to Mad  
Mike Metrovich: LP**

Some of my favorite people in the world are those who seem to be somewhat famous for just having good taste in music. Mad Mike Metrovich is one of those lucky bastards who made his way in the world sifting through dusty stacks of unwanted records. A Pittsburgh disc jockey, Mad Mike would scour the dirty corners of Pennsylvania looking for obscure records to play on his radio show. This series features some of Mad Mike's most coveted singles, mastered into easily obtained collections, filled with Mad Mike's story and loads of rock'n'roll. Fans of made up words, overdriven sax solos, and hootin' and hollerin' cannot afford to miss this series. *Volume Two* features songs such as the Del-Mars' "Snacky Poo," The Rhythm Addicts' "Oomp Boomp," and Count Farrell's "Wizard of Ah's." If you've heard of any of those songs already, you're waaaaay too cool to be reading this. —Billups Allen (Norton)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Altercation  
Punk Comedy Tour—Metal Up Live: CD**  
I feel like there's been a gradual but ongoing crossover between music

**AUSTRALIAN CATTLE GOD RECORDS**


**BLACK COCK**



**"ROBOT CHILD WITH A GOD COMPLEX"**

**"...a truly unique montage of cacophony and euphony."**

**"Black Cock generates a piercing ruckus that takes turns to soothe and exhilarate."**



**In Stores  
March 10**

**www.australiancattlegod.com**

**CUSTOM  
SCREENPRINTED**

**VINYL  
STICKERS!**

MANY SIZES & COLORS AVAILABLE  
Quantities As Low As 50!!!

**FAST TURN AROUND**

www.chaosprinting.com

**602-349-5506**

We Also Do:

**T SHIRTS, CDS, & MORE**

**collision  
course  
records**



DEBUT ALBUM FROM L.A.'S

**throttle**

**INTERPUNK.com**  
Available @ **cd baby.com**  
itunes store

**OR MAIL ORDER;**  
SEND CHECK OR M.O. FOR \$12 TO;  
ORDERS OUTSIDE U.S. \$18 PPD

**COLLISION COURSE RECORDS**  
P.O. BOX 865  
HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA, 90254  
CONTACT: FLUFFY77@VERIZON.NET

coming soon...debut full length from

**BATTLE DRINKERS**

**MYSAPCE.COM/THROTTLELAND**  
**MYSAPCE.COM/BATTLE DRINKERS**



and comedy over the past few years. I like that. And much like more and more bands taking the DIY route and booking their own shows in whatever unconventional venues, I like the idea of different styles of artists taking that same approach. Such is the case here, with four "punk rock" comedians who took that same approach. I couldn't help but feel that a lot of the "punk" elements of the routines revolved around shock value and stories about getting fucked up, which was a little disappointing (don't get me wrong, I love me some Redd Foxx, but I can't help but feel like it's a really easy go-to, and cheapens the whole thing when it gets overdone), but there's still some pretty great laughs amongst the four tracks here. I'd be interested in seeing what they do down the line. —Joe Evans III (Altercation)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The World's Lousy with Ideas, Vol. 3: 7"***

I'd like to personally thank the people at Almost Ready Records for not sending the full album art, but instead a jacket that consists of screen shots from Terminal Boredom. Hopefully this is a limited edition review cover and I can sell it on eBay and finally get that dental work I've been wanting. Or maybe I should just keep it and rock the four tunes that are on here till my brain bleeds with ecstasy. Featuring the Suspensions, the Wax Museums, the Romance Novels, and Nobunny; this comp. is a nice reminder of what's great about these bands, or a pleasant introduction to them. Any fan of poppy garage, punk-ish pop,

or garage-esque punk will appreciate this. —Daryl (Almost Ready)

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Welcome to the Golden State: 11-song 7" EP***

A nice, if rough, snapshot of current DIY hardcore in California. There's an adolescent feel—almost a Pee Chee sketch and doodle quality to most of the songs—that's both charming in its predictability and rough enough to believe that the bands believe in what they're playing. This wheel's been long-invented, but '81-style hardcore is like a '72 Nova. That shit can take a beating and it still, somehow, work and get to where it wants to go. Standouts are the tracks of Ecoli in the middle (one where they temporarily take the first person narrative of AIDS, then take issue with cell phones and skin disease), Broken Needle, Crawlspace, and Valoids. —Todd (Cowabunga)

**VARSITY WEIRDOS: *High School Teen Party: 7"***

Okay, I'm actually going to write a review in which I describe what the band sounds like! This sounds like the Riverdales, with a slight Teenage Bottlerocket influence in a general sense. Pretty good stuff, but it's no Radio Oh Oh Oh! Still, this band could become great, and they include one of those yellow 45 plastic things with the record! If this were a cereal, it'd be Super Golden Crisp. All the elements are there, but we need a final secret ingredient to push it to the top! —Maddy (It's Alive)

**VIOLENT ARREST: *Criminal Record: 2 x EP***

These guys (ex-members of Heresy, Ripcord, Dumbstruck, etc) remind me of N.O.T.A., especially with the opening riff to "Youth Violence," which sounds very similar to "Propaganda Control." Big and crunching guitar sound, gravelly vocals, some oi influences, and catchy drumming. The more I listen to this, the more and more I like it. You get the blistering attack of songs like "Shit for Brains," the entire a-side, and then you get the mid tempo rippers like "Suicide Squad" and "Baren" to break up the speed trials. I spent a Friday night spinning this double 7" set over and over. That says this is either a good record, or I'm a social loser. Or maybe both, if we're going to be honest about it all. —M.Avr (Grave Mistake / No Way)

**VITAMIN X: *Full Scale Assault: 12"***

I saw Vitamin X play awhile back and had a grand time. What a fun show! That said, I think my days of getting super excited about listening to hardcore at home are somewhat numbered. For example, I think *Full Scale Assault* is a good record, it's super solid, and Vitamin X clearly know what they're doing (and even if they didn't, they're backed by a steadfast crew; for example, Steve Albini recorded and mixed it, and John Brannan sings on a couple of tracks), but I didn't find myself getting terribly doe-eyed about it. As I said, it's a good

record, there are some cool tunes and plenty of songs to get riled up with, and I think fans of hardcore would be into it; it's just that I think hardcore as a genre has its work cut out for it in terms of bringing something fresh. The album artwork is really nice—done by John Dyer Baizley (who's in a band himself and has done lots of artwork for other notable bands); it has to me a Pushead kind of feel to it. Included in the record is also a small poster, which I think diehard fans would be pretty psyched about. Lots of nice live pictures and all the lyrics spelled out for ya on the sleeve. My favorite song was "Grim Reaper," which has a nice, fat, crusty bass line. If hardcore gets your blood pumping, it's definitely worth checking out. —Jennifer Federico (Tankcrimes)

**WAX MUSEUMS: *Self-titled: LP***

I can't believe it took me this long to check this band out. I can't believe I've been living a life without the Wax Museums! While any certified professional would undoubtedly consider this music to be retarded, it's still leaps and bounds above so much other music being made by people who probably think they're pretty sharp. But those dumb fucks don't stand a chance to the Wax Museums. The Wax Museums know how to write great classic songs about stuff like; dogs, guts, glass miniatures, cowboys and Indians, girls, smells, and the list can go on. If you miss the hell out of the Trashies, will never be able to get enough of the Marked Men, and you wanna listen to

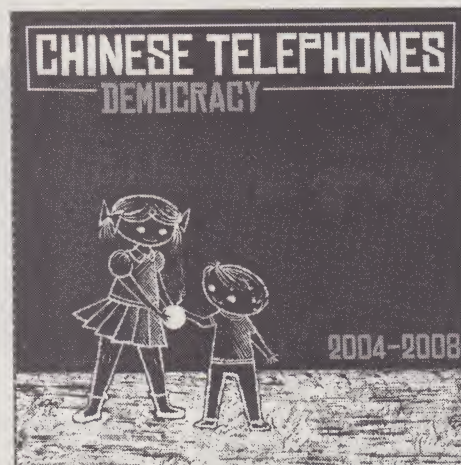
**CHEAPSKATE RECORDS**  
297 stoodley pl. | schenectady | ny 12303



OUT NOW!

order @  
[www.cheapskaterecords.com](http://www.cheapskaterecords.com)

CHINESE TELEPHONES "DEMOCRACY" 2004-2008 CD  
15 songs previously only available on vinyl



OUT  
NOW!

\$10 ppd

**SANDWICH MAN RECORDS**  
2540 N PIERCE ST, MILWAUKEE, WI 53212

[myspace.com/sandwichmanrecords](http://myspace.com/sandwichmanrecords)  
[sandwichmanrecords@gmail.com](mailto:sandwichmanrecords@gmail.com) (paypal)

well concealed cash or money order  
to "Justin" works, too

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM: NO IDEA. GREEN NOISE.  
INTERPUNK. RAZORCAKE

coming soon? Potential Johns/Tulsa split





music that will put a smile on your face as well as make you pump your fist in a semi-ironic way: don't let this band pass you up like I let it pass me up for so long. Buy everything you can find by them. One of the best LPs of 2008 for sure. —Daryl (Douchemaster)

**WHITE NIGHT: Self-titled: Cassette**

This tape is so contaminated with enriched '90s pop punk radio hits that I feel like I should feel guilty for listening to it. This couldn't possibly be legit and yet it's righteous DIY pop punk from the people who brought you Shred Savage and the Pterodactyls. Songs that are structurally sound and sound great. It's all golden. The only question is why is it on a tape? —Daryl (Burger)

**WILD WEEKEND:**

**Don't Push Me Around: 7"**

Wow! A band named after a Zeros song covering two Zeros songs! The mind boggles! This makes me want to start a band called It's Cold Outside, and only play songs by The Choir! If this were a cereal, it'd be Malt-O-Meal's Frosted Flakes, the generic for, well, Frosted Flakes (Note: How did they get away with calling it exactly the same thing?), and not in the bad sense of generic, but you know, in a replication-of-the-original way! —Maddy (Munster)

**WITCH HUNT: Blood Red States: LP**

This band is better than I remember. Listening to this, I totally get why people are stoked on this band. Hard-driving political punk with a multi-

vocal attack bolstered by a dual guitar assault and crashing drums. A bit generic in parts, but the delivery sounds passionate and the energy possessed within the grooves of this record are undeniable. They're angry, yet they don't sologaneer, and they don't try to guilt you out for the cause. The opener, "Desperation" is okay, but not the best track and doesn't measure up to what lays in store for the rest of the record. "Take It All Away" is a total rager. Starts off a little unassuming, then ka-blam! They give it all over to a blasting tempo and shredding vocals. Then you get the bass line that knifes through to "Twenty-Five." Good, good, good! Originally pressed on Profane Existence a couple years back, and now available again, self-released by the band, and on dark red vinyl. —M.Avr (Witch Hunt)

**WITCHES: Big River b/w Young Ones: 7"**

Moody, alt country influenced indie rock. The lyrics are introspective, but don't fall victim to wankery. The female-fronted vocals strongly remind me of Cat Power—maybe by a bit too much, though. I feel like I even recognized a couple similar riffs as well. Despite that, the disc didn't wear out its welcome, and I'd love to see what they come up with in the future, especially if they ditch any overly familiar elements. —Evan Katz (Salinas)

**X-OFFENDER: Self-titled: 7" EP**

Co-ed cinder block basement booty-stompin' not unlike a post-larval Thee

Fine Lines, although the guitars herein lack some of the boat-caulking wallop of said band's stout axes. I enjoy records with television sets on the covers. That is all. **BEST SONG:** "Get It Right" **BEST SONG TITLE:** "Oh!" **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** My house has been recently overrun with box elder bugs. I was in pursuit of one of these creatures while this record was on the turntable, and, as I moved in for the ((literal)) kill, the beetle in question took to the air—only to land smack dab in the middle of Side A, where he was unceremoniously rotated into my stylus, knocking him for a loop. The rest of the extermination process was carried out sans incident. —Rev. Nørb (Milk 'n' Herpes)

**YOUNG, THE: 4 Songs: 7"**

I want to say first off that I love the artwork for this record. On the front cover is a collage of birds and on the back is a collage of sea creatures: sharks, squids, fish and the like. Very colorful and pretty! Great stuff. No lyrics included, just a small, pink sheet with what appears to be some kind of paper doll cutout—well, an outfit for one, at least. The record itself is pretty decent. The recording could be better—it was done at home and it sounds like it. I thought they could have started off with a better song—the first one on the record, "Attitude Adjustment," was my least favorite of the four tracks. The second song was getting a little better—I liked the backing vocals. The last song, "Cemetery Town," was the

best in my opinion (also, unsure if they spelled "cemetery" wrong or if they're making some reference to the Swedish band Cemetery). I actually wish the ending for that track wasn't so abrupt because I was digging the rhythm and would have been happy to hear it for a bit longer. The vocals are kind of dirty punk with some melody thrown in. Nothing too outrageously original, but the songs overall made me think they might be fun to see live. —Jennifer Federico (Criminal IQ)

**ZATOPEKS / ACCELERATORS: Split: 7"**

The Zatopeks are the musical equivalent of the following exclamations: Yay! Yay! Yay! Super catchy pop punk from the U.K.! On the record cover they're wearing Groovie Ghoulies and Ergs shirts, which is a.) a good sign! and b.) a good indication of what this sounds like. The first song is way better than the second, but you're supposed to open with the best song, right? Still, I have to hope that they stick with the first song, classic pop punk formula in the future. Zatopeks, this is my request! The Accelerators are more on the regular punk mixed with rock'n'roll side, with a teaspoon of pop punk for good measure. Not as good as the Zatopeks, but it's hard for regular Mini-Wheats to compete with Apple Jacks! —Maddy (Squinty Joe)

Thousands more reviews can be found at [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)



**Brainworms II**  
Swear to Me  
LP/CD

**Mouthbreather**  
Environmental Youth Crunch  
Split 7"

**RORSCHACH RECORDS**

[Rorschachrecords.net](http://Rorschachrecords.net)  
P.O. Box 14712  
Richmond, VA 23221

Written in the soggy North West,  
honed in dirty Richmond, VA, and  
captured on 180 gram vinyl.  
FOOD plays muddy rock with  
misanthropic themes, appealing  
to fans of punky grunge and the  
hardcore dirges that follow.  
Heavy music injected with  
positive elements celebrating the  
beauty of nature. This is granite  
rock, not stoner rock.

Also still available:

- Hex Machine "Run To Earth" 12"
- Thank God/Tigershark split 10"
- Tigershark/JAPESHIT split 12"

Coming Soon:

- GULL
- Pygmy Lush/Tideland split

**FOOD**  
"S/T" LP

[molsookrecords.net](http://molsookrecords.net)



# RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS



UNDERNEATH THE OWL  
OUT NOW

DOWNLOAD FREE SONGS FROM IT AT

[WWW.THERIVERBOATGAMBLERS.COM](http://WWW.THERIVERBOATGAMBLERS.COM)

PRODUCED AND RECORDED BY MUDROCK

[www.volcoment.com](http://www.volcoment.com)





# CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue  
or to be posted on [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org) in the next couple months.



- **1234 Go!**, 419 40th St., Oakland, CA 94609
- **A.D.D.**, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674
- **Alien Snatch**, Danziger Str. 1, 10435 Berlin, Germany
- **Alive**, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
- **Almost Ready**, 425 S. 5<sup>th</sup> St., Apt. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Altercation**, PO Box 685333, Austin, TX 78768
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141
- **Anti-Creative**, PO Box 1528, Upland, CA 91785
- **Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet, 186 Austria
- **Barbarossa** c/o Joshua Smith, 8195 Route 13, Canastota, NY 13032
- **Bermuda Mohawk**, 217 S. Clemens Ave., Lansing, MI 48912
- **Big Neck**, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195
- **Blind Spot**, PO Box 40064 Portland, OR 97240
- **Burger**, 1370 S. Sanderson Ave., Anaheim, CA 92806
- **Cabeza de Vacas**, Apt. 69447 Altamira 1062 Caracas, Venezuela
- **Carrot Top**, 3716 W. Fullerton, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Cheapskate**, 297 Stoodley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12303
- **Cottage**, 816 Mosley St., Tallahassee, FL 32310
- **Covert Coercion**, 15 Wade Ave., Baltimore, MD 21228
- **Cowabunga**, 195-D Armstrong Way, Upland, CA 91786
- **Criminal IQ**, 3057 N. Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618
- **Daggerman**, 25 Elgin Park, Apt. 6, SF, CA 94103
- **Dead Tank**, PO Box 61681, Jacksonville, FL 32236
- **Dirtnap**, 2615 SE Clinton St., PDX, OR 97202
- **Discos De Hoy**, Calle 4, C-5 Parque Montebello Trujillo Alto, Puerto Rico 00976
- **DMC**, c/o Anders Nilsson, Björnsonsgatan 119, 16843 Bromma, Sweden
- **Drunk Tank**, PO Box 61681, Jacksonville, FL 32236
- **Exemplary**, 2102 Peach Tree St., Austin, TX 78704
- **Fail Safe**, PO Box 14775, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Fat Possum**, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655
- **Fat Wreck**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Feral Kid**, 379 Ontario St., Buffalo, NY 14207
- **Forcefield**, PO Box 26946, Richmond, VA 23261
- **Freedom School**, 96 North 6th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Fun With Smack** c/o Dan Abramovich, 7 Derry Park Dr. #16, Middleboro, MA 02346
- **Geet**, 231 Gatewood Ln., Bartlett, IL 60103
- **Guilt, The**, 4712 Alton Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20016
- **Grave Mistake**, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241
- **Green Door**, PO Box 620651, San Diego, CA 92162
- **Havoc**, PO Box 8585, MPLS, MN 55408
- **HHBTM**, PO Box 742, Athens, GA 30603
- **High School Refuse**, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, The Netherlands
- **Hugpatch**, 476 Jefferson St. #201, Brooklyn, NY 11237
- **In The Red**, PO Box 50777, LA, CA 90050
- **Incest**, 219 NE 20<sup>th</sup> St., Miami, FL 33137
- **Isolated Sound Waves**, #2106, 388 Drake St., Vancouver, BC V6B 6AB, Canada
- **It's Alive**, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869
- **Jailhouse**, 2807 Bending Oak Dr., Hampton, VA 23666
- **Johann's Face**, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647
- **Joyful Noise**, PO Box 20109, Indianapolis, IN 46220
- **Kentucky Knife Fight**, 3146 S. Compton Ave., St. Louis, MO, 63118
- **Kill Normal**, PO Box 17, Durham, CT 06422
- **Killer**, PO Box 237, 28101 Pori, Finland
- **Kiss Of Death**, PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675
- **Know**, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809
- **Learning Curve**, PO Box 18378, Minneapolis, MN 55418
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Longshot Music**, 980 Harrison St., SF, CA 94107
- **Milk 'n' Herpes**, 532 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50312
- **Mississippi**, 4009 N. Mississippi Ave., PDX, OR 97227
- **Monument**, 930 Wayne Ave. Apt. 605, Silver Spring, MD 20910
- **Mt. Fuji**, PO Box 17855, Seattle, WA
- **Munster**, PO Box 18107, Madrid, Comunidad de Madrid, Spain 28080
- **Mutant Pop**, 5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330
- **NGS**, PO Box 334, Westmont, IL 60559
- **NMG**, 1164 NE Alta Ave. Apt #1, Atlanta, GA 30307
- **Norton**, PO Box 646, Coopers Station, NY, NY 1027
- **Nuestra Lengua**, PO Box 1873, Imperial Beach, CA 91933
- **Overdose On**, PO Box 525, Fleetwood, PA 19522
- **Pasazer**, PO Box 42, 39-201 Debica 3, PL, Poland
- **People's Republic of Rock and Roll**, 1195 St. Rd. 206 East, St. Augustine, FL 32086
- **Pizza By The Slice**, 4144 South 1<sup>st</sup> Pl., Milwaukee, WI 53207
- **Recorded**, 2440 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55405
- **Red Wine**, 4452 Hazeltine Ave. Apt. 7B, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423
- **Resist**, PO Box 372, Newtown NSW 2042, Australia
- **Revenge** c/o Antti Jokiranta, Nurmitie 2 B9, 62100 Lapua, Finland
- **Room**, 7543 31<sup>st</sup> Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98117
- **Rocanolperu**, Calle Los Carayocs 253, Zarate - 3ra. Zona, Lima 36, San Juan de Lurigancho, Peru
- **Room 101**, c/o Mick Brochu, PO Box 37271, Philadelphia, PA 19148
- **Rumbletowne**, PO Box 663, Olympia, WA 98507
- **Sabot**, PO Box 28, Gainesville, FL 32602
- **Salinas**, PO Box 2802, Detroit, MI 48202
- **Schizophrenic**, 17 West 4<sup>th</sup> St., Hamilton, Ontario, L9C 3M2, Canada
- **Shake It**, 4156 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45223
- **Small Pool**, 637 W. Woodcrest Ave., Fullerton, CA 92832
- **Snuffy Smiles**, 12-A Kamikousaicho Shichiku Kitaku, Kyoto 603-8117, Japan
- **Something Fierce**, 5006 Hardy Rd., Houston TX 77009
- **Southkore**, 2814 S. Spaulding, Chicago, IL 60623
- **Stranger Kids**, c/o F. Espinosa, 590 E. 67<sup>th</sup> St., Inglewood, CA 90302
- **Stress Domain**, 1818 Haussler Dr., Davis, CA 95616
- **Suburban Home**, PO Box 40757, Denver, Colorado 80204
- **Sudden Death**, Cascades PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC, Canada V5G 3H0
- **Super Secret**, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78767
- **Taang!**, 3830 5<sup>th</sup> Ave., San Diego, CA, 92103
- **Tank Crimes**, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609
- **Think Fast!**, 13561 Troia Dr., Estero, FL 33928
- **Thrillhouse**, PO Box 460207, SF, CA 94146
- **Valle Miseria**, 3901 Pelican St., McAllen, TX 78504
- **Vertical House**, 221 Seminole Dr., Huntsville, Alabama 35805
- **Voodoo Rhythm**, Wankdorfheldstrasse 92, 3014 Bern, Switzerland
- **Wallride**, 4401 Ethel Ave., Hampstead, MD 21074
- **Wantage**, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807
- **Water**, PO Box 2947, SF, CA 94126
- **With Hunt**, PO Box 30923, Philadelphia, PA 19104
- **World**, PO Box 280537, Northridge, CA 90328
- **Zodiac Killer**, 1733 Iron Mountain Rd., Cheyenne, WY 82009



# ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:  
Razorcake,  
PO Box 42129, LA, CA.  
Please include a postal  
address (that's how we trade),  
the number of pages, the price,  
and whether or not you accept trades.



"It's hilarious,  
shocking, candid,  
and, at times,  
embarrassing. All  
the stuff that makes  
for a great zine."

—Craven Rock  
*FAG SCHOOL #3*

**AMERICA?**, #15, \$2 ppd.,  
4 1/4" x 5 1/2", copied, 48 pgs.  
The arrival of a new issue of  
*America?* is always a welcome event.  
Travis writes in an earnest style that  
makes any subject he chooses seem  
worthwhile to read about. This issue  
is the comics and interviews issue.  
Interspersed with 1-2 panel comics  
by Travis are a brief scene report and  
interviews with the band Japanther  
and reggae artist Mikey Dread. The  
brevity of the comics makes this  
issue appear a little light on content,  
but the in-depth interviews are  
illuminating. —Sean Stewart (Travis  
Fristoe, PO Box 13077, Gainesville,  
FL 32604-1077)

**ART-PUNK-CULTURE**, #2,  
8 1/4" x 5 3/4", glossy, 10 pgs.  
In lieu of writing up a review for  
this zine and wasting everyone's  
time saying "shitty" over and over  
again, I am, instead, reviewing  
my new Royal 1280MX Cross  
Cut Paper Shredder & Media  
Destroyer. Sporting diamond-  
tipped twelve-page crosscut action,  
this machine, this artistic force-  
corrector, fucking obliterated  
even the most abstract association  
I made with this magazine, and  
clocked in two seconds behind the  
time it took to read it. Remember to  
remove staples! —Andrew Flanagan  
(myspace.com/victrollarte)

**ASHCAN** #1, \$?,  
8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 65 pgs.  
I started off pretty underwhelmed  
by this thing. The several band  
interviews (Switchblade Riot,  
Big Light, French Miami) were  
just so-so, and I didn't really care  
about the interview with One  
Love Skateboards. I was about to  
completely write it off. But, then I  
got to the short stories. Goddamn,  
these were really good! One of  
them starts off as a sort of essay on  
pornography then shifts into a really  
personal, creepy tale about how the  
writer was almost coaxed into a  
foursome with his best friend and  
two strangers. The writing quality

was great, and I wasn't expecting  
the sudden change in form and  
tone. The second story is about a  
young man's experience working  
in a factory and being totally out  
of his element. At one point, I was  
a temp factory guy and I related  
to this small but exact recollection  
of the misery that you go through  
in places like that, as well as the  
bizarre people you usually run  
afoul of...or possibly even make  
friends with. Rounding out the  
rest of the zine is some cool art, as  
well as a great comic (this one also  
focused on shitty jobs). If the editor  
could skip the band coverage next  
time and expand on the fiction/non-  
fiction/comics part of the zine, then  
he'd have something really special.  
—Evan Katz (Ashcan, 660 4th St.  
#420, SF, CA, 94107)

**BRAINS** #3, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2",  
photocopied, 44 pgs.  
After supporting the first two  
*Brains*, I have to say that I really  
can't get behind this one. If you're  
not familiar with *Brains*, it's a  
fiction zine about punks fighting  
zombies. This third issue falls into  
some of the trappings that you  
find in science fiction and some of  
those found in zine fiction, as well.  
Like the science fiction cliché, it  
lacks character development and  
focuses on concept. There are a ton  
of characters shoved into its forty-  
four pages. So many, with so little  
time or room to flesh them out, I  
wasn't able to retain who was who  
and they all became a jumble in my  
head. Like a lot of zine fiction, it is  
too agenda based and takes on an  
almost moralistic viewpoint. For  
example, most of this is about Nazi  
skinheads who become zombies. I  
get it, Nazis are dumb and bad. But  
there are so many cheap jokes, like  
one of the leaders being proud of  
becoming whiter and organizing  
true Aryan super soldiers because  
they don't have to sleep or eat or  
even feel pain. Meanwhile, the  
characters who were introduced  
in the other issue had little or no

presence or development in this  
one. While I like the concept of  
punks versus zombies, after three  
issues I'd like to see the novelty of  
it set aside. I'd like to see a solid,  
exciting, serialized story with  
characters we want to read about.  
The concept itself is perfect. It  
could go anywhere. And I think  
the author has it in him to make it  
happen. —Craven Rock  
(brainszine@yahoo.com)

**CARBON 14** #31, 8 1/2" x 11",  
124 pp., \$6  
Slick 'n' long-running, *C14*  
features not only lengthy, well-  
written interviews with people  
one'd actually like see interviewed  
((The Pagans, Ox Baker [!]))), but  
also includes, amongst the bevy  
of usual features, porno movie  
reviews featuring references to  
other porno movies with which i  
am familiar ((*Rebelle Rousers*))  
and are extra-pornally valid enough  
to merit reviewage in a non-purely-  
pornish context. Order before  
midnight tonight and receive  
a copy of a 21-song comp CD  
entitled *Scandinavian Meltdown*,  
featuring a few bands you've  
heard of ((*Hellacopters*, *Nomads*,  
"Demons")) and a few you need  
to ((*Flaming Sideburns*, although i  
suppose i had already heard of them  
but never bothered to listen to them,  
figuring that "Flaming Sideburns"  
is actually better literally than as  
a band name)). Apart from twelve  
16 oz. cans of Natural Ice®, it's  
difficult to imagine a better return  
on a six dollar investment than  
this. —Rev. Nørð (PO Box 29247,  
Philadelphia, PA 19125)

**CATNAP** #2, free, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2",  
10 pgs., photocopied  
In this super short zine there is:  
a recipe for pizza, a poem, and  
a short story. There literally just  
wasn't enough here to really make  
a judgment. The (short) short story  
is about a guy who asks a girl  
out in his college class. It's really  
not so bad. Yet, as it sits alone, it

seems to lack context. If there were  
maybe three or more similar stories  
around it, it would have given the  
reader just enough complexity and  
character introduction to round  
it all out. Hell, it wouldn't even  
have to be the same character, just  
something to give you an idea of  
where the writer is coming from.  
So, if I got another one of these  
to review that actually had some  
pages to it, I'd be glad to read it.  
Really, I ain't mad at ya. —Craven  
Rock (catnapzine@gmail.com)

**END OF A PERFECT DAY, THE**  
#11, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2",  
photocopied, 42 pgs.  
The issue is titled "The Trans-  
Canadian Nightmare" and I couldn't  
think of anything more fitting after  
reading this true account of two  
friends' hellish journey throughout  
various rural parts of Canada. They  
are kicked out of trains, stranded  
in the middle of nowhere, and  
given rides from an assortment of  
Canadian grotesques. Seriously,  
some of the people that they end  
up riding with are straight out of  
a horror film. Mostly everyone  
they encounter is either racist,  
threatening, or just completely  
deranged. The stories are broken up  
into chapters with titles like "Moose  
Country" or "Into the Frying  
Pan." Eerie photocopied black  
and white images complement the  
stories, lending a nice atmosphere  
to the read. Anybody thinking of  
going on a couch-surfing, train-  
jumping, hitching adventure up  
north trip should definitely read  
this first. —Evan Katz (The Captain,  
54 Cumberland Street, Apt 3R,  
Brooklyn, NY 11205)

**FAG SCHOOL**, #2, \$3,  
8 1/2" x 11", copied, 26 pgs.  
This typewritten cut-and-paste  
queer punk zine is infused with the  
hilariously snarky attitude of editor  
Brontez (member of the noted  
electro pop band Gravy Train!!!!, among other San Francisco music  
groups). The content ranges from



interviews and pin-ups to reviews of everything from movies and music to jobs and encounters while cruising. Also wedged into this mixture is an amusing advice column from influential riot grrl zinester and Bratmobile vocalist Allison Wolfe. Interviews feature The Coolies, Larry Livermore (formerly of Lookout! Records fame), and DJ Bus Station John. Brontez also interviews his ex-boyfriend's dick, although this was probably the least interesting interview of the issue (personally, I would've thought a dick would be less reticent during an interview, but I guess they each have their own personalities.) *Fag School* is the kind of zine that is larger

zine you come across. Larry reminds me of why I first gravitated to zines over twenty years ago and still put so much stock in them. Larry's writing isn't self-indulgent. There's no "coffee, bikes, and veganism zinester 'lifestyle'" fetishism in its pages. Larry's as comfortable conducting an interview with an old friend who became an event security guard as he is interviewing The Trashies or writing a piece on how his over-stuffed Nike Driving Force sneakers helped tip the scales in getting food stamps. The jewel to this issue is an investigative journalism piece on a local San Diego musician, Dr. Chico. The Jimmy Buffet, good-time wannabe turns out to be a serial rapist, and

#### IMPROBABLE ARCHITECTURE

\$10, photocopied, 34" x 22"

A hand-drawn poster that looks like a dystopian board game, with creepy little drawings and writings all stuck together but not directly linked. Comes off as less literary than visual art and reminds me of the controlled chaos of Chris Hipkiss or even Fly. —CT Terry (Mister Ben, 4131 Hickory Hill Dr., St. Louis, MO 63129)

#### KISSOFF, #13, \$1.

4 1/4" x 5 1/2", copied, 68 pgs.

Comparatively speaking, I've read far fewer Canadian zines than American ones, and yet the Canadian ones I've read have

programs, and even articles about the various comical and outlandish depictions of punks on film. There's a fantastic interview with Joe Rees, the founder of Target Video. (Anybody who's seen the classic footage of the Cramps playing live in a mental institution will want to seek out the rest of the man's video footage.) Lucky for us, it sounds like they are trying to release the entire series on DVD. For cult film fans there are articles on the Japanese punk/splatter epic *Burst City*, seminal '80s titles *Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Stains* and *Union Square*. The directors of *You Weren't There*, a documentary on the history of Chicago punk rock are interviewed... and they

**"In lieu of writing up a review for this zine and wasting everyone's time saying 'shitty' over and over again, I am, instead, reviewing my new Royal 1280MX Cross Cut Paper Shredder." —Andrew Flanagan**

ART-PUNK-CULTURE

than life, and at only issue two, I suspect it's already garnered a devoted following that's only likely to keep growing. —Sean Stewart (brontez1@gmail.com)

#### FAG SCHOOL #3, \$3.50,

8 1/2" x 11", photocopied, 30 pgs.

*Fag School* starts out kind of cool. It's a queer zine with short, fun, kind of trite interviews with queer bands and musicians (New Bloods, Jenna Riot). Then there are lots of naked boys and their dicks who are also interviewed (yes, the dicks too). Some short, funny contributor pieces that revolve around the queer lifestyle. There's an advice column by Alison Wolfe from Bratmobile that was fun. All that stuff was okay, but mostly just toilet reading. However, when editor, Brontez, hits the typewriter with his stories of "romantic follies"—his Blackout Reviews, Cruising Reviews, and Nightmare Party Reviews—it gets really awesome. All of these "reviews" are just vignettes into the writer's raging, wasted, booty-gettin' life. It's hilarious, shocking, candid, and, at times, embarrassing. All the stuff that makes for a great zine. It comes with a DVD, too. It had some art school style stuff on it made by some of his friends. If you like that kind of stuff, it's a bonus. —Craven Rock (no info)

#### GENETIC DISORDER #19, \$3,

5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, color cover, 62 pgs.

Larry Harmon is a fantastic, versatile writer. That's the unadorned core to *Genetic Disorder* and the number one reason to pick up any issue of this

Larry tells the story immaculately, letting the details organically evolve, for the plot to slowly be revealed; all allowing his evident deep research to shine. If there was an *Ume Reader* for the underappreciated, Larry would be a constant contributor. As an extra, super-duper bonus, four hundred of these come with the Cuntifiers' *Never Coming Out* CD (featuring ex-Weird Lovemaker Greg Petix on vocals). —Todd (PO Box 15237, San Diego, CA 92175, www.geneticdisorder.net)

#### GENEVA 13 #6, \$2,

8" x 5 1/2", copied, 59 pgs.

This zine strives to give members of its community (that being Geneva) a voice. The focus isn't necessarily focused on punk, but you can tell that it's at least put together with kids for an appreciation for the music. The bulk of it is made up of interviews with different people from a variety of backgrounds. This issue primarily deals with a family who was featured in an episode of *Extreme Makeover: Home Edition*. The family was actually discovered by somebody who read about them in an earlier issue and recommended them to the producers. One of the most interesting elements to this is hearing about how manipulative the production team was—how they kept them up very late asking personal questions just so they could have footage of them crying on film. There's also an article or two about the history of newspapers in Geneva, as well as a couple music reviews. Worth checking out. —Evan Katz (Geneva 13 Press, PO Box 13, Geneva, NY, 14456)

all been good (I'm thinking in particular of *Ghost Pine* and *I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck*). And it's not only that they've been good, but also that they've been good in a similar way. There's a timeless quality to the writing. They also all seem to hold to a higher literary standard than many of their American counterparts; the storytelling is well-crafted and the text has obviously been proofread (they often even thank their proofreaders in the intro!). In my opinion, this sort of dedication is sorely lacking in general in the zine world, but, then again, I may just be permanently cranky after seeing one too many crappy zines. But to get back to *Kissoff*, these are personal tales (a few set in Canada and a couple in South Africa) of travel, friendship, romantic relationships, and punk rock. Nothing extraordinary topic-wise, but told in a way that extracts the universal themes likely to appeal to the widest audience. Definitely recommended. —Sean Stewart (PO Box 42, Stn P, Toronto, ON M5S 2S6, Canada)

#### MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #308,

\$3, 10 1/2" x 8", photocopied, 63 pgs.

The second official punks at the movies issue! I must say that it's easy to take a mag like MRR for granted: it's been around for ages, it's low-fi, and extremely dense. Issues like this, though, make me remember why I started reading MRR in the first place. What we get here is an extremely comprehensive read about punk documentaries, profiles on punk television

don't mince words about grudges or drama in the scene. Can't wait for that one to finally be released! A cool-sounding San Francisco-based musical doc series that can be watched online called *Mondo Vision*, is profiled. They even do some write ups featuring my favorite film of all time, *Repo Man*. It's a great issue for film and punk fans alike. —Evan Katz (Maximumrocknroll, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146)

#### OH NO! THE ROBOT, #10, \$2

ppd., 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", copied, 14 pgs.

In the introduction, the reader is told to "assume this is a work of fiction," although I suspect that fiction is meant in the loosest sense of the word. Much of this reads like it could easily be nonfiction, although the last section does wander into obvious fictional territory. The subject of this tale is how a friendship morphed into an unlikely and hesitant romantic relationship. The text is illustrated with a few color drawings. Overall, I thought it was pretty well written, but the vague, abrupt ending left me wanting. —Sean Stewart (Chris Morix, 23 Crystal Villa, Warman, SK, Sokoai, Canada)

#### PORTLAND, OREGON

HIP-HOP \$8, Offset,

8 1/2" x 5 1/4", 33 pgs.

A book of four essays on hip-hop in Portland, Oregon. Each essay is based on one of the original elements of hip-hop: graffiti, DJing, emceeing and b-boying (break dancing). Martha approaches each topic as an outsider, meeting

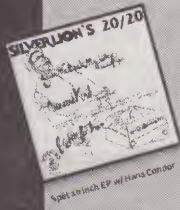




Distributed by Revolver in USA & Screaming Apple in Europe

# CLASSIC BAR MUSIC

Releasing class vinyl since 2004



## SILVER LION'S 20/20 - NASHVILLE, TN

Broke Down Fuck Skillet Blues! Classy suits & shitty gear from Tennessee/Alabama. Featuring The Cheetah Chet-master General (Immortal Lee County Killers/Quadrajets) & Craig "Sweet Dawg" Dawggerz Pickering (Paul Wine Jones/T Model Ford).

Recorded by and sleeve artwork by Tim Kerr.



## TOP TEN - NEW SINGLE!

Top Ten belts another one over the fence for a grand slam, and I don't mean breakfast at Denny's! Speaking of Denny's, if you work there you don't get many tips, but I'll give you one: buy this record! Bringing it on home and kicking it out again as only they can, Top Ten delivers another hit. You won't find this on the Billboard Top Ten unless you get the cool, secret edition - but if you do, there you go! A blaze of excitement, a flash of thunder, a hearty "Hi Ho Silver!" and TOP TEN are off in a whirlwind of rocking thrills!

-Ellsworth Abernathy III



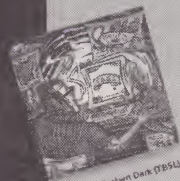
## TOP TEN - OAKLAND, CA

Bay Area pop assholes! These lazy and fairly alcoholic bums come at you with their 2nd release; an original classic and 2 covers (DMZ & Teenage Head). Just TRY not to boogie-woogie!

Artwork by Hate's Peter Bagge!



Split 2x1 inch EP w/ Silver Lion's 20/20



## BRUTAL KNIGHTS - TORONTO, ON

Brutal jams by a brutal band. Imagine poutine infused with a love of fine box wine, a terribly cold climate and a singer whose comedy career resembles that of Vin Diesel's acting career. The riffs are simple, and the message is clear: In this typical bullshit life we live, KATIE WANTS COCK.

This is their first release!



Split 7" with Western Dork (Pink Fairies cover)

## HANS CONDOR - NASHVILLE, TN

Pre-Futuristic three piece good times boogie rock from TN. Rip-roaring solos, excellence & love - Teenage Danger at it's sexiest! DEBUT release!

## LEGENDARY STARDUST COWBOY - SAN JOSE, CA

The Ledge! Surf, country, rock, insanity & greatness! The Ledge sings, and the Altamont Boys back him up. Klaus Fluoride (Dead Kennedys) on bass.

Classic Bar Music

[www.classicbarmusic.com](http://www.classicbarmusic.com)

1232 1/2 Minna St. SF, CA 94103

## SPONTANEOUS DISGUST uncle tammy's house





people involved in these scenes and seeing what Portland has to offer for them. She depicts hip-hop as a co-opted youth subculture, like skateboarding. The people met in these essays are throwbacks because hip-hop itself has moved beyond graffiti and break dancing. These essays go to show that hip-hop is now too widespread to be pure. It is mainstream culture, with an appeal that has reached from 1970s New York to the whole country in 2009. In terms of ubiquity and acceptance,

or as a guilty apologist, but it's hard to tell just what she is trying to do. —CT Terry (Martha Grover, [sommambulistzine.blogspot.com](http://sommambulistzine.blogspot.com))

#### RISE AND THE FALL OF THE HARBOR AREA, THE #12,

Free in L.A., \$2 by mail, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 52 pgs. Fantastic zine dedicated to the South Bay area of Los Angeles, with particular emphasis on San Pedro. A lot of really cool stuff is included, from some of ol' Chuck Bukowski's

*The Rise and the Fall* is much like an intensely thorough scene report, if that scene was also totally awesome. A very engaging read, this zine comes highly recommended. —Jeff Proctor (The Rise and the Fall, PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA 90733, [www.myspace.com/riseandfall](http://www.myspace.com/riseandfall))

#### SOCIETY FOR SALVIFIC LOVE & NIGHT VISION #1,

5 1/2" x 8 1/2", photocopied, 42 pgs. It's pretty safe to say that everyone, one time or another, is interested on

search. Although I, personally, don't take stock in taking hallucinogens, exploring the historical underpinnings of holistic remedies, or being open to signs and spirits, the author does. What makes it palatable is her kind-hearted approach, the feeling that she's searching for something for herself, not looking for a big, thorny bat of dogma to beat the reader over the head with. And that, I can respect. Enjoyable. —Todd (no address) **URINAL GUM #6** \$2.00 (\$3.00 outside N.A.),

**"Apart from twelve 16 oz. cans of Natural Ice®, it's difficult to imagine a better return on a six dollar investment than this."**

—Rev. Nørb, *CARBON 14*

hip-hop today is what hard rock was twenty years ago. Martha mentions the sticky racial issues that come up when the residents of a vastly white city begin creating what was recently black art, but she doesn't pass judgment or offer solutions. She isn't criticizing Portland hip-hop for being inauthentic, she's not trying to justify its existence, she doesn't appear to be making a proclamation about the state of hip-hop or boosting the artists in her town. I appreciate that she doesn't come off as ignorant

poetry, to a couple of transcribed stories from Ian MacKaye's spoken word appearance in Pedro this past October, to news regarding the San Pedro skate park and interviews with Triclops! and JFA. Other highlights include some Pedro hometown heroes pictured as classic Topps™ baseball cards, and some of Shanty Cheryl's photography, which, by the way, it looks like I also attended at least half of the shows she photographed, which means she must have impeccable taste. In sum,

the meaning of why we're living the lives that we do. Many turn to religion to make sense of it. Others turn to philosophy. Some just shrug it off, knowing there's more but not knowing what it is or how to cipher it. This zine deals with the search for meaning in the spiritual, of attempting to harness, channel, and give purpose to life through altering one's own perceptions. The narrator takes us through various tropes—poems, short stories, essays, and instructions—to share her

44 pgs., quarter-size, photocopied. This is the "Political Issue" of *Urinal Gum*. In it are some reviews of political documentaries and letters to politicians like Hillary Clinton that aren't replied to. There are ways to prepare for the end of the world and some other stuff of that nature. It's trying to be funny, but it's really not. I don't know, maybe you'll think it is. —Craven Rock (Urinal Gum, PO Box 1243, Eugene, OR 97440, [urinalgum@gmail.com](mailto:urinalgum@gmail.com))

Hundreds more zine reviews can be found at [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org)



## IN THE RED

coming soon:

**THE HUNCHES** - Exit Dreams - lp/cd  
**STRANGE BOYS** ...And Girls Club - lp/cd  
**BLANK DOGS** - Under & Under double - lp/cd  
**KID CONGO POWERS** - Dracula Boots - lp/cd  
**REIGNING SOUND** - Love & Curses - lp/cd  
**THE INTELLIGENCE** - Fake Surfing - lp/cd  
**HAUNTED GEORGE** - American Crow - lp/cd  
**THEE OH SEES** - Help - lp/cd  
**TU GHOST** - lp/cd  
**BARBARAS** - lp/cd  
**CHRISTMAS ISLAND** - lp/cd  
**WOUNDED LION** - lp/cd

plus other assorted 7"s and vinyl whatnot.



[www.intheredrecords.com](http://www.intheredrecords.com)



# NOTHING NICE TO SAY

BY MITCH CLEM

128 pages of comics about punk rock



"Mitch is funny, self effacing, and spot-on. This shit's rad and it actually makes me laugh."

- Razorcake

"Growing to become a cult favorite, this expose on punk by a punk is both hilarious and merciless."

- Big Cheese

"Many of the strips hold inside jokes that only members of the punk scene will fully comprehend, but for that niche crowd, Clem's comic is undeniably the best."

- AMP

"A must-own for any fan"

- PunkNews.org

"If you give more than two shits about this scene and its music and its people then you need to read Nothing Nice to Say, and this book is a great place to start"

- Nostalgia For Infinity

## THE BURGER RECORDS MENU OUTNOW!OUTNOW!OUTNOW!OUTNOW!



**AUDACITY**

POWER DROWNING LP/CD



*the* **Makeout Party!**  
PLAY PRETEND LP/CD/CASS



**THE RESONARS**  
THAT EVIL DRONE LP/CD

♥ THE TRADITIONAL FOOLS FULL-LENGTH TAPE

♥ APACHE BOOMTOWN GEMS TAPE

♥ THE GO HOWL ON THE HAUNTED BEAT... TAPE

♥ STAN McMAHON DEBUT 20-SONG TAPE

♥ WHITE NIGHT DEBUT EP TAPE

♥ SIR LORD VON RAVEN

PLEASE THROW ME BACK IN THE OCEAN TAPE

♥ AUDACITY/THEE TWILIGHT ZONE/SLACK 7"

♥ THEE MAKEOUT PARTY! 2EZ2LUVU 7"

♥ AUDACITY THE ANNE FRANK TAPE

## ON THE GRILL

♥ NOBUNNY RAW ROMANCE TAPE ONLY

♥ SCHATZI & HAZELTINE DEBUT 7"

♥ DEVON WILLIAMS CAREERFREE TAPE

♥ FEVER B LONELY SAILOR SESSIONS 7"

♥ HUNX & HIS PUNX SINGLES TAPE

♥ PERSONAL & THE PIZZAS SINGLES TAPE

♥ JAIL WEDDINGS FULL-LENGTH TAPE

[www.myspace.com/burgerrecords](http://www.myspace.com/burgerrecords)

**NEW!**  
**NERVOUS DOGS**  
GREAT DOGS 7"

**landlord "lifers" CD**  
(LP by houseplant TAPE by PR3)

**OLD GROWTH**  
old growth  
"under the sun"  
CD/LP tubers/  
brainworms  
split 7"

**OUT NOW!**

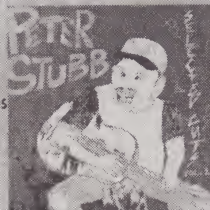
**NEXT!!**  
old growth/12xu 7" cassette ep & s/t LP  
street eaters 12" R3 12 hr turn

**bakery Outlet**  
RECORDS.COM  
distributed by noidearecords.com

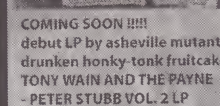
# FAMILY NIGHT RECORDS

bringing you the finest rare and unusual sounds from the southeastern US-

**PETER STUBB VOL. 1 LP**  
mostly solo/acoustic  
outsider rock from 16 years  
worth of cassette-only releases  
by legendary n. georgia  
madman.  
\*highest rated\* \*wild!



**PRINCESS THUNDERSTORM/  
ELECTRIC DAMN SPLIT LP**  
guitar driven punk/metal/  
cock-rock stoner jams from  
two of asheville, nc's most  
loved and hard-to-categorize  
bands (PTS=ex-queerwulf)  
\*highest rated\* \*wild!



**COMING SOON!!!!**  
debut LP by asheville mutant country  
drunken honky-tonk fruitcakes  
TONY WAIN AND THE PAYNE  
- PETER STUBB VOL. 2 LP  
- new PRINCESS THUNDERSTORM 7"

**GET A T-SHIRT! >>>>>**

[www.familynightrecords.com](http://www.familynightrecords.com)

[www.myspace.com/familynightrecords](http://www.myspace.com/familynightrecords)

distributed through [www.noidearecords.com](http://www.noidearecords.com) and [www.interpunk.com](http://www.interpunk.com)

# Starcleaner Records



**This Bike is a Pipe Bomb**  
★ one man band band man



**SHELLSHAG**  
split 7"



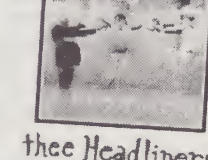
**The Icky Girlfriends**  
Ziggy Buttsweat  
CD



**Stupid Party**  
first 7"



**three Headliners**  
Rain and Blood  
LP w/ free CD



**TRICLOPS!  
NOIZE TOY**

**Kreamy 'lectric Santa**  
Operation Spacetime  
Cynderblock  
LP w/ free CD



This 10" tall plastic toy  
sculpture has a removeable  
USB device containing the  
Triclops! album "Out of Africa"  
courtesy of Alternative  
Tentacles-plus 2 exclusive  
music videos



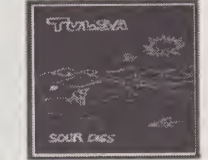
**The Reaction**  
Right Now  
LP w/ CD



**Songs for Mims**  
The Worse it Gets  
the Better  
LP w/ CD



**Shellhead LP**



**Tulsa CD**

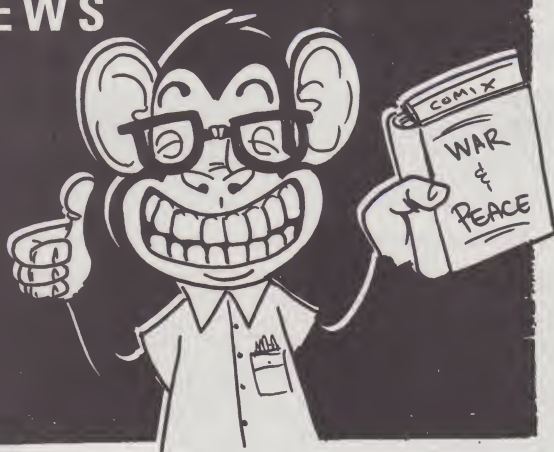
**COMING SOON: Future Virgins LP**  
plus Street Eaters 7" and Ukebox 7"

more records and shirts available  
50 MILLION-KUNG FU USA-FA6GZ- THE KNITTLES

[WWW.STARCLEANER.COM](http://WWW.STARCLEANER.COM)



# BOOK REVIEWS



## **Bags, The**

By Alice Bag and Louis Jacinto, 100 pgs.

## **Gronkpatssiparty**

By Louis Jacinto, 48 pgs.

## **Punkrocklosangeles**

By Louis Jacinto, 76 pgs.

Sometimes it feels like, at this point, punk rock history has been so sliced, diced, Osterized, eviscerated, rehashed, propped up, and picked apart that one rarely sees the point in yet another tome purporting to be the true and accurate tale of a scene that is so nebulous and means so many different things to different people. The same is equally true of Los Angeles's punk scene, one historically both so cohesive and fractured that a single-volume accounting of what has gone on here seems nearly impossible to pull off without missing something or hurting someone's feelings. There have been a very small handful of exceptions, of course, but for my money, books highlighting specific aspects of the scene have thus far worked better than those with a more holistic approach—*Fucked Up and Photocopied*, with its focus on flyer art said volumes more about the creative spirit at punk's core than *American Hardcore* managed with thirty times the word count.

In the three books under discussion here, photographer Louis Jacinto leans more toward the former, narrowing the focus to some of the L.A. scene's less celebrated corners, keeps the historical soap boxing to a minimum, and lets his iconic photos do most of the talking. *The Bags* has the highest word count of the three. Roughly half of its pages are comprised of Alice Bag recounting her thoughts on punk rock, the early L.A. scene, being a Latina vocalist, and the formation of her now-legendary band, all presented in bite-sized snippets that succinctly and intelligently make their point and move on to the next topic. The remainder of the book is dedicated to Jacinto's treasure trove of color and black and white photos showcasing both candid backstage moments and live performances and The Whisky, Hong Kong, and downtown's LACE Gallery (the latter, I believe, are from the infamous opening of the "Gronk/Dreva" art exhibition that ended with the place getting trashed).

*Gronkpatssiparty* similarly focuses on a single subject, in this case a 1978 Halloween party/art show for artists Gronk and Patssi Valdez, both members of East L.A. art/performance/multi-hyphenate collective ASCO. The camera's attention, however, is directed not at the artists or their art but at the diverse crowd of attendees, who pose in costumes (and in one case, a total lack of costume, save letters stenciled on skin) with assorted libations in hand. The real treat here for fans of obscure L.A. punk bands, though, are photos of the last performance of The Snappers, a short-lived group comprised of Robert Becerra, Jesse "Fixx" Amezcua (original guitarist and bassist, respectively, for East L.A. punk legends The Stains), Michael Ochoa, and Gerardo Velazquez, who met Edward Stapleton that night and went on to start synth-punk sensations Nervous Gender.

Of the three books, *Punkrocklosangeles* is the broadest in scope, featuring live and candid pics of The Bags, The Screamers, Nervous Gender, The Know, Gun Club, X, Alleycats, Elvis Costello, Patti Smith, and The Go-Go's, with accompanying short blurbs about each to provide context. While there are some overlaps—*Punkrocklosangeles* features a few shots that can be

found in the other two books—all are chock full of photos not usually found in the plethora of punk histories currently cluttering shelves, photos that both capture the bands in their prime and the L.A. punk scene at a time when the rules had yet to become rigid and history was still something to be destroyed. —Jimmy Alvarado ([www.onodream.com](http://www.onodream.com))

## **Columbus and other Cannibals: The Wétiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism, Revised Edition**

By Jack D. Forbes, 233 pgs.

An early text that inspired the start of the anti-civilization movement, this short book first published in 1978 lays out Jack Forbes' philosophy of what he calls the *wétiko*, or cannibal, psychosis. *Wétiko* is a Cree term referring to a cannibal, or "an evil person or spirit who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible evil acts, including cannibalism." Forbes, a professor emeritus and former chair of Native American Studies at University of California-Davis, proposes that many human beings have suffered for several thousand years from this psychosis, and its subsequent effects have directly caused countless imperialistic acts, wars, and other violent episodes. Writing from a Native American perspective, Forbes maintains a steady and humble tone throughout the text, systematically describing an entire history of atrocities against chiefly innocent people, most of whom were indigenous to their geographical location. Within this historical review, perhaps most insightful are his explorations of terrorism and organized crime (including state-approved, state-tolerated, and state-prohibited varieties).

Having read other writers who have covered similar territory, including Derrick Jensen (who wrote the foreword for this edition) and Howard Zinn, I was familiar with much of Forbes' subject matter. It's the kind of history one doesn't need to read twice to absorb it. Forbes uses the majority of the book, thirteen out of fifteen chapters, to provide examples of *wétiko* behavior in different contexts at various points in history. I can see how in 1978 the history that Forbes presents could've sparked the beginning of a movement. Frankly, however, revisiting such negative material as I read, with no accompanying answers in sight, left me feeling drained and experiencing difficulty finishing the book. There is only so much one can read before the brain starts pleading for answers on how to stop this murderous madness. Finally, in the last two chapters, Forbes relents and draws eloquent parallels between Buddhism and Native American philosophy to present a viable alternative to the *wétiko* lifestyle.

I think it's crucial that people read books like this. I have no idea what percentage of Americans, for example, have never thought about either the genocide that cleared the way for the founding of their country or the continuing violence around the world that sustains our society as it stands today. When I look around me and see the way people live, though, I suspect the percentage is rather high. I like to think that if they were only aware, people would make attempts to alter their lifestyles accordingly. As Indian philosopher Jiddu Krishnamurti once stated, "It is no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society." Similarly, Jack Forbes tells us, "To adjust to a *wétiko* society is to become insane." The more people who refuse to adjust then, the better chance there is of reversing the damage being done to both the Earth and its inhabitants. —Sean Stewart (Seven Stories Press, 140 Watts St., New York, NY 10013, [www.sevenstories.com](http://www.sevenstories.com))

## **I Want to Take You Higher**

By Jeff Kaliss, 210 pgs.

Okay, let's admit it. Plenty of musicians that we glorify (Dee Dee Ramone, Johnny Thunders, Stiv Bators, et. al) were basically junkies. And I don't think it'd make for great reading to write a biography about any of them focusing entirely on their drug use. However, you really couldn't write an honest biography of Stiv Bators if you were to call him a misunderstood family man. And that is precisely the problem with this book.

I admit that I'm not a fan of funk music, and, while I can respect the influence of funk music on other forms of music I know little to nothing about (hip hop, jazz, etc.), to me, Sly & the Family Stone always seemed like exactly what punk rock was not: long jam sessions, elaborate costumes, excessive posturing, and fucked up celebrity relationships.

However, that doesn't rule out the possibility that the story of the band, and Sly in particular, would make for interesting reading. Indeed, the more you read this book, the more convinced of this you become. Sadly, Jeff Kaliss, the author, has mastered the art of mentioning bizarre facts and then entirely failing to examine them. The result is a book that's more than a little thin, despite Kaliss' in-depth research of Sly and the band.

For example, in describing the then twenty-eight-year-old Sly's relationship with an eighteen-year-old girl, Kaliss writes, "She refers to Sly's sharing cocaine with her, to help her maintain her academic schedule." That has to be the best reason I've heard for introducing a teenager to drugs, but





# THE HEXTALLS CALL IT A COMEBACK

ORANGE VINYL LP - 2 ALL NEW TRACKS!!!

THE VISITORS - TROPIC OF CANCER 7"  
STATUES 7" AND MORE COMING SOON



HOUSEPARTYRECORDS.CA

## A DEATH IN THE FAMILY Small Town Stories

*CD / LP out now. Mixed by J. Robbins*

*Touring this April / May with The Gaslight Anthem*



[www.myspace.com/adeatbinthefamily](http://www.myspace.com/adeatbinthefamily) / [www.resistrecords.com](http://www.resistrecords.com)



NO IDEA  
Records

RevDistribution



Kaliss chooses not to comment on it. He then goes on to mention that, "Sly had subjected [his girlfriend] to a couple of episodes of physical abuse." So, why not just say that Sly was an abusive boyfriend who convinced his girlfriend to start using coke?

Elsewhere, Kaliss writes about Sly's street thug friends "facilitating and protecting Sly's indulgences," which is a pretty good way to say "providing girls and drugs." How about the reasons Sly ended up broke? It couldn't be that he suffered from drug addiction and general celebrity excess. No. "Along with the cash, it became ever easier for Sly to acquire roadies, personal assistants, and luxury vehicles." Oh, the struggles of fame and its corresponding easy acquisition of expensive items! We also hear about Sly convincing girls to sleep with him by saying that he wants to include their vocals on an upcoming record, and even recording those vocals, only to erase them the next morning.

And then there's the small incident in which Sly's entourage, influenced by *A Clockwork Orange*, assaulted a fellow Family Stone band member with "fists, feet, and walking sticks." Then, we hear about his ex-wife, who sued for divorce, stating that Sly "beat me, held me captive, and wanted me to be in a ménage à trois." A short time after filing suit, Sly's pit bull "lacerated" Sly's son's scalp. Needless to say, the divorce was granted, but Sly didn't pay any child support until the court forced it out of him many years later. But all of these incidents, and many others, are mentioned as mere stumbling blocks on the way to recording yet another hit song.

The strange thing is that the people Kaliss interviews, the ones who actually know or knew Sly, do not gloss over his personal problems. One friend said, "Everybody had pistols... Sly be talkin' to you, but he ain't there. He'd be lying on the piano whacked out of his brain when it was time to do a vocal, and they'd have to lay the microphone next to his head."

With his drug use spiraling out of control, Sly left the music industry and has been a recluse ever since. Kaliss scores a rare interview with Sly—the first interview Sly's done in over twenty years—but, sadly, Sly doesn't appear willing to engage in any in-depth conversation, which, in a way,

mirrors Kaliss' own unwillingness to tell the story of Sly Stone in all of its fucked up, bizarre, and musically influential glory.

By the book's end, you're left with bits and pieces that, when you put them together, say: This guy recorded some of the most influential funk music of all time. He also struggles with drug addiction. He beat up his girlfriend, held his wife captive, refused to pay child support, conned other girls into having sex with him, and hung out with thugs. What this book doesn't provide is any insight into how Sly became this way or how it influenced his music, particularly considering that most of the early Family Stone music is all about family, unity, and love. And that's a shame because, regardless of whether you like the band or whether you care about Sly Stone, his real story, if it ever gets told, would make for fascinating reading. —Maddy (Backbeat Books, [www.backbeatbooks.com](http://www.backbeatbooks.com))

#### Mostly True

By Bill Daniel, 148 pgs.

Packaged as a book and touted as "The West's Most Popular Hobo Graffiti Magazine," this could be regarded as a companion piece to the *Where's Bozo Texino?* documentary that the author also directed prior. There is a section on Bozo Texino in here, featuring interviews with Grandpa, J.H. McKinley, and the movie. (I imagine the dialogue is excerpted from the film—have yet to see it.) This is designed similar to old journals you would find around the early to mid-1900s. Even the ads look like something out of the past (a few actually are!) If you've ever wondered about the graffiti you see on the side of rail cars, this is a good place to look. There are pages of photos, stories, and conversations with some of the artists. It's a world that's rarely seen, so reading this was a great breakaway from the usual, and I found myself really intrigued by the whole experience. It's pretty obvious Bill Daniel is deeply interested in this art and its lifestyle, and that comes through in this book. —M.Avr (Microcosm, 222 S Rogers St., Bloomington, IN 47404, [www.microcosmpublishing.com](http://www.microcosmpublishing.com))



#### Hanson Brothers, *The: It's a Living*: DVD/CD

(Note: This is a review of the DVD side of *The Hanson Brother's* split CD/DVD. For a review of the CD side of this disc, consult the reviews section of *Razorcake* #48)

Even given the noble efforts of such prominent tipplers as Gang Green, Fear, and, of course, the Hanson Brothers themselves, when you think of a genre of music that's known for its fondness for drink, does punk rock spring to mind? Maybe not as much as it should, in my estimation. And to some extent, that could be explained away by the fact that the sprawling and variegated family of punk includes a subgenre of vociferous, rectilinear teetotalers who call themselves "straight edgers" and they probably serve to water-down punk's image as a cultural bastion for recreational drinkers.

As it is, many people probably think of the "classic country" genre when they think of gruff but lovable dipsomaniacs. Images of lovesick huckleberries hunched over at a dingy bar and crying in their beer are still likely to flicker up in the minds of people even too young to know who Hank Williams or Bob Wills were. Sure, there are probably innumerable blue collar punk bands in each city in North America—like the great Quincy Punx here in Minneapolis—who have cranked out rousing, beer-drinking anthems through the years; but how far reaching has been their influence in the pop

culture at large? Like it or not, more people worldwide have heard country's Tom T. Hall croon his hit "I Like Beer" than have heard all those beloved beer punk anthems put together.

But the problem runs much deeper than mere public relations muddlement; this strikes right at the very center of what many people—both in and out of punk—consider to be the proud, beating heart of the punk movement since day one: the cherished DIY ethic. A somewhat sullied reputation as stalwart souses is one thing, but what's gloomier still is to think that these britches-wearing, weed-chewing hayshakers—following the exemplary leads of legends like Junior Samples and Grandpa Jones—are apparently more likely to brew their own happy juice than punks are. They even have at least two world famous songs written about homebrewing: "White Lightning" and "Mountain Dew." To put it mud-simple, the Hee Haw people are more DIY when it comes to their alcoholic beverages than the punks—who, last time I checked, like to fancy themselves the torchbearers of all things "do-it-yourself."

This woeful situation is both shameful and somewhat inexplicable. Now, the whole DIY thing is largely an illusion we like to swaddle ourselves in, to feel better about ourselves—what Kurt Vonnegut called "foma," or comforting, harmless untruths. Without bogging down in ontological/philosophical muck, it's reasonable to say here, for our purposes, that no one has ever done anything truly "all by themselves." Not even the Unabomber. Even at our most DIY, we use materials and tools made by other people—oftentimes the big, hated corporations we're attempting to rail against. So it's certainly a matter of degrees. But even in the degree game—and even if you rule out the moonshining legends of Jr. Samples and Grandpa Jones as mere hagiographies—the punks are still lagging behind the bumpkins in the all-important category of Brewing It Yourself. Alcohol is, after all, what the great "sage of Baltimore" H.L. Mencken once called "the greatest of human inventions." Do we really want to leave the caretaking of that "greatest invention" in the hands of the greed pigs of Big Business? The answer is: hell no.

But fear not, you are not necessarily doomed to a life of mirthlessly swilling the painfully bland, mass-produced spleen water provided to you—at some cost—by your pals at Anheuser Busch and Miller Brewing. The DVD side of this disc, reproduced from a long out-of-print VHS tape entitled *All-Grain Brewing with Johnny Hanson*, is here to pry open your *Champagne-of-Beers*-encrusted eyes. Enter the hero of our story, Mr. Johnny Hanson, lead vocalist of the puck rock band The Hanson Brothers and a fellow who likes beer even more than Tom T. Hall does. Johnny, with the



help of his mad scientist-like assistant, takes you step-by-step through the brewing of his own "Johnny's Rockin' Ale" recipe and covers the entire homebrewing procedure—from buying your basic equipment like carboys and hydrometers, to performing exotic sounding techniques like "pitching yeast" and "sparging your mash." But don't let the nerdy brewer lingo scare you off; the whole thing is little more than mixing and boiling, boiling and mixing. But I would recommend picking up a good beginner's homebrewing book—like Charlie Papazian's *The Complete Joy of Homebrewing*—because it will help flesh out a lot of the info that Johnny throws at you on this DVD; for instance, when he talks about the differences between dry yeast and liquid yeast.

So watch the DVD a few times, consult the book when necessary, and you'll be sucking down your own suds in no time. Suds, I might add, that are customized to your specific tastes—AND your own preferences in alcohol

own cows. And, truth be told, it's probably only a select few of the sozzled contingent of punks that will find the energy to shake off deeply ingrained liquor-store-trip routines and actually steer their lethargic alcoholic flesh into a home brewing supply store. But it's well worth the effort.

Remember: Do It Yourself includes Brew It Yourself. Homebrewing is officially no longer strictly a hobby for bored Yuppie douchebags. Now get brewing. —Aphid Peewit (Wrong Records)

#### Nardwuar, The Human Serviette: *Welcome to My Castle*: 2 x DVD

Over five and a half hours of Nardwuar here! This set compiles two television specials produced for public access cable in the early '90s. I watched this with a friend, who commented, "I can't believe people don't hit this guy!" I don't know, I think Nardwuar is awesome. I love how he can get a lot of these celebrities uncomfortable and freaked out. See him interview Ernest

## To put it mud-simple, the Hee Haw people are more DIY when it comes to their alcoholic beverages than the punks.

content. I think you'll agree that there's nothing quite like getting a snootful of your own well-crafted homebrew.

If you're like most the other "punk rock" people I know, you've probably spent most of your drinking years suckling the tired teats of the huge multinational beer conglomerates. And that means you've been little more than a beer-drinking sheep. Thanks to Johnny Hanson, you now have a chance to change all that. Like the little black sheep on the cover of Minor Threat's *Out of Step*, you can break away from the flock and think—and drink—for yourself. (Obviously, I'm trying to push as many buttons here as possible—while at the same time looting an image from the Manson Family of straight edgers.)

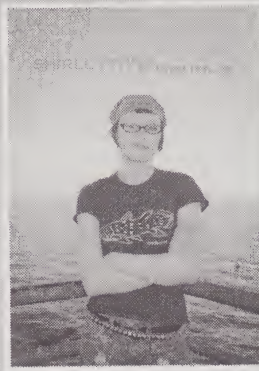
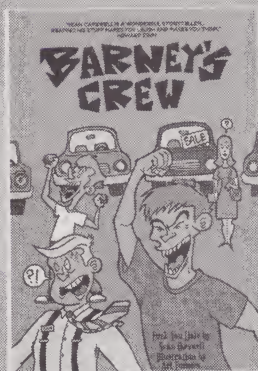
I suppose that expecting beer punks to actually go through the bother of brewing their own beer is a bit like expecting straight edgers to milk their

Angley, and how the man of God quickly gets agitated and hostile. See him bewilder Micky Dolenz, make Sonic Youth look stiff, freak out the Degraass kids, and even question heads of state at press conferences. My favorite part of the whole experience is the "Celebrity Trackdown," where he finds addresses of local people at the back of an old issue of some teen magazine, and goes looking for them. Disc two is unedited interviews with Tommy Chong, Timothy Leary, Nirvana (from 1994), a couple with Krist Novoselic, and four with Courtney Love (who seems to do best with these interviews), and one with Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau. Then there's the audio commentary, which adds another dimension to everything. On top of all this, you get eight videos from the Evaporators. —M.Avrq (Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6B 3Y6, [www.mintrecs.com](http://www.mintrecs.com))

To read more DVD reviews, go to [www.razorcake.org](http://www.razorcake.org).



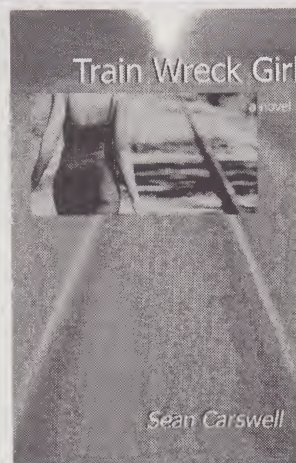
## GORSKY PRESS LOUD AND FAST BOOKS



Pick up books by Razorcake writers like  
**Todd Taylor, Jim Ruland,  
Jennifer Whiteford and Sean Carswell**  
and other favorites like  
**Bucky Sinister and Rich Mackin.**

[WWW.GORSKYPRESS.COM](http://WWW.GORSKYPRESS.COM)

## NEW FROM MANIC D PRESS



A NOVEL ABOUT  
ONE MAN'S QUEST TO FIGURE OUT WHAT  
TO DO WITH HIS LIFE NOW THAT HE'S TOO  
OLD TO DIE YOUNG.

**BY SEAN CARSWELL**

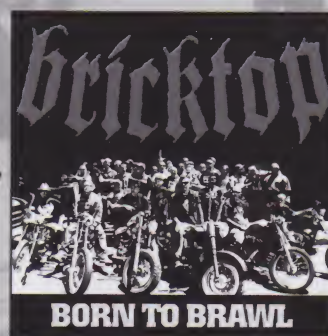
[WWW.MANICDPRESS.COM](http://WWW.MANICDPRESS.COM)



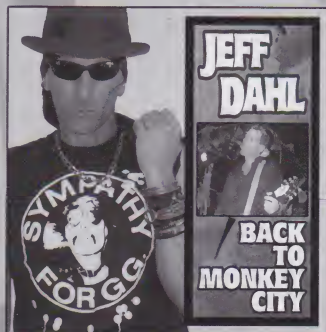
# A NEW WORLD OF SOUND...



**ANTiSEEN**  
DESTRUCTO VISION  
DVD



**BRICKTOP**  
BORN TO BRAWL  
CD



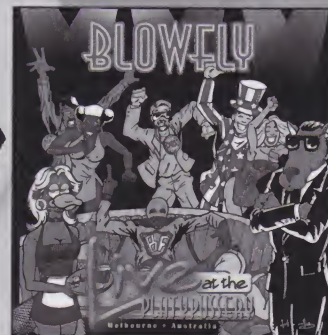
**JEFF DAHL**  
BACK TO MONKEY  
CITY CD

**JEFF DAHL**  
BACK TO MONKEY  
CITY 10" EP



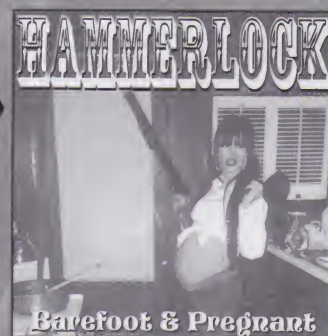
**LABOR PARTY**  
HELLHOUND  
DOWN CD

**BLOWFLY**  
LIVE AT THE  
PLATYPUSSERY CD



**ANTiSEEN-BLOWFLY**  
SPLIT 7"

**HAMMERLOCK**  
BAREFOOT &  
PREGNANT  
(RE-ISSUE) CD



on

# STEEL CAGE RECORDS

UP NEXT:  
THE BESMIRCHERS  
SKANKENSTEIN 7"  
LIME SPIDERS  
LIVE AT THE ESPLANADE CD  
THE HITMEN & NIAGARA  
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE CD

[WWW.STEELCAGERECORDS.COM](http://WWW.STEELCAGERECORDS.COM)

DISTRIBUTED BY RED EYE USA

PO BOX 29247, PHILA. PA 19125



**THE BEST TV SHOW YOU NEVER SAW!**

# NOFX

## BACKSTAGE PASSPORT

**With over two hours of bonus footage too hot for TV!**

**"Side-splittingly hilarious and surprisingly human."**  
- Scott Heisel, Alternative Press

**"Funny, Candid, Sharp... Engrossing"**  
- Kyle Ryan, The Onion

**"Hands down, the best TV show I've never seen!"**  
- Davey Havoc, AFI



**OUT NOW ON 2 DISC DVD!!!**

**FATWRECK.COM**  
**NOFX.ORG**